

PHOTOPLAY

February 25 CENTS

37



JOAN CRAWFORD
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

THE EXCITING
INSIDE STORY OF
Margaret Sullavan's
MARRIAGE

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE
MADCAP
LOVE
of the
ERROL FLYNN

REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS *Beauty Bath for Teeth*



Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

There's a Reason

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis



More than 1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube • 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

There she sat . . .
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional
role in the entire career of this
great dramatic star you love!
. . . Not even in "The Dark
Angel" nor in "These Three"
did she approach the excite-
ment and power of this never-
to-be-forgotten role . . .



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*
MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Beloved Enemy
with

HENRY STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN • KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

*The fragrance of
her camelias intoxi-
cated his senses . . .*



*"Crush me in your arms
until the breath is gone
from my body!"*

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
Robert **LOVES**
TAYLOR

IN

CAMILLE

with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
ELIZABETH ALLAN • **JESSIE RALPH**
HENRY DANIELL • **LENORE ULRIC**
LAURA HOPE CREWS

*A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel
"La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre
Dumas. Directed by George Cukor*





PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Joan Crawford, by James Montgomery Flagg

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Myrna Loy, gayer, dizzier than ever, is back in her favorite rôle as Bill Powell's wife in "After the Thin Man"

What a husband! Bill's educated eyebrow works overtime. No wonder, with this companion in crime



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE
WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF
THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP—M-G-M.—This hilarious story is filled with comical situations. Stuart Erwin is a human adding machine who is thrust into a bridge tournament by a bankrupt carnival group. A laugh a minute. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount.—A homey and amusing comedy with an unexpectedly dramatic climax, concerning a salesgirl's (Irene Hervey) love for her ambitious doorman boy friend (Charles Starrett) who is studying to be a baby doctor. (Dec.)

★ **A WOMAN REBELS**—RKO-Radio.—Beautifully produced but trite and dragging story with Katie Hepburn as an English girl of the eighties who fights convention, has a baby, but refuses happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. You'd better see it anyway. (Jan.)

★ **BORN TO DANCE**—M-G-M.—Eleanor Powell's starring picture elaborately produced and filled with swell songs and dances. Eleanor is a talented country girl who joins a Lonely Hearts Club, finds Jimmie Stewart. The outstanding cast includes Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen. A treat. (Jan.)

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic.—A confusing melodrama of rival newspapers fighting a circulation war. Ray Walker is an enterprising manager; Evalyn Knapp the sob sister and Regis Toomey, the editor. Just average. (Nov.)

★ **CAMILLE**—M-G-M.—The famous story of the Parisienne courtesan's love and renunciation directed with subtlety and glamour by George Cukor. Garbo more vivid and alluring than ever; Bob Taylor is an ideal Armand. Outstanding cast. (Jan.)

CAN THIS BE DIXIE—20th Century-Fox.—This hodge-podge couldn't be Dixie though there is an old Colonel (Claude Rains), a villain (Donald Cook), a Southern belle (Helen Wood) and above all Jane Withers and Slim Summerville. Emphatically—No Good. (Jan.)

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Warners.—A complicated and unsatisfactory version of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery about a rich old man with heir trouble. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good; June Travis, Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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★ **CHAMPAGNE WALTZ**—Paramount.—A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, upsets Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Cupid and Jack Oakie fix things up. Gladys' singing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (Jan.)

★ **COME AND GET IT**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, excellently directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king; Joel McCrea does well as his son, and Frances Farmer is sensational in a double rôle. Put this on your "must see" list. (Jan.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic.—A clever little comedy depending on the laugh team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock, but opportunely save their necks after some funny gags. Nice supporting cast. (Jan.)

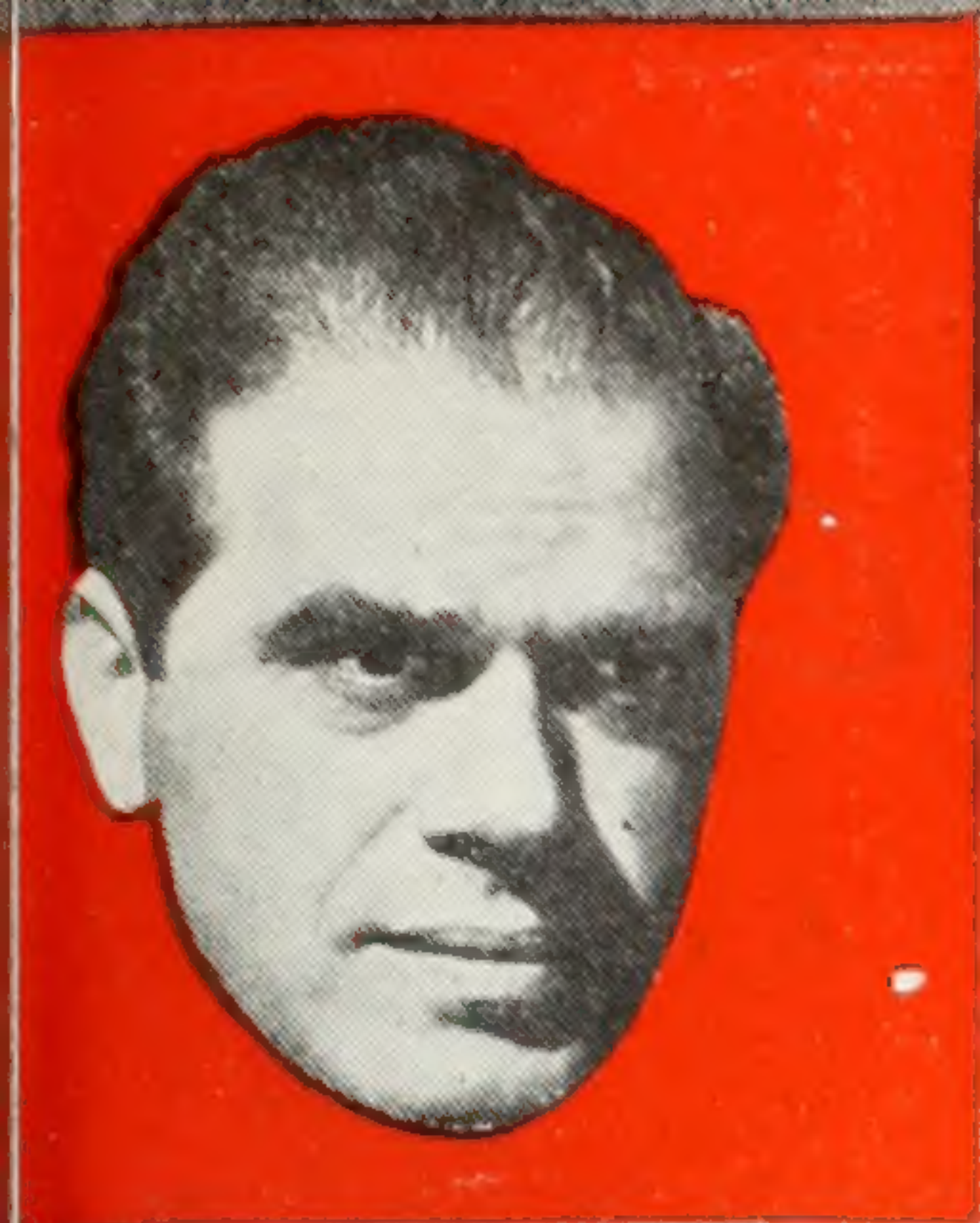
★ **CRAIG'S WIFE**—Columbia.—The Pulitzer prize play depicting the ruin wrought by a nagging wife, superbly translated and acted by Rosalind Russell and John Boles. Jane Darwell and Billie Burke are excellent support. Gripping entertainment. (Nov.)

DANIEL BOONE—RKO-Radio.—A vigorous exciting slice of the history of the early pioneers in Kentucky and their struggles with the Indians. John Carradine realistically villainous; George O'Brien outstanding as Boone, and Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, fine. (Dec.)

★ **DODSWORTH**—Goldwyn-United Artist.—Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor superb in Sinclair Lewis' story of a middle-aged wife fighting to retain her youth. Direction, photography and production are sheer perfection. A "must see." (Nov.)

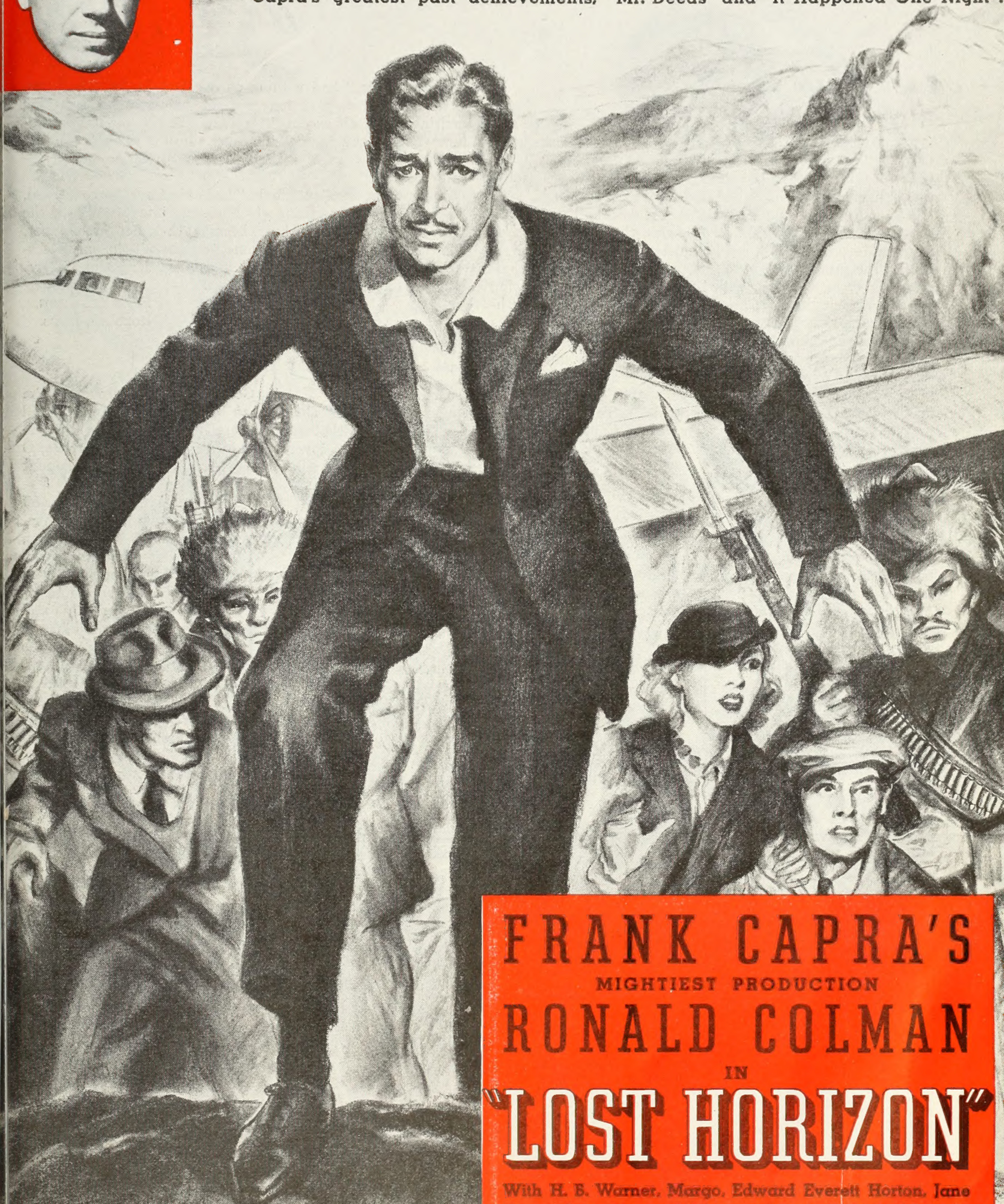
DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—RKO-Radio.—The second in the cycle of stories presenting the evils of the parole system. Bruce Cabot does a Jekyll and Hyde—is a model son by day and a criminal by night. Lewis Stone is good. You'll like it. (Nov.)

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Warners.—Vividly dramatizing the men who risk their lives in the depths of the earth [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



**AT LAST!...THE MASTERPIECE OF AMERICA'S
FOREMOST FILM GENIUS BLAZES TO THE SCREEN!**

Millions to make it!...Two years in production!...The best-seller that set a new style in romance floods the screen with splendor and drama surpassing Frank Capra's greatest past achievements, "Mr. Deeds" and "It Happened One Night".



FRANK CAPRA'S
MIGHTIEST PRODUCTION
RONALD COLMAN
IN
"LOST HORIZON"

With H. B. Warner, Margo, Edward Everett Horton, Jane Wyatt, John Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell.
Screen play by Robert Riskin. From James Hilton's novel.

The Nation's Finest Theatres Will Soon Show This
COLUMBIA PICTURE

BOOS and Bouquets

First Prize \$15.00

The Winner!

Let no charge be preferred against "The Charge of the Light Brigade"! A triumphant toast to Tennyson! Great Britain's Cross of Victoria to this valorous cinema that hangs Hollywood's name high in the Hall of Historical Film Fame.

Not on the three principals alone—the dashing Errol Flynn, the restrained, talented Patric Knowles, the lovely Olivia de Havilland—do I bestow my bouquets; but on those powers behind the production (nameless to me) cameramen, technicians, directors, who marshalled marching men and prancing steeds and sent the light brigade over the hills in its breath-taking charge; who built background and battles as a glamorous setting for the colorful, tragic romance of a Scottish girl and two English brothers stationed at an Indian army post in the days of Queen Victoria.

Yes, artistry of production and a capable, well-chosen cast make "The Charge of the Light Brigade" achieve that perfect balance between beauty and action which pronounces a fitting benediction on true dramatic art. My gratitude to Warners.

JEANETTE EDWARDS,
Nashville, Tenn.

Second Prize \$10.00

Simone Is Set!

No wonder Simoneons have been rolling in—to certain Hollywood producers ever since Simone Simon (plus career) was thrown upon us—a gullible public. Ever since that double s pronunciation gag—a French lesson a la Willie Howard—was launched life's been lots of fun for us, the movie public. That other famous Simon.

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

"Simple Simon," had nothing on our Simone for popularity.

What would we have done without that stunt, with nothing exciting in the air except little items like the Spanish revolution. And what a godsend it was for a host of radio comedians crying for new gags. Yep, Simone SIGH or MOAN—you're all set!

As far as the excellent movie, "Ladies in Love," is concerned, in spite of early advertising which hinted Simone was really the star of the picture. I say three cheers for the other three, Janet, Loretta and Connie. No, Simone, you weren't the only Decorative Diversion in this natural, satisfying, delightful picture. It wasn't only satisfying, it was swell!

FRED ZESERSON,
Roxbury, Mass.

Third Prize \$5.00

Katie Is Keen

Goody-goody for Kate! Goody-goody all around. I'm singing praises for "The Woman Rebels"—not the plot, mind you (we all know that a lady's place is not in the home) but the acting—the lovely, lovely Hepburn acting. O madcap Jo, O wild little Babbie, O silly young Alice Adams—you've done it again. I double dare the critics to laugh at you now.

And you, strange far-off Pamela in your funny Victorian hair-dos and bustles, in your ribbons, scarves and fluffy umbrellas, you strenuous lady of donkey-rides and archery and lawn tennis, you unhappy heroine who can't sleep nights despite night caps and the flannel nighties of the eighties—you come to life before our startled modern eyes, and your terrible troubles that have [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Isn't this a wonderful make-up job? It's Charles Laughton aging dramatically for "Rembrandt"



★
THE

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



JAMES MELTON



PATRICIA ELLIS



ZASU PITTS



HUGH HERBERT



ALLEN JENKINS



WALTER CATLETT

★
Lyrics

—Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a screamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.

★
Laughter

—It's like a holiday in a mad-house—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!

★
Lunatics

—Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

★
Love

—Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"



Plus These Other Stars—

NAT PENDLETON

ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—

"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"

"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"

Lyrics and Music by **HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN**

A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture

Directed by **RAYMOND ENRIGHT**



For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

Warner Bros.



I MET MY Great-Grandfather's GHOST

By **DOLORES SUTTER KASON**
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before February 10th, 1937, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

the whole town turned out to greet us in Pioneer Day costumes. Mr. Arnold introduced me to everyone. He was so kind and thoughtful and treated me like an old friend. The people loved him and no wonder, his ready laugh boomed all over the place as he signed autographs on everything.

Later I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold in their suite. What a thrill that was!

At last came the premiere, a regular Hollywood affair with all the trimmings. Just imagine riding in a car with the stars of the picture, Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes and Mrs. Arnold, who had taken me under her wing. Picture yourself sitting in the Governor's box with all those celebrities. I kept pinching myself to see if it was really I and not a wonderful dream. I almost fell out of the box when Mr. Arnold introduced me and I had to take a bow! But that wasn't all, there followed a banquet. We all sat at the Governor's table—and Edward Arnold sat next to me, handing me things, asking me if I wanted anything, I, who was too excited to eat.

It was over, all too soon, but as long as I live I shall treasure the memory of those days that I spent in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, the kindest people in the world. Now that I've come back to the humdrum existence of a wife and mother I am satisfied. If nothing exciting happens to me again I shan't mind, because I have something to remember and talk about for a long, long time. Something that few fans are lucky enough to experience.

FOR twenty of my twenty-seven years, I have been an ardent movie fan. I've seen as many pictures as I could. I remember some that even the players, who starred in them, must have forgotten. I've read everything pertaining to movies—from PHOTOPLAY's aristocratic pages to the lowliest nickel magazine. I tell you this so that you may better understand my feelings when one of my dreams came true—meeting my favorite star in person. For five years I've been an Edward Arnold fan exclusively.

When I read that Edward Arnold had been chosen to portray the part of my great-grandfather in "Sutter's Gold," I immediately wrote to him how happy I was that *he* was going to bring Captain John Sutter to the screen, and wonder of wonders, he answered my letter and invited me as his special guest to the premiere of the picture in Sacramento.

Universal sent a special trainload of stars and players to the opening of the picture. I was to join them at the station in Oakland. Of course, I was there bright and early and by the time they arrived I was worn to a frazzle. It wasn't difficult to recognize Edward Arnold. He is the same jolly person that he is on the screen, but much younger looking by ten years. Much to my delight he seemed to know me right away and came over to shake hands with me. I was introduced to Mrs. Arnold, a sweet, charming woman, and to the other stars, among them Binnie Barnes, Lee Tracy, Wallace Ford, Gloria Holden, Jean Rogers and many others.

When we arrived in Sacramento there was a gala reception. The Governor, Mayor, in fact





ACROSS THE SEA



Eyes in modern garb are these European and American stars whose seductive charms illuminate three major English productions. Marlene Dietrich is playing in "Knight Without Armor" opposite Robert Donat, and one suspects the handsome Donat will need all of his defenses

This is a fine romance—between the fiery Elisabeth Bergner and Raymond Massey who are yearning for each other in "Dreaming Lips"—or are we dreaming? Seen at the right is our own honey chile Miriam Hopkins, imported for "Men Are Not Gods" with A. E. Mathews, British actor



THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHIL-
RATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE
RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S
SPECTACULAR
MUSICAL SMASH...
SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER
AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!...
"One in a Million" "Who's
Afraid of Love?" "The Moon-
lit Waltz" "We're Back
in Circulation Again"
"Lovely Lady in
White"

*You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!*

**20th
CENTURY
FOX**
DARRYL F.
ZANUCK
in charge of
production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

PHOTOPLAY, being twenty-five years old itself, salutes Adolph Zukor since this month is his twenty-fifth anniversary as head of Paramount Pictures.

It is all love and kisses now within that firm and no one mentions that Zukor was dropped out of the studio a couple of years ago to be replaced again and again during his absence by sets of executives who could not fill his place. No, Zukor in his quiet triumph is great enough to forget all that, and everyone in the industry is glad at his return. Paramount stock is booming in Wall Street. On the Paramount lot where too long things have had that listening stillness of political factions watching one another, the peace dove whirls from set to set while the hired help bustles happily about. Actually this short-legged, subtle-brained, unspoiled little man has a success story as colorful as that of any star he has ever discovered. There have been four great crises in his motion picture life and he has risen above each one with devastating ability.

The first came on September 11, 1915, when a loft building on West 26th Street, New York, went up in flames. Somewhere in those flames, Zukor knew, were tangled strips of celluloid which represented not only his every cent but the entire fortune

and future of Famous Players, the company which he had founded. He knew that his faithful cutter, Frank Meyer, who had been snipping away when the fire broke out, had shoved the film into a safe. But in Meyer's rush to escape the flames, the man couldn't remember if he had thrown the combination of the safe. They discovered that the safe had escaped the fire intact, but for three days it was too hot to open. "Tell Mary Pickford and the others," said Zukor through those tense seventy-two hours, "that their salaries will be paid as usual." He knew those salaries would break him but he determined to live up to his obligations. Finally the safe was cool enough to touch. He and Meyer fumbled with the catch, breathlessly pulled open the door.

Not a foot of the film was injured.



ZUKOR'S next great crisis was when Pickford and Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith decided to break away from Paramount and form their own company, United Artists.

As you doubtless recall, it was Zukor alone who was responsible for feature pictures. This little Austrian graduate of the fur business has the vision to see how important was a movie which he imported and which starred the



great Sarah Bernhardt, how important not only for itself as current entertainment, but as a possibility for entertainment of the future. Zukor it was who later

brought James K. Hackett and James O'Neill to act in movies in the days when it was not respectable for any actor to be seen in them, and Zukor it was, too, with Jesse Lasky, who was behind the movement that brought film production to Los Angeles and thus established Hollywood as geography's glamour girl

But when Pickford and Fairbanks, who were stars he had created, announced they were not only leaving him but going into business against him, his world rocked—for about five minutes. He scudded back to New York, created a batch of new stars, and survived.

Shortly thereafter the nauseous Arbuckle-Rappe tragedy broke. Fatty Arbuckle was at that time one of Zukor's biggest stars. The studio owned over a million dollars worth of unreleased prints with Arbuckle as star. Zukor faced the loss of a year's profit plus the condemnation of the public. He made his choice. Every print of Fatty's pictures was scrapped. But again by ceaseless labor and intelligent planning he pulled his studio through

THEN about three years ago his own firm decided The Chief was aging a bit, was getting a trifle behind the procession. Zukor stepped down with such grace they should all have been warned that he hadn't really abdicated. One

Adolph Zukor, Paramount's guiding genius for twenty-five years, surrounded by his youngest stars-to-be, Billy Lee, Jackie Moran, Bennie Bartlett and David Holt

after another, business men from other lines tried to step into his sturdy shoes.

The Paramount product went from good to ghastly. Finally, struggling for existence against the triumphant strides of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox and the other stalwarts, Paramount cried out for Zukor. As quietly as he had left, but with a wise little smile, he returned. The recent Paramount releases, "The Plainsman," "Maid of Salem," "Champagne Waltz," and others, testify that the Master is holding the reins again.

ZUKOR is about sixty now. Creating stars excites him most. "Finding someone like Fredric March or Claudette Colbert, developing their latent talents and watching them justify my taste, that's excitement," he says.

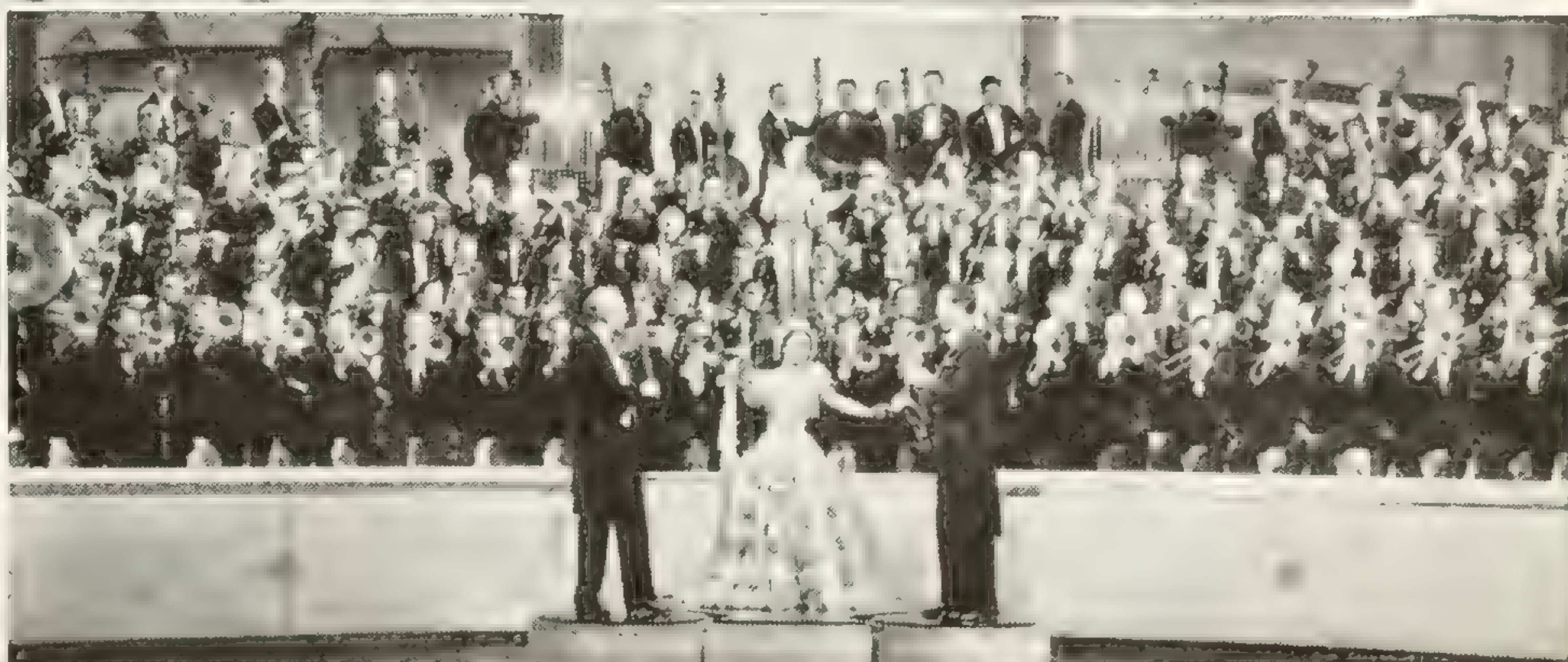
He believes in the future of color in pictures "when we have learned more about it" and is not afraid of television. "It is like the difference between a short story and a novel," he explains. "The screen can handle the novel easily while radio must deal with the short subject. I suppose we will produce special features for television when it's perfected, but more probably we'll control it."

The vitality of this pioneer—looking forward like that, unafraid, at sixty!

Paramount assets today are recorded at over \$150,000,000. Zukor himself is fabulously rich. But behind his back the studio force, and rightly, refers to him as "Poppa."

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either, one of these stars has ever made)



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"



S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys



Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number



Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

A Paramount Picture with

Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank
Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . . Veloz and Yolanda

NOBODY who knew them believed they were serious about being in love with one another.

The brilliant young stage and screen star, Margaret Sullavan, who at twenty-five had already married twice, once to a famous director, William Wyler, and before that the newest matinee idol, Henry Fonda, and was always featured in the columns as being seen here or there with some new and attractive beau.

And Leland Hayward—well, it will take the whole story to explain to you about Leland. But, briefly, Leland Hayward, the most famous agent for writers and stars in the business, the young man of Manhattan, who for years had been front page news and who was always being reported as just about to marry or to have just married the great Katharine Hepburn, or to be squiring Miriam Hopkins, or being seen everywhere with Ginger Rogers, or about to elope with the glamorously beautiful young Doris Dudley.

There's bound to be a lot of talk and excitement when such Greeks meet.

As Michael Arlen once said, "When charming people meet, compliments are exchanged." And that's about what we figured the Leland Hayward-Margaret Sullavan romance as reported. Oh sure, they were going everywhere together. They were columned holding hands at the famous Stork Club in New York. Leland was traipsing all over the country following Sullavan's new play "Stage Door," but after all Leland was her agent, and it was probably just business and even if they managed to mix a little pleasure up with their business that was their business, if you know what I mean.

Then, just after "Stage Door" had clicked into place as a sell-out and the biggest money maker of the Broadway year—Leland Hayward and its beautiful star got married.

Now I do not pretend to be clairvoyant or anything like that.

I'm lucky if I'm right after it happens, to say nothing ahead of time. But every once in a while the law of averages turns me up the right answer. I knew two years ago, at least, that some day Hollywood's favorite eligible bachelor would get married. I knew that he wasn't married to Katharine Hepburn. And I knew it all for a funny little flash of that wonderful subconscious reaction best known as woman's intuition.

I'll tell you why. One day I went into the Vendome for lunch—the Vendome which is to Hollywood what Claridge's is to London and "21" is to New York. In a special side booth—the ones that always have "Reserved" signs on them and are for the special clientele—I saw Leland Hayward and a slim, rather quiet looking young girl whom I didn't recognize, but when I went over to talk with them I found was the just-becoming-famous screen star Margaret Sullavan. She looked shy and likable and I thought the longer I looked at her the lovelier she looked, which unfortunately is not always the case.

NOW it seemed that Miss Sullavan had lost her hat. That gave me a sister feeling at once, I practically always lose my hats. In fact it has now gotten to the point where my sister Jessie, who rules me with a rod of iron, will not let me pay more than five dollars for one because, as she says, and quite rightly too, "What's the use?" So I felt a warm, friendly feeling for the famous Miss Sullavan. And when she looked up and Leland, who always pretends to be very cross over things like that and said, "But, Leland, I didn't *mean* to lose it," and he said, "Honestly, Maggie, you are the most helpless child I ever knew in my life," a shiver of premonition ran down my spine.

Because Leland is utterly helpless in the hands of any pretty, helpless woman—and the most helpless one he ever knew was bound to be a milestone in his life.

So you see, for once I was right. I thought, "He doesn't

The bridegroom. Leland Hayward, third husband of the star

Husband the First. Henry Fonda. Married in 1931. divorced in 1933. He has remarried since

Husband the Second. William Wyler, brilliant director of "Dodsworth"

The Exciting Inside Story of MARGARET SULLAVAN'S MARRIAGE



By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

know he is in love with her yet and maybe he isn't, but he will be, and if he's really in love with her she'll have to be with him. Leland is like that. You just can't deny him anything."

SO when I got a phone call, on a certain Sunday night, that they had been married that day in Newport at the home of Leland's very socially exclusive family, I said, "Oh, I knew that would happen," everybody made fun of me and said I was a great prognosticator after the event, but honestly I did know. Here's why.

A number of years ago, before the famed wit Wilson Mizner died, somebody in a group in which we both were sitting, suggested that I was the one person that should write the biography of his amazing life. Bill, from the depths of his great chair, where he presided like Samuel Johnson, said, "No, no, never. Anybody else but Adela. I couldn't bear that." Well,

my feelings were lacerated into a pulp, until Bill came over and put his arm around me and said, "Listen, Irish. The reason I don't want you to write it is because for fifty-five years I've convinced the folk that I was a hard-boiled cynic who would steal the pennies off my grandmother's eyes and shake her honor in the public square for a good idea and sell my soul for a laugh. I was the guy who originated the line, 'Never give a sucker an even break.' Sure, that was me. But in fifteen pages you'd undo my life's work and prove the truth, that I'm a sucker for anybody in trouble, right or wrong, that I'm a sentimental old fool who spends a lot of time and money covering up his decent qualities, and can still cry over the harsh father turning the little girl out in a snow storm. and who actually loves Isabelle's petunia bed better than anything on Broadway." (Isabelle was his only and much beloved niece.)

All that was perfectly true

I mention it to illustrate a modern and amazing creed, which is that you spotlight your faults and hide your virtues, if you're a regular guy, and that a heart of gold often beats beneath the best-tailored vest on Park Avenue (Leland Hayward is one of the best dressed men I've ever seen) or a diamond necklace. (Such as a star of the theaters and the celluloid like Margaret Sullavan often wears).

So you have Margaret Sullavan. On the screen she shines rather than glitters. She is a fine and serious young actress, with real talent and the training that comes from only hard work and much self-discipline. Off the screen she is clear cut and somehow to me suggests that pear tree to which Anne Lindbergh referred in her modern classic "North to the Orient." You remember that a Japanese statesman told her that the pear tree represented courage and Mrs. Lindbergh couldn't understand that, thinking rather of the mighty oak or the stately pine. But with a smile the Japanese said, "Oh, no. You see, the pear tree has the courage to put forth blossoms while the snow is still on the ground."

MARGARET was a sensation in the New York smart world. Her smart, brittle sayings were quoted. She was columned and headlined in two divorces and half a dozen brief romantic friendships. She seemed very hard-boiled.

But all that was a big fake. That was just the child in Margaret Sullavan—and there must be a great deal of the child left in all people who are really great at make-believe—being what she thought she ought to be to be popular, what she thought a movie star ought to be to be glamorous.

The other fake in this new combination is the most successful of all artists' agents, young man about town, Leland Hayward, of Hollywood, New York, Newport and Princeton.

Now there is no use in my attempting to deceive you. Leland is my friend, one of those friends who make life a fine thing of which to be a part. I love him and I know he loves me. I think that since we have been friends for ten years, in spite of close business associations, for ten years in spite of good times and bad, for ten years of trouble and fun, I think that should make him someone of whom I expect great things and in whom I am disappointed when they're not forthcoming. (Sometimes they're not. He's a very human guy and I've been a lot of trouble to him one way or another.)

Leland has been my agent, my business manager, my severest critic, my scourge for ten years. He has nagged at me

about my work until the sound of his name sent shivers up and down my spine. He has gotten me out of as many jams as there are in a good New England closet. We have had battles that shook the elegant Madison Avenue building where he had his beautiful penthouse offices.

But in spite of that I always call him "Papa" and I run to him in tears every time life gets too complicated for me. You see, I'm one of the helpless women whom Leland has taken under his protection. And let me tell you right here that no ten percent will ever pay for what Leland does for you.

Once you're in his paternal embrace, he takes care of you. If you wake him out of a sound sleep at four in the morning because your dog is sick, he will be right over and take it and you to the best vet in town. He will come to see you every day when you are flat in the hospital, and bring you a radio and a phonograph and all the latest funny books.

He can be tough, too. It happens that I am something or other where roses are concerned—like hay fever. They swell up my eyes and nose and behave very badly indeed. One time when Leland was very angry with me because I hadn't finished a piece of work on time, he sent me a gorgeous hamper of white roses, which he knows I adore, with a card which said, "I hope they poison you." But when I was really ill last year and thought my number was up, it was Leland who straightened out all my tangles and took charge of my enormous family, and saw to it that my hospital bills were paid until I could get on my feet again.

You've heard and read much of his tremendous selling power. Of the Hayward high pressure—and there can be no doubt about that. You've heard that he flies airplanes in all sorts of dangerous times and places and that women of fame and beauty fall for him like lilies of the valley before a steam radiator. You've read that he is tall, slim, blonde and very good-looking in an ugly way, if you know what I mean.

Leland is nervous, dynamic, and he can sell anything—if he believes in it. And I've seen him muff a sale pretty badly when he didn't. So he believes in lots of things and in lots of us. He also sells things because people trust him—and you trust him because he has proved himself over and over again.

In all these things I am trying to give you a picture of the man who won and married Margaret Sullavan.

For months the papers believed that Leland was married to Katharine Hepburn. He always told me he wasn't, and I believed him. I think at one time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Leland got Hepburn her first chance in pictures. Everyone thought they were in love. What happened?





Carole Lombard has the best sense of humor in Hollywood. She's very ambitious. And deeply devoted to—the great God Gable, Fieldsie, her secretary, and Pushface Lombard, who is a pekingese. At one time she was a brunette and very fat. Now she is glorifying "Swing High, Swing Low," for Paramount

Gable's
Girl

Florence Rice is one of the most up-and-coming youngsters on the screen. She came from the Broadway stage to Columbia, and from Columbia to M-G-M. She is the daughter of the famous sports writer, Grantland Rice. She's one of those most dated girls but quiet about it. Her most recent picture is "The Longest Night," for Metro



Even though Barbara Stanwyck goes with the world's most popular bachelor, Robert Taylor, she insists she doesn't want to get married. Outside of her career she's most interested in her son, Dion. Thinks it's silly to be moody. Believes in fighting her own battles. Under contract to RKO, her next is "Banjo On My Knee," for Fox





Wild Irish Rose

Frank Borzage discovered Maureen O'Sullivan. John McCormack made her famous in her first picture. Then came her lucky break in the first "Tarzan." In that you saw a lot of Maureen, but the censors got after her, now her jungle costume comes demurely to her knees. She is under contract to Metro

"GINGER ROGERS' Life Threatened!"
"Arrest Sailor in Ginger Rogers Threat."
"Sailor Confesses To Rogers Death Threat."

You've read those headlines in your newspapers in the last few weeks and the terse accounts of the real life drama Ginger lived through. And drama it was, as exciting and fraught with danger as any you have seen depicted on the screen.

But—you have not read the whole story, the details of the plot, the maneuvers of the G-men, the guarding of Ginger and her lovely mother, Lela, who also was threatened with death, and the final capture. You have not read it because up until the time of this exclusive PHOTOPLAY story it was dangerous for all the facts to be told.

Only in one small respect will this account fail to tell the entire story. The detailed account of the actual workings of the clever counter-plot, devised by the government agents to capture the writer of the two notes who promised destruction to the Rogers women if \$5000 were not paid, may not be revealed. Obviously they must be kept secret if they are to prove

By KAY PROCTOR

effective in the future in similar extortion cases. This is how it all began.

The usual sackfuls of fan mail was dumped on the desks of the clerks, who attend to such matters, at RKO studio a few weeks ago. Busily they sorted it, placing requests for autographs in one pile, praise or criticism in another, business matters in this place, appeals for aid and so forth in another. This, as you may know, is the custom of all the studios.

Nonchalantly and casually the clerks went through the hundreds addressed to Ginger. One was postmarked Long Beach, California, and addressed in handwriting in blue ink. There was nothing to indicate it was of more importance or interest than the others except that it was addressed to Miss Virginia Rogers. It must be from someone who had followed Ginger's career rather closely, the clerk surmised, as most fans do not realize or know that is her given name. He began skimming through it to determine into which pile—business, autographed picture and so forth—it should be placed.

The next moment he was on his feet and dashing out the door, the innocent looking letter grabbed tightly in his hand. Direct to the studio authorities he raced. "Get me the Department of Justice," he barked. "Quickly." Riotously things began to happen. For the letter read in substance:

"I want \$5000 or else you [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



GINGER

Was Threatened

With DEATH!

*The story behind the headlines—of a
sailor who demanded money or her life*

James F. Hall who wrote the extortion letters to Ginger Rogers, and for the strangest reason

Courtesy of Los Angeles Evening News



Pat O'Brien was responsible for Spencer's joining the Navy during the War—Here's Spencer as a gob



Avenue. His parents—the John Tracys—all unknowing named him merely Spencer.

He was truculent even at the beginning, causing as much trouble as possible and frightening everybody, even the doctors, out of their-wits. Upon his eventual arrival he was unduly noisy. But he was a husky baby born with sturdy arms and a crop of brown hair and his own ideas, and a large hunk of wanderlust

JOHN TRACY was general sales manager of the Sterling Truck Company, a position that carried with it the need for intelligence, and a salary large enough so that a little time after the break of the century he was able to move himself and his wife and his two small sons out of the apartment on Prospect Avenue and into a house.

You must know the sort of house it was—solidly American, on a solidly respectable street, presenting a clean face behind the hydrangea bushes and under the slate roof. If you remember, the furniture of the period was a hideous revival of ponderous walnut, curving mahogany, plush; well, there could be none of that in the rooms over which Carrie Tracy presided. She was a Colonial lady in every delicate sense, stately in mien, gentle of eye, controlled of voice—and the chairs and tables and cabinets of her house had the dignified grace of the Colonial period.

They weren't stylish, but smart; which is a different thing.

You would have loved Mrs. Tracy—everyone did, and does now in this modern-day Hollywood where she lives with her sons and is still a great lady.

But you would have adored her husband.

Behind him generations of fighting Irish, with their shades of banshees and flailing shillalahs and the sod; with him the reserved, meticulous influence of Carrie; before him a new,

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, when this present century crashed into being to the accompaniment of a gleeful world banging on tin pans and blowing whistles, it brought with it many things:

A commercial answer to wiseacres who protested that the motor car was only a toy for millionaires; the conviction that there would never be any more wars; the sharp vision of flight by mechanical contrivance; the discovery of a new star; three front page murders. . . .

And, in its first year, a Peck's Bad Boy, born in Milwaukee on April 5th in a swank apartment house facing Prospect

He has always lived dangerously. Beginning the absorbing biography of the

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE

of
Spencer Tracy

By HOWARD SHARPE



briskly antagonistic century—he represented the first, reflected the second, met unhesitatingly the problems of the third.

Of which the worst was Spencer. Family, teachers, counselors could only, in their exasperation, mutter “That boy!”—and reach for the hickory.

He was a little brat, and admits it cheerfully. His saving graces were an inherent honesty, sympathy for animals (later, after he’d been hurt enough times himself), and a flaring temper which burned itself out quickly. He was not sullen. He did not lie, because he had courage.

Spencer will tell you these things, as he told them to me, if you ask him. And there’s no sentimentality in the telling. He does not excuse the things he did with the alibi of environment, since his environment was ideal, you will get no anecdotes relating how he beat up the neighborhood bully and untied cans from the stray mongrel’s tail.

The thing was that the boy had enormous energy. He had imagination. His mother tried to understand this, and seldom did, and thus wept often. His father understood, to the extent of having a twinkle in his eye as he trounced his son for escapade after escapade. Spencer knew about the twinkle and felt the weight of his father’s hand without any special consideration of its meaning.

It was his mother, with her quiet air of I-am-puzzled-and-hurt-but-I-love-you-still, who had the most impressive effect. She had only to look at him with sorrowful eyes brimming, and he would burst into an orgy of wailing repentance, self-recriminations and promises about regeneracy—all of which he meant at the time.

His first recollection (at the age of seven) is an amusing one. He awoke one bright summer morning in his own bed, blinked in the sunlight that slanted through the windows, noticed that he had kicked off all the covers during the hot night, and

Today — a fighter still. His magnificent acting in hard-boiled rôles is often a reflection of what his life has been



sat up. Simmering at the back of his mind was an unpleasant thing in connection with this day.

Then he remembered. School. Good-by to habitual freedom, fast-moving days spent playing in the sun, other little boys, older than he, had told him about the teacher with the mole on her chin, a fearsome creature with a ferrule and a gimlet eye. She made you sit, with your hands folded, while she talked to you. She made you add up sums and read out of silly books. She stood you in a corner if you socked anybody. Also she tattled to the folks, and they licked you when you got home.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

fighting Irishman who battled his way through poverty and tragedy—and won



An Open Letter To

FROM HER FRIEND JACK SMALEY

TO JEANETTE WITH LOVE

DEAR JEANETTE:

It won't be long now—only until June seventeenth before you will be standing at the altar beside a handsome young man who suddenly seems a complete stranger to you. There'll be that choking moment when you say "I do," in a voice that sounds as if it came from some girl way back in a rear pew, and not from you at all.

Then you'll toss your bouquet and discover how bad your aim is, because it will sail right over the head of the girl you intended it for and be torn in the clutches of three cousins. And then, with rice trickling down your neck, you'll realize you are now and forever, for better and for worse, Mrs. Gene Raymond.

When that time comes you'll wish that somebody had given you some plain, unvarnished advice about your husband.

Oh, he's a grand guy and all that, but remember, every young man in love puts his best foot forward. You'll find him out sooner or later, and it will be profitable in the long run to learn right now his faults as well as his virtues.

Don't take alarm, Jeanette. He will make you a good hus-



band. But since this is the first time either of you have been really in love, and since this is your very first adventure into marriage, it may help to figure out just what sort of a husband Gene will be.

To begin with, you should be forewarned about some of his personal habits. Gene has been used to living his own life, and in some respects he is set in his ways. He can be very stubborn, as you will find out, but then no girl wants a husband she can lead around by the nose. It's those little things in life, though, that may cause you some concern. For instance,

Jeanette MacDonald



It's important for a lovely prospective bride to know how to keep her future husband's love and loyalty. With Gene Raymond, marriage will be a glorious adventure for Jeanette—if she follows this sound advice

appreciative of just ordinary, everyday food, so long as you have had a hand in its preparation. He weighs a little better than one hundred and fifty pounds right now, and if you see him getting under that, fire the cook.

Gene is regular in his household hours, and except for those extra demands of picture work, with which you are only too familiar, he will come home and depart on schedule. When he is working he usually retires about ten. That is, in *theory*. You'll have to watch him on this, as he is inclined to dawdle. He will know full well he should turn in so as to be up at a quarter to seven, but he's the kind who always finds some last minute affair to dawdle over, so that he may not get all the little odds and ends attended to until one in the morning. Be firm with him and he will train easily.

YOU will find that he is the kind of man who organizes his life rather than drifts along with the current. From the very first he has been self-reliant and a good provider—and any wife will hang onto that kind of a man no matter what faults he might have.

Even if he is a wife beater. From a pretty thorough knowledge of your prospective husband, I am confident he will never beat you up, even if you have it coming.

It is wise to know as much as you can about a future helpmate's attitude toward money matters. He seems to have more than the average share of common sense in this regard, he listens to the advice of others and then forms his own capable opinion, and his finances are kept in tidy shape by the man who posts his books.

He is not in the least stingy, but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

he has, for some reason or other, a strong antipathy to squash, so be prepared to go squashless through life. It's the little sacrifices like that which will make for a happy marriage.

Gene likes lamb chops, which is fortunate because they are not fattening, and a girl with a lovely figure can't overlook that item. Have them well done, and get nice, thick ones. He likes his steaks grilled. He drinks very little coffee, but quite a lot of tea. When he comes home from work give him a glass of milk, which you should have cooling in the icebox.

Otherwise, Gene is easy to cook for, and you'll find him very



CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

They've Redecorated the Troc



These happy
and glamorous
as they pose
for tonight's
party. Seated to
see the fun



With the
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And the
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All the
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THE old rumors, so long unfounded, that Gary and Sandra Cooper are not any too happy together are just about to pop up again—this time with substantial evidence.

Gary (and this is so confidential you mustn't tell *anybody*) doesn't go home always, right after work. Increasingly often the phone rings in the Cooper manse—so they say—and it is announced the lord and master will not sup at home this night. Dinner for one, please Snodgrass.

Where does he go instead? Well, the other night it was to Walter Lang's house, with Clark Gable and Carole Lombard and Fieldsie, Carole's secretary—and an unidentified (so far) girl, so conspicuously not Sandra... So we're told.

We're not predicting anything, yet. Not even a little, unobtrusive divorce or anything.

NO one believes it yet, but it's out that cross-country Elaine Barrie Jacobs Barrymore is being very good for husband John. As a matter of fact he's going so choir-boy that he's boring all the rumor-sippers and predictors of ill fortune to death.

Elaine, we understand, took care of her own happiness first. No. 1 Tower Road, famous nest of John and Dolores Costello, might remind him of things, she said—so that went on the auction block.

His yacht, the Infanta, a Diesel-powered cruiser said to have cost half a million dollars, was too expensive to maintain—she said—and also offered temptation to John to keep him away from work. So the Infanta is up for sale, at \$50,000—a loss, but worth it, if you ask the new Mrs. Barrymore.

Now, whenever they go out for the evening, Papa and Mama Jacobs come along too. Mama likes the gay spots, and has a swell time; but Papa gets sleepy and yawns about midnight. Polite Mr. Barrymore takes them home—and thus is getting more sleep than ever before in his gay Lothario existence.

OF HOLLYWOOD...



Meanwhile disapproving Lionel Barrymore looks on—and mutters—and refuses to accept his eyes as witness.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Irving Thalberg Hollywood turned both of its inquiring faces toward Norma Shearer. What would she do, with all that money and with all the power she possessed, now that she owned what amounted to controlling interest of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Where would she live—palace, shanty, at home, abroad? What about the children?

The money she invested. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stock she sold, it's reported, to an English concern.

If you listen to close inside rumors here, the story is that Louis Mayer tried to buy the interest himself, and that while he was stalling she made a British magnate one of the prime Metro factors.

As for the Santa Monica house—friends thought, of course, that she would move away from it and all the close sentimental memories it held. She wanted to, it seems; but her two children are subject to constant colds. The heavily pollenized inland air of California is tough on little throats and noses, the sea air is clean and healthful. So there she'll stay, she tells her closest friends—memories or no memories.

FOR the first known time in Hollywood, Greta Garbo attended the preview of her own picture.

She astounded every one at the night of the preview of "Camille" by appearing in very gay spirits arm in arm with George Cukor, her director.

Not only that, but instead of disappearing immediately afterwards, she stayed laughing and joking with Cukor.

Robert Taylor joined them and the three of them seemed to be having a grand time all by themselves.



DO STARS EXPERIENCE GREATER DRAMA IN THEIR REAL LIVES THAN THEY DO IN THEIR REEL LIVES?

Recently Joan made "Love On The Run" with Clark Gable as her leading man and Franchot Tone; her husband, in the cast.

When the picture was completed it was discovered the thing was completely thrown off balance by the superb playing of Tone.

Now here's the situation. Joan loves Franchot. Joan also knows Franchot needs a break far more than does Mr. Gable. Therefore should she step in, use a star's prerogative, and shout to the heavens about the cutting of Mr. Tone's part and thereby sacrifice herself and the picture, or should she think first of the picture, the company for whom she works, and incidentally herself?

Can you conjure a better plot than that? What would she do under the circumstances? What would you do?

Here's the answer. Joan was ready to let the picture go out as it was, completely out of proportion, for Franchot's sake. But not only the studio but Franchot himself refused to permit it. So, when you see "Love On The Run" remember the little drama behind it.

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT.

At the Brown Derby, the Trocadero and on every set in Hollywood you hear this same question argued over and over. On one side is Bette Davis. On the other is George Raft. Bette the loser. Raft the winner.

After having rebelled and walked off the Warner Brothers lot, Bette returned, having lost her suit in England, defeated and humbled. "I was wrong," she said, "and if they'll just let me work again, I'll never question the rôle or story. *But let me work.*"

On the other hand, Raft has become known as the fighter of the industry. Kicking about everything possible. Complaining about the cameraman, the story, the director. Each time, the studio met all George's requests and shot up the salary of the man who said (and I quote directly), "I'm not a good enough actor to trust myself to any but the best director, best cameraman, best story," to a mere four thousand dollars a week.

It failed to satisfy him. He wanted his "Souls At Sea" rôle rewritten. And although half the good actors in town begged for the rôle, the studio once more yielded to Raft's demands, rewrote the script, boosted the salary up to \$4200 weekly and even paid him the \$24,000 he lost in the layoff.

It's no secret, not even to George, he is no Barrymore. His draw at the box office is good only in certain localities. In Texas, for instance, they just don't bother to put Raft's name on the marquee. It means nothing. What is the answer?

IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN.

I love you, no I don't—yes and no. Thus the gossip about Mary Brian and Cary Grant. They are having a tiff, no reconciliation in sight. They are being seen everywhere together.

But we talked with Mary only yesterday, and in the course of conversation mentioned Cary.

Top, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jan Brown (Sally Eilers). Middle, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Harold Crathorne. Left, Grade Allen and George Davis try out the phone arrangements. Wary smile! Above, Bette Davis chats with Mr. and Mrs. George (Jesse) (Norma Tolmadow). Bette is a new British star you'll be hearing about. Isn't Norma pretty?

More Troc Shots

Her face for a moment was uncomfortable; then only her eyes were unhappy. "Don't let's talk about Cary," she said. "Don't let's even mention him. . . ." So figure it out for yourself. Almost a year ago Cary told us he wouldn't marry Mary—or anybody—for five years.

LOVE-IS-A-FUNNY-THING ITEM:

Virginia Bruce has a theory. It's called, "I run away and you follow. As long as you follow I'll keep on running. When you stop I'll stop."

Wherefore she doesn't bother much about tact when she talks with her many boy friends. If they don't like what she says, and say so in no uncertain terms, then she gets interested. If they just hang around, and agree with her, she's a little bored.

There's only one exception—Jimmy Stewart. "*He* can take it," Virginia told us the other day. "And he's so sweet. . . . Last night we were out dancing, and suddenly I decided to tell him I didn't like the stereotyped gestures he was beginning to use on the screen. You find out a certain attitude or gesture gets a laugh, and you overwork it sometimes, you know. So in my usual way I burst forth with what I had to say.

"And then I was so frightened—because I didn't want him to be sore. But gosh, he was awfully nice about it. He explained why he did the things he does, and that maybe I was right, and he'd see about it.

"For once my theory was all haywire. He was nice about my frankness—and—it *didn't* bore me!"

REAL ESTATE HERO.

William Powell has sold himself right out of a home. After he sold his big Beverly Hills home some months ago, he bought another and then sold that one too, and purchased a third house which was just what he wanted. However, all this selling having gone to his head, he informed his agent that if he could get a good price, he would sell this one also. But then Powell changed his mind and decided to stay in his house and so informed his agent just two minutes after the agent had concluded a deal to sell. Now Bill is without a roof to his head and is frantically looking for a place to live.

GIGGLE NOTE:

When they were ready to start production of "Sinner Take All"—a mystery yarn—they discovered the author of the piece had been too busy to get the thing done in time. So they put him to work night and day, and each morning he brought in the script for the day—no more. Which meant that this was one little gore epic that began at the beginning and followed the consecutive scenes through to the end.

Wherefore—the fellow who plays the murderer didn't know he was the murderer until the final day of shooting. He had worked through the entire schedule thinking his rôle was a sympathetic one!

NO VIEW.

Anna Sten, the broad-faced Comrade from [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]



Top, Virginia Bruce, Dolores DelRio, Anita Louise are a contrast in beauty at the Grays. Middle, Cary and Mae Clark rehearsing. On that announcement day Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, and his mother, Mrs. Rogers. Gil Roland, Carolis Fennell, Kay Francis, Delmar Dyer (Kay's beau) leave for New York.

Snappiest Shots

What NOT to do on a date

*Two-reel short subject, with
several casual conversations*

TIME: HOT WINTER DAY IN CALIFORNIA

CHARACTERS:

VIRGINIA BRUCE
ELEANOR POWELL
MARY BRIAN
GLENDA FARRELL
ANNE SHIRLEY
An agent
And your correspondent:



OPENING scene in Virginia Bruce's dressing room on the Metro lot. It is very modernistic, done in beige and blue and mirrors; in it Virginia sits, looking inexpressibly lovely, eating lunch from a little portable table. The door opens precipitately, and Your Correspondent barges in, coattails flying.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT: Darling, I'm in a terrible hurry. Got a deadline. What I want to know is, what *don't* you do when you're out with a man for the evening?

(Virginia hauls off to swing, Y.C. automatically ducks.)

VIRGINIA: A nice thing to say to a respectable girl!

Y.C. (looking longingly at the luncheon table): What a mind you've got, Miss Bruce. Is that sauce Colbert on that turkey? I haven't had breakfast. (He sprawls in a chair.) What I mean is, you go about an awful lot, and with the town's best numbers too. The way I figure, gals all over America would like to know from Hollywood's most popular girl what not to do on a date, so the evening will be a success. How not to be a dud, d'you see?

VIRGINIA: Oh. Very well, do have some turkey. (Y.C. brightens perceptibly, reaches for a fork.) Inverse things always confuse me, though. I know lots of things you *should* do when you're out with a gentleman.

Y.C.: I didn't specify gentlemen.

VIRGINIA: That makes it easier then. Well—you don't

drown the remains of your cigarette in the remains of your dessert.

Y.C.: Mmmm. What are you having for dessert?

VIRGINIA (firmly): I'm not having any. (Grinning) Shall we analyze this business? There are three kinds of dates, you know. Anyway, there are in Hollywood. Number one is the swank, or for-business-reasons invitation.

Y.C.: How about just a swank date?

VIRGINIA: Any date in this town that's snooty is also for-business-reasons. Otherwise why should you fix up in Schiaparelli's latest and spend hours at the hairdresser's and dig out the ermine and come sweeping in like Astor's favorite nag? Like Jimmie Stewart and myself at the "Born to Dance" preview and broadcast. I looked very pretty, I must say, but my waistline was too tight—and Jimmie hated his collar, but with all the public there . . .

Y.C.: So what don't you do on this kind of shindig?

VIRGINIA: You don't do anything that would be fun. You don't drink anything stronger than claret lemonade. You don't lose your statuesque appearance, you don't dance often or hard enough to muss your coiffure. You don't forget to smile. You don't talk very loudly.

Y.C.: Aw, now—

VIRGINIA (Through the mouthful of turkey she has salvaged): Then there's the medium, or "don't-bother-to-dress, it's-just-informal" date. This is usually an invitation to somebody's house for dinner and games. You can relax a little—not too much—on this. You wear a dinner frock, have two highballs, and even raise your voice a little over the polite ping-pong. But on this evening you don't tell everybody about how old your family is, and how rich they were before the depression. You don't get into an argument, even if you hate somebody very much. Cat-fights are *terrible!*

Y.C.: There are those as aren't above a little hair-pulling in this Village.

VIRGINIA: Or a little glass-throwing. But it's best to be a lady. Finally, there's the utterly informal or howsabout-a-little-row-de-dow date. On these you have fun. (She rolls her eyes blissfully.) The only things you don't do on these are neck in public, get drunk in public, or do—anything—in—public.

Y.C. (*Vaguely*): Pretty good that turkey is—was.

VIRGINIA: One other thing. A generality. Always be frank with the men you like. Tell them to go to the dickens and they will always hang around trying to find out what you mean. (*She laughs ruefully, remembering something.*) Sometimes it works too well. The son of a very famous European statesman came to Hollywood the other day, and we were introduced at lunch. Well, he's a forthright bore—makes after dinner speeches before dinner—and when he rang next morning for a date I told him I was busy that night. So how about lunch Tuesday? Sorry. Dinner Tuesday? Still sorry. Wednesday? Nope. Thursday? Uh-uh. By the time he got to Sunday I was tired of holding the phone.

"Listen," I said, "it seems to me you're being too insistent. Don't you *know* when you're not wanted?" And what do you suppose he did? He sent three dozen roses that night, and has hung around ever since, phoning and sending flowers.

Y.C. (*At the door*): Is that turkey—or tongue—that makes your cheek stick out like that?

VIRGINIA: Come and see me again, when I'm not lunching.

(*Your Correspondent salutes in farewell, walks down the hall, and is bumped into by Eleanor Powell who comes running around a corner.*)

ELEANOR: Hello, I'm just off to New York.

Y.C. (*Picking himself up from the floor*): You'll be there in two hours easily, at this rate. Eleanor, what shouldn't a girl do on a date?

ELEANOR (*Standing on one foot, poised for flight*): In addition to the fact she shouldn't stick out in back when she dances, she shouldn't let the gentleman take her to dives, she shouldn't neck at tables or on the floor. She shouldn't ever neck where people can see her. So now I have to go to New York—stick around, we can have the rest of the interview when I get back. (*She takes off.*)

Your Correspondent looks at his watch, yelps, and rushes out. The scene shifts abruptly to an extravagantly furnished agent's office in a minor skyscraper on Wilshire Boulevard; in it the agent and Mary Brian sit, each tapping impatiently on the arms of their chairs. Y.C. enters quietly, sits down.

Y.C.: Sorry to be late.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



Virginia Bruce thinks there are three types of males and gives you a rule for making all three bite the dust. Glenda Farrell says if your big moment is a wit—watch out! Mary Brian had a painful experience learning the P's and Q's of how to keep a beau. If you have a shy lad in tow, Anne Shirley's tip is invaluable. Eleanor Powell's hints are as smart as her dancing

Adored by men
the world over, is
it Lili's fault she
expects the
same of Errol?



HOLLYWOOD is a moonstruck town, where love runs amuck, and its citizens view the usual amorous didoes of the movie people without so much as batting a fake eyelash. And so it is a glowing tribute to the mad unpredictability of the rambunctious romance of Errol Flynn and Lili Damita that it has the film world in a highly nervous and jumpy state, and that throngs stand before newspaper offices watching the fever chart that records its ups and its downs.

For the "off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Errol Flynn" union of this extraordinarily handsome pair is as colorful and exciting as any Hollywood has ever known. To the mere beholder in the cheap seats it is more thrilling than a cage of Nubian lions in an earthquake. They love each other like crazy and they hate each other like mad. They part forever—and the next day hurl themselves into each other's arms, swearing deathless devotion. Sour-faced realists on the sidelines say these two beautiful, willful people should never have dared the married state, and they are probably right, from the standpoint of sanity. But sanity plays no part in such love as that which grips the Flynn and the Damita. Apart, they would have missed glories and agonies such as few know—and the rest of us would have missed a thumping good show.

The fact is that I do not see how I can keep this



story from dating. I had no sooner started to strew rose petals on the grave of this romance than I learned that Lili and Errol, after ending it all, were once more closer than a three-cent stamp on a gas bill, and were about to set off on a European post-honeymoon. Before I reach the end of the chronicle of this passionate adventure I am fully prepared for the news that the couple battled and divided in Budapest, and that Flynn is in Tahiti, Damita in Cannes and Cupid is dead and buried. They can't get along with, they are miserable without, and if the Flynn kept a diary (which God forbend) it would read something like this—

Jan. 3—Lili is a selfish, silly butterfly. Drives me mad.

Jan. 4—I adore her, the darling!

Jan. 5—Going stark wacky with this routine. Packed and moved out.

Jan. 6—Moved in again.

Why is this thus? Why do these mag-

The MADCAP LOVE of the ERROL FLYNNNS

nificent young people hate and worship each other with alternate breaths? Once they are under the microscope it is easy to understand.

Hollywood, ultra-conventional and strictly patterned for all its external goofiness, has never seen precisely the likes of this Flynn boy.

His own master since boyhood, relentlessly following the main chance, in spite of the buffetings of Fate, Errol Flynn is his own man. He is a Hard Guy, a clear-eyed realist and a thorough individualist. The Gene Tunney of the leaping tintypes, he approached the movies as the handsome boxer did the gentle art of mangling noses. It offered big money quickly, and everything indicates that the big boy proposes to get his, make a snoot at the studios, and step into the sort of life dearest to the heart of Errol Flynn. He is a movie career man if there ever was one, and to date he has not made a single professional mistake. His business dealings with Warner Brothers have been both keen and successful, proving once more that personal beauty is no handicap to smartness.

Flynn can write, too, and he will not perform for buttons. The kid has an eye for a pay check with a lot of nice figures on it, and if such is not forthcoming he simply covers the typewriter, picks up his marbles and goes away. Toughened by his boyhood struggles and thoroughly hep to the chicanery of his present profession, Errol Flynn will get what he wants in



large, juicy gobs. Nothing, probably not even his Damita-madness, will ever stand in his way.

And what of lovely Lili, a heart-demolisher of worldwide reputation?

In the first place, she is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and my professional life has forced me to eye hundreds of them in envy and despair. She had been off the boat but a few days in 1928 when I lunched with her and her mother at a great Fifth Avenue hotel, and so blinding was the beauty of la Lili that I dropped the cutlery, knocked over two illegal cocktails and got Hollandaise sauce in my ears.

All her adult life, men, here and abroad, have been reduced to this sad, gelatinous state by her loveliness. They have trotted about in her wake, yelping wistfully for bones. She has been courted, petted, deferred to and spoiled by a long procession of pop-eyed, incoherent admirers, and they, not she, are to blame if she wants what she wants when she wants it, and then gets it instantly on a silver tray, trimmed with parsley and uncut emeralds!

How in the universe could this professional Dream Girl, secure in the knowledge of her beauty and accustomed to abject adoration from men, hope to cope with the unyielding, realistic individualism of such a Man's Man as the Flynn? She probably never even gave a thought to such insoluble problems. She only knew she wanted him!

Speaking by the book, these two glamorous people should never have come within 10,000 miles of each other. But it is in just such cases that life plays its most comical [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

*They love each other like crazy—they
hate each other like mad. The amorous
didoes of these two beautiful, willful
people have all Hollywood guessing*

By LEONARD HALL

If ever a man
was not the hus-
band type it's
this headstrong
young Irishman



Beginning :

Hollywood honeymoon

By FOSTER COLLINS

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERRY

DON ROBERTS, ace producer for Climax Films, stood at the curb, shivering, holding up a futile finger to a dozen taxis. He felt as if the fates had tenderly wrapped a large section of the blizzard around his neck. A tall young man, whose lean, blond attractiveness held a visible tension, a panther-like restlessness of spirit.

The interview with the bankers had just ended, and he had been given his ultimatum; either produce pictures that paid dividends, or send in his resignation. For a moment, there, thinking of the huge profits he'd always made for Climax, he had wanted to knock Arnstein down; but he had thought better of it.

His burnt-out eyes were weary. A bitter recognition came to him that despite his former sensational successes, the flattery and adulation that surrounded him, he had not one genuine friend anywhere; and after it became known why he had been summoned to New York—He shrugged. He could well imagine the different versions Hollywood would give it. Success and failure do not use the same dictionary.

A wordless anger stirred deep within him. Still, he didn't blame the bankers who controlled Climax Films. As a producer, he had been a conspicuous failure this last year.

Times Square looked familiar, yet alien. Pedestrians, bending before the fury of the wind, sought to protect their faces from the stinging crystals of snow. January, in New York, he thought. A taxi finally pulled up. Roberts said, "The Plaza," and sat back in the cold cab to think.

The traffic was impeded by the storm. Winter was making a leonine entrance, and Hollywood had spoiled him for this sort of weather. The cab stopped. The wind blew harder here, on Central Park South, savagely sweeping the snow across the park so the whirling flakes stung his kin. It was years since he'd worked in New York. And this summons east, to explain his debacle to the bankers, looked like his Waterloo! The entire picture industry, everyone in Hollywood, knew that he had failed. The tory would erupt now like a hot lava tide. In his ears was the hooting of the fates.

His career, which had started so brilliantly, was, seemingly, crumpled tinsel. He felt a leaden weariness. He had

to hold his teeth clenched to stop the sounds in his throat. His jaws ached with the effort. It was no good. You couldn't pry open the iron fingers of fate. Some ribald gesture, some fantastic momentum had carried him along to the heights, out of the gaunt days of newspaper poverty to opulence; to the point where he was the most cogent producer in Hollywood; to Nina Taylor—who had been Nina Kazanovitch—the beautiful, sultry, titled Russian emigré he had discovered and made a star, and married.

They had been extravagantly happy—until she became a



He halted at the door of his son's room and looked at the nurse, seeing her for the first time—her dark eyes, tawny hair, and skin with the faint glow and translucency of a gardenia

star in her own right. After that last, tense, unreasoning quarrel, as cataclysmic as an explosion in a powder house, they went beyond quarreling. Had they lived in a small house, anything could have happened, violence—or reconciliation on a rising peak of hysteria; but in a big house, they achieved aloofness; an antagonism that was an ultimate state, a finite condition. She had told him that she hated him.

She had divorced him, a year ago. Incompatibility, she had claimed; but people said that she had fallen in love with the magnetic Gilbert Ross, the screen's handsomest bad man. Losing her, as his principal star, had started Don slipping. Since then, he knew he had failed. There seemed to be no meaning, no purpose left in life. He had dropped into an abyss, alone, exhausted, like a convalescent, trying to learn to live all over again in a singularly upset world.

He let himself into his hotel suite silently. His valet wasn't around. His thoughts went from his own debacle to his little six-year-old son, Lee. Lee hadn't been able to walk since his third year, when he had escaped from a careless nurse and had fallen down a flight of stairs. Lee would be in his wheel chair

now, no doubt, watching the snow—a miracle his young eyes had never before beheld. He had exclaimed over it, on their arrival, fascinated by the feathery flakes, while the famous specialist, whom Don had called in, had examined the boy

LEE hadn't objected, this time, though he was scared as the strong, exploring fingers roved. There were times, he knew, that when a new doctor poked at him, touching hurting places, it usually meant that he would have to go to the hospital again; and that meant more hurt and pain; pain that made him shriek. He wished his legs would work, like other boys' so he could play in that snow.

Later, Don had questioned the specialist. "I brought him to New York, doctor," he said, "to see if there was anything you could do for him. Otherwise, I wouldn't have moved him into winter climate."

The specialist had shrugged. "It wasn't a good thing to do."

"But—you're our last hope, doctor! They told me on the Coast that if *you* couldn't do anything, why—" He paused.

The specialist had considered, gravely. "His physical con-



It was a strange love triangle that created itself from a defeated producer, a lovely young nurse and a crippled child whom they both adored



KAY

dition ought to be better before any operation can be attempted. He should also be in better spirits. The child seems to be sunk into some inertia. He's let go. He makes no attempt to use his limbs. He's apathetic. Surgery might help—but you understand that we're taking a long chance?"

Don had nodded. More surgery for Lee turned his soul sick. Still—to be a cripple for life! "What do you advise?" he had asked.

"Well, surgery is a gamble in this case. It might mean double—or nothing."

Don had shuddered with a shocked sense of horror.

"Probably too many pitying adults around the child," said the specialist, "who color his attitude. He should have an incentive to play. Why don't you get him a companion—a young nurse who isn't too old to understand kids? He needs stimulus more than surgery."

"If I knew such a nurse," Don had said.

"I'll send you one," promised the specialist. "We have an agency here, in New York, who furnish specially trained children's nurses."

That night, Kay Stevens, a quiet, competent young girl, hardly out of her teens had arrived for the job, selected by the whim of Destiny. She had had to earn her own living since her father had died, and she liked nursing. A year previous, when her mother died, after a vain struggle to make a Brooklyn boardinghouse pay, Kay was left alone. She had a great love for children and a deep understanding of their bodies and minds, their needs and moods; and so she had specialized.

What happened had amazed Don. Lee fell in love with the nurse at once; and Don had surprised them once when the nurse was cradling the frail little boy to her heart with an unconsciously maternal gesture that had sent Don out of the room with stinging eyes. The days that followed were a revelation to the father. His keen eyes had seen that the child, like himself, was starved for understanding companionship. Thereafter, Lee couldn't get along a moment without his "Kay." And, unless his eyes deceived him, the little nurse loved the frail child fully as much in return

Coming in from the wintery day, Don walked softly across the reception room, and halted, unbelieving. From Lee's room came a burst of childish laughter. Don tiptoed noiselessly to the door.

Lee, in a wheel chair, sat facing the window. Kay sat on the floor. Neither of them saw him standing there. His eyes went to his son, so fragile, so lovely. He had Nina's beautiful heart-shaped face, the same great topaz eyes, but his hair, unlike hers, was a wealth of blond curls. Only a sick child, Don reflected bitterly, had such startling perfection, such cameo-like beauty. The thin little hands were clasped together.

KAY sat on the floor and he examined her, himself unseen, really seeing her for the first time. She was, he recognized, pretty. Her slimness was merely suggested by the concealing uniform. A young girl, with widely-opened, frankly virginal brown eyes; a wisp of tawny hair showing. Her skin had the faint glow and translucency of a gardenia. She had a pure and exquisite serenity; an aura, now, of mystical elation. Her eyes held a dark intensity and some vital quality exuded from her; she seemed to shed some material radiance, as a lamp sheds light. She was telling Lee a story in a low, intensely musical voice. The child listened, enthralled.

"The pirate," she said, "came out on deck, and he had on his cutlass and pistols, and he looked at the island. It was a little place, all golden sand and palm trees; and the pirate said, 'We'll bury our gold here, then we'll go and look for another barkentine.'"

"What's a barkentine?" asked the boy, absorbed.

"It's a ship. Then—what do you think happened, Lee?"

"What?" he asked breathlessly, leaning forward.

"This! Listen! When the pirate turned around, there was an American warship coming for him! And the big guns were pointed at the bold pirate; and from the top of the warship, there were the Stars and Stripes flying in the breeze—red, white and blue!" She came erect with a swift movement, facing Lee, her tiny hand at salute. "And the old pirate remembered that he used to be a good American—and he stood up—like this—and saluted his flag! Now—you try it, Lee!"

Lee stirred. He tried, but he couldn't. He wished he could. He fell back in his chair, and his chin began to feel queer.

"I can't," he whispered, with a bleached and desperate look.

"You can," she assured him, gravely. "You must try. Every good American wants to stand and salute his flag. You must try, dear; and by and by, almost before you know it,—you'll do it! It will come just like that—pouf!—if you try. Then, you can be an officer in the Navy and sail all over the world on big battle ships; and wear a uniform with gold braid, and a sword; and you can catch pirates, too!"

Don's eyes misted as he listened.

"But," objected Lee, "I want to be a pirate, and have a red handkerchief, and a cutlass; and I want to bury gold—"

"Pirates have to walk the plank," she told him, swiftly; "just as I explained to you—and they have to be double brave. You can't sail away to the Spanish Main until you can walk the plank!"

"Can Pop come, too?" he asked her, sitting back.

"Certainly," she agreed.

"Is it very far—the Spanish Main? Where is it?"

"No—it isn't very far, but you have to be brave and strong to go there. You know what? I think I know where to get a red pirate's handkerchief to tie around your head. Would you like that, Lee?"

"Oh, sure!" he said, eagerly. "Where will you get it, Kay?"

"I'm not allowed to tell, darling! But, remember—if you wear that—it means the red badge of courage! You know what I told you."

"I'll try," he told her, and his chin wouldn't keep still. "I'll try awful hard, Kay. But maybe I can't—"

"Oh, but you can!" she cried. You will—if you try! I used to think I couldn't, too, but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]



Salute! The most popular team in pictures, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, photographed here in color — and pretty swell too. Together again in "Maytime," Victor Herbert's melodious operetta, they will enchant you with new arias

and duets written specially for them. Great pals off the screen, they face a separation soon, as Nelson starts on his yearly concert tour, and Jeanette, the vivacious, begins her next film "The Firefly." She will have another hero, Allan Jones

When it was announced that Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn were both to play in "Stage Door"—Margaret Sullivan's Broadway opus which RKO recently purchased—well—the studio found out that all revolutions were not confined to Spain. We are willing to bet our last spondulix that these temperamental lovelies will NOT appear in the same picture—ever. In the meantime, Gingie reveals that she doesn't need the flowing chiffons she dances in in "Stepping Toes," with Fred Astaire, to make herself alluring





Has Katie made a covenant with costumes? Despite the agitation of her fans to get Miss Hepburn back into modern garb, she is playing another of her Victorians in "Quality Street" with Franchot Tone as her leading man. Not content with this, her third period picture in succession, she returns to the footlights this winter in Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," for the Theatre Guild. As Katharine's last stage venture "The Lake" in 1933 was a flop, the beautiful star plans a lengthy out of town tour before tackling New York



They're so in love! They're so young, this pretty Anne Shirley and debonair Owen Davis, Jr. They're never happy doing anything, even

quarreling—without each other. Anne is just seventeen. In "Make Way for a Lady," her new picture, she gets her most worldly rôle to date

In contrast to the romantic realists on the opposite page are Garbo and Robert Taylor, acting in "Camille." All the glamour and nostalgic

sophistication of Paris in the Eighties is here. You will see a gay and laughing Garbo, a graver, more mature, even handsomer Taylor





Of course it's Jean Harlow, always changing yet changeless as Eve, a St. Louis Blues girl set to swingtime. Heres' the blonde bombshell right from the days of "Hell's Angels" straight to today (that picture at the lower right) where she's looking her most dramatic



Rhapsody
in
BLONDE





THE wardrobe girl shoved them over the counter. The stiff stayed corset, the high-laced shoes, the wasp-waisted Gay Nineties gown.

"Here y'are, Honey Now what you going to do with all that junk?"

"Learn to walk."

Learn to walk! Now tie that one. These kid actors over at the coaching school. Nutty as fruitcakes, every one of 'em.

Nutty? Well—the tall, serious, straw-topped girl who strolled away with the Floradora merchandise did use it to learn to walk.

She went home and squeezed into the antique instruments of torture and switched up and down the carpet. She did it every time she had an off hour for days until she developed a provocative get-along the like of which your Uncle Archie hasn't seen since that fly soubrette came through town with the Parisian Steppers.

She did some other things. She made a couple of records. One in a throaty, tough, cigarettish voice—the other of virginal timbre. She talked and sang with both these records for days.

Besides her script she learned two other parts, just for the practice, "Anna Christie" and "Sadie Thompson." She rehearsed all three day and night.

Then she walked into the biggest newcomer's break of the year. You saw the grand result if you saw "Come and Get It."

Her name, of course, is Frances Farmer, and she looks like a Swede but she isn't. She's got English and French and Holland-Dutch bumping along together in her veins. The combination hasn't made her particularly pretty. Her forehead is too high and her jaw is too long and her wide, assertive mouth is inclined to slide off at the corners. Her manners are none too gracious and a lot of people already cordially dislike her.

FROM the rich double rôle of *Lotta* and *Lotta's Daughter* in "Come and Get It," she has stepped out as the prime new sensation of the season. Her director, who has seen them come and go for years, goes overboard in his predictions to say she'll be as great and probably greater than Garbo. Her dramatic coach says she has everything a great actress needs. Her studio says she is now too precious to play a mere lead, as planned, opposite Gary Cooper. She'll be preserved for starring rôles.

And she says she's too busy to talk about any stuff like that.

Chances are you are going to hear a lot about Frances Farmer from now on. Unless all the signs in the crystal ball lie, she is your next big star. But what you may hear is that she is another irritating *enfant terrible*, out-Hepburning Hepburn, out-sulking Sullavan, a cocky brat gone Hollywood in that

particular way That's already the impression in some parts.

So you might as well get her straight right at the start

The Farmer is the most ambitious youngster to hit town in years. Ambition fairly boils inside her. She is the hardest working, imperfection scorning actress, young or old, in Hollywood. She can't rest a minute. She's as direct as a bullet. Sober as the Supreme Court, industrious as an anthill

RIGHT after the preview of "Come and Get It," when half of critical Hollywood was babbling her praises, she slipped up on a drugstore counter stool beside her dramatic coach, Phyllis Loughton.

"Good work, Frances," mentioned Miss Loughton, trying to hold it down. "You did even better than I expected."

The reply she got was,

"Say—did you see those tight throat muscles of mine? Boy—have I got work to do on my voice!"

I'm going not only by the crushing mass of evidence that smacks you whenever you mention Frances Farmer's name around people who really know her. I have just seen the young lady. And as I labored to extract from her the most individual success story I have run across in moons, she tapped one foot and then the other, poked her scalp and patted her knee, fretful as a racehorse to be off to—what? Work! In fact, if you will revolve this story in a clockwise direction—

"I've got to go rehearse," said Frances, "what time is it?"

Not much more than a year ago this young Farmer character was a fairly raw and very lanky co-ed at the University of Washington in Seattle, a junction known more for the unforgettable Mr. Addison Sims than for its artistic spawn.

Like a thousand other long-legged, long-haired campus dreamers, Frances was stage struck. Unlike nine hundred and ninety-nine of these sprouts she was short on talk but long on action.

So she did something about it.

What I mean is she did *plenty* about it. Before she was through, her teachers were moaning that they were "disgraced," her folks were a bit embarrassed, her alma mater was wondering if its fair name had been tarnished, and around Seattle and elsewhere Frances loomed as the incarnation of The Red Menace To Our Youth.

But she got where she set out to get. Even if she had to go around the world to get there.

"Yes," said Frances, "I believe you make your own breaks. What time is it?"

This belief had been simmering back of her wide brow for a good many of her growing girl years. But it wasn't until she stepped on the wooded campus [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Miss SEX APPEAL of '37

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

She's Frances Farmer (pictured here in color), the newest and most original glamour girl to dazzle Hollywood

Hyman Fink got this scoop shot of the newlywed John Barrymores at the "Born to Dance" show. Were they pleased!



ON THE AIR



It was practically a French love fest when Adolphe Menjou and Lily Pons played in "Conversation Piece." It was Lily's first rôle on the air as a dramatic actress. With them is Majorie Gateson

EVERYBODY in Hollywood with an ear to the microphone is still talking about the "Born to Dance" film and air preview staged simultaneously in *tres grand premiere* fashion at Grauman's Chinese theater.

It was really something. Although the show began at that Hollywood dull hour of 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon, most of our best people turned out, including Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Joan Bennett, the Robert Montgomerys, Louis B. Mayer, et al, in their very best bibs and tuckers and swept into the theater as if they were going to a swank evening film opening.

A whole phalanx of M-G-M publicity men, a line-up of news photographers and a bigger than ever crowd of autograph hunters and fans jammed the Chinese foyer.

The film was flashed on the screen first. Then a Hollywood Hotel radio show preview of the same picture and the very

same stars—Jimmy Stewart, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford—with Louella Parsons as their hostess and official mistress of ceremonies, went through their paces in the air show.

Not only many stars and film bigwigs, but the press, some six hundred strong, and a fine, fine crowd of paying cash customers filled the theater to capacity. It was the most spectacular broadcast which Hollywood has ever seen or in which it has ever participated. It was the most successful—critical opinion afterward was practically unanimous that the air show was better than the film!

It all went smoothly. True there were one or two hitches, but not serious ones. For instance, in the excitement of shooting pictures in that teeming, milling theater lobby, not

In the starry line-up for "Born to Dance" air preview, Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart, Eleanor Powell, Sid Silvers, Una Merkel. See how Jimmy is watching Virginia!

a single M-G-M publicity man, nor a single news-wise cameraman, spied John Barrymore and his shy Ariel bride firmly treading their way into the theater. How they missed 'em, we don't know, but the oversight must have given John quite a few chuckles, even though the new Mrs. Barrymore's reactions were different.

They didn't completely escape. PHOTOPLAY's redoubtable Hyman Fink discovered the newlyweds when he scanned the audience later. Flashlights, bulbs and cameras immediately went into action with John being most pleasant and Elaine veritably beaming with delight.

The other almost serious mishap occurred when Mr. Sid Silvers was missed about three and one half minutes before Miss Parsons was due to lead her little brood onto the rostrum. No, Sid wasn't playing tricks and hiding out like Mickey Rooney. No, he hadn't gone downstairs on a last minute errand. He was right in full view of everybody (he said), but so great was the excitement and so high the tension backstage that the mere suggestion an important performer was missing put everyone responsible into a state of jitters.

A nice, authentic note was lent by the informal introductions of celebrities from the floor of the theater by Louella who ran hither and thither with a portable microphone in her arms.

All in all, Hollywood had quite an afternoon at its first combination film air broadcast. Nobody got out to supper until after seven o'clock. Whether the show set a precedent or not, we don't know yet, but we would be willing to wager something important, like a new spring bonnet, that it did. That this is not the last of such shows to be staged, particularly by M-G-M, which was enthusiastic about the fine gobs of publicity it attracted for the picture. (We dunno what they thought about the broadcast being better than the picture!) Well, you've no doubt been wondering what Hollywood was going to think up to take the place of those gorgeous, glamorous premieres, at \$5.50 per, which used to have the populace lining the sidewalks on their wooden boxes and benches hours before the limousines and their glittering occupants rolled up.

We spied Joe Penner with a broad grin on his face signing autograph books left and right both before and after the show. We accosted him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

IN HOLLY- WOOD

By MURIEL BABCOCK

The Franchot Tones at the broadcast of "Elizabeth the Queen." Joan no longer has microphone fright, but someone else has it very badly!





★ **THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount**

THE West wild and woolly. Gary Cooper at his finest. A story forceful and thrilling. These are the ingredients of this superior, exciting Western drama crowded with colorful characters and stirring historical events. Director De Mille reveals *Wild Bill Hickok*, *Buffalo Bill Cody*, *General Custer* and *Calamity Jane* all leaders in the development of the old West. Cooper, as *Wild Bill*, sets out to rid the country of lawless whites and murdering Indians. His bravery and reckless adventures contrast with the boisterous yet tender love scenes between himself and *Calamity Jane*. Jean Arthur as the famous frontier woman, handles the rôle superbly, keeping the rough and ready character appealingly sympathetic. James Ellison makes a handsome youthful *Cody* while John Miljan is an ideal *Custer*. Porter Hall, as a weakling who betrays Cooper, will have you hissing and hating. A walloping picture!



★ **BELOVED ENEMY—United Artists**

THE conflict between romance and patriotism, the perennial appeal of two lovers, caught against their wills, in forces almost too great to be borne, such is the motivation for "Beloved Enemy." The lovers are the exquisite Merle Oberon, as the daughter of a titled Englishman who is sent to Ireland to quell the rebellion, and Brian Aherne, an Irish leader of men who knew only the most seething hatred of all things British. All the intense political feeling and martial activity of those fateful days during Easter of 1921 are powerfully depicted, with a restraint that makes the picture highly dramatic.

Samuel Goldwyn has produced this very touching romance with his usual mastery and cast it magnificently. Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, Jerome Cowan and David Niven lend intelligent support but it is distinctly Miss Oberon's and Mr. Aherne's picture. They are both very fine indeed.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ **AFTER THE THIN MAN—M-G-M**

THE thin man and his most charming screen wife, Myrna Loy, return again in a comedy-mystery calculated to send you snorting with laughter and shivering with terror from the theater. It is masterly cinema. William Powell, in his original rôle, is more than ever the casual too-calm playboy detective who asks only for peace and gets chaos instead.

This time the melodrama takes place in San Francisco where the two have returned on New Year's Eve; Myrna's musty family call upon the thin man to help Myrna's cousin, Elissa Landi, whose husband has disappeared. During the search, which involves three murders, gunmen, massacre in basements, and a doctor who declares everyone mad, Powell clatters easily along toward the climax. With a drink in one hand, a gun in the other, and endlessly complaining, he manages to solve everything.

The story is incredibly involved, but handled with sly humor that sometimes becomes amusingly ribald. Powell in his usual manner loses no opportunity to ridicule himself and everyone else for a laugh. Myrna is ever the poised, incomparable helpmate. Miss Landi manages restraint in a difficult rôle, and Jimmie Stewart, as the jilted but hopeful lover, displays an acting ability unrealized before. Joseph Calleia is satisfactorily menacing and the whole cast handle their respective parts well.

You will enjoy, too, the minor plot starring Asta, the dog, and his troubles with an unfaithful wife.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

AFTER THE THIN MAN	LLOYDS OF LONDON
BANJO ON MY KNEE	THE PLAINSMAN
BELOVED ENEMY	THREE SMART GIRLS
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937	RAINBOW ON THE RIVER
THAT GIRL FROM PARIS	

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

William Powell in "After the Thin Man"
 Myrna Loy in "After the Thin Man"
 Jimmie Stewart in "After the Thin Man"
 Merle Oberon in "Beloved Enemy"
 Brian Aherne in "Beloved Enemy"
 Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman"
 Jean Arthur in "The Plainsman"
 Tyrone Power Jr. in "Lloyds of London"
 Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls"
 Victor Moore in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
 Bobby Breen in "Rainbow on the River"
 Jack Oakie in "That Girl from Paris"
 Gene Raymond in "That Girl from Paris"
 Lily Pons in "That Girl from Paris"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 116)



★ **LLOYDS OF LONDON—20th Century-Fox**

MASSIVE epic, this pretentiously produced film combines the destiny of an empire, and the great love of two beautiful people, in surging melodrama. In addition, it introduces Tyrone Power Jr. as the newest Hollywood star.

Built around the rising fortunes of Lloyds' insurance house tightly welded to the affairs of Britain, the story follows the career of a tavern boy, played by Freddie Bartholomew and, as a grown-up, by Power. Freddie has a childish pact with young *Lord Nelson*; on one of their adventures they uncover the plot of insurance robbers and Freddie treks to London with the news. Lloyds' officials give him a job and when he is older he heads one of their syndicates and becomes fabulously wealthy.

Tyrone, as the adult Freddie, meets and loves gorgeous Madeleine Carroll, and then he discovers she is married to a vicious nobleman. Climax of the piece comes when Lloyds faces ruin through *Admiral Nelson's* failure to whip the enemy fleet. Power risks his honor to save the situation.

Miss Carroll is convincingly restrained and sympathetic throughout. Virginia Field does nice work and Sir Guy Standing handles his rôle with professional good taste. However, the entire picture is necessarily Power's; he has refreshing youth, innate ability, and the elusive quality of the born gentleman.

The only detriment to absolute entertainment in this is the preponderance of national spirit which makes it seem a bit like propaganda. Otherwise it's superb cinema.



★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937—First National**

THIS edition of the annual "Gold Digger" series is a highly entertaining combination of catchy tunes, good gags and marching girls (there isn't a chorus kick in the whole picture).

Dick Powell is good as the singing insurance salesman who befriends stranded chorus girl Joan Blondell, writes a million dollar policy on theatrical producer Victor Moore, and finds himself in the show business to protect his income from the policy. Dick and Joan put plenty of realism into their love scenes, but it is the song numbers, and the fine work done by Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore, that you will remember.

Lee Dixon does several lively tap numbers; Osgood Perkins and Charles Brown are the scheming heavies, with Rosalind Marquis and Irene Ware as their "gold digging" girl-friends.

"With Plenty of Money and You" and "Let's Put Our Heads Together" are the best of many songs.



★ **THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio**

THE problem of presenting an opera singer so that she will please all types of audiences seems to have been solved in this dizzy comedy musical. Gay, funny, bright with music and laughter, it rolls along at a delightful rate.

Lily Pons, justifying previous predictions, is discovered as an accomplished comedienne as well as the authentic musician she is. Backing out of an unwanted marriage, she stows away aboard ship to America and is unwillingly aided by four members of an orchestra, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Mischa Auer and Frank Jenks. Everyone gets into trouble with the immigration department and a mad chase ensues. Raymond does his best work in this. The unrelenting pace is maintained by Oakie to whom comedy honors go; by Mischa Auer whose unjointed antics are especially amusing, and by Herman Bing. Miss Pons sings both operatic and popular melodies.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



★
**THREE
SMART GIRLS**
—Universal

CLEVER, intelligent and witty, this delightful bit of entertainment has a genuineness that is rare. Deanna Durbin, Barbara Read and Nan Grey plan to extricate daddy Charles Winniger from gold digger Binnie Barnes and mama Alice Brady. Deanna, a newcomer of thirteen, sings and acts divinely, walks away with the first honors. A knockout!



★
**BANJO ON
MY KNEE—**
20th Century-
Fox

BARBARA STANWYCK and Joel McCrea meander through this melodramatic musical, loving and hating each other. McCrea is the Mississippi shanty boater with the wanderlust; Barbara tries to make him stay home. Meanwhile, Anthony Martin, Walter Brennan, and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. It's amusing and mischievous. You'll like it.



★
**RAINBOW
ON THE
RIVER—Sol
Lesser—RKO-
Radio**

BOBBY BREEN reaching the heart with silvery song and sentimental story. Orphaned during the Civil War, Bobby is reared by a colored mammy played by Louise Beavers. His kinsfolk are eventually located but the lone orphan faces many heartaches before he finds happiness. May Robson, Alan Mowbray and Charles Butterworth lend superb support.



**MORE THAN
A SECRE-
TARY—**
Columbia

FRISKY as a kitten is this gay young story that pokes fun at health fads and faddists. As an editor of a health magazine, George Brent finds his magazine slipping until Jean Arthur comes into his life, injects new ideas into the book and herself into his heart. Snappy indeed are both Brent and Arthur. Ruth Donnelly and Lionel Stander are very funny.



**THE GREAT
O'MALLEY**
—Warners

YOU'LL enjoy every minute of this comedy drama in which Pat O'Brien, as a Manhattan cop, passes out tickets right and left, until he meets Sybil Jason, lame daughter of Humphrey Bogart, whom he has sent to prison. Ann Sheridan does light romantic duty, with Frieda Inescort, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill. Mary Gordon and a fine supporting cast.



**RACING
LADY—RKO-
Radio**

SMITH BALLEW, a millionaire auto manufacturer who owns a racing stable, buys Ann Dvorak's winning colt in a claiming race and hires Ann as his trainer. The horse is stolen just before the big handicap but the resulting climax is not difficult to guess. The story moves along weakly to the thrilling and exciting race which gives the picture its only interest.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



**SMART
BLONDE—**
Warner Bros.

THIS entertaining picture features Glenda Farrell as a smart, wise-cracking reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective. This sleuthing combination, with romance on the side, proceeds excitingly to solution of two murders—the outcome of a night-club operator's desire to marry. Winifred Shaw, Addison Richards and Jane Wyman give nice performances.



**WHITE
HUNTER—**
20th Century-
Fox

PAINFULLY thin story of a wronged man (Warner Baxter) who becomes a white hunter in Africa. On a safari comes Wilfred Lawson, his wife Gail Patrick and daughter, June Lang. Baxter realizes Lawson has been responsible for his downfall, but is prevented from seeking revenge by falling in love with his enemy's daughter. Pretty weak material this.



**HAPPY GO
LUCKY—**
Republic

THE fact that it pokes fun at itself saves this mystery spy yarn from too dreary a fate. Phil Regan's singing is tuneful as he warbles code messages to his sweetheart, Evelyn Venable who looks beautiful. The plot is a bit complicated in spots and strictly grade B. Jed Prouty, as a go-getter airplane manufacturer, helps. The cast is adequate.



**COME
CLOSER,
FOLKS—**
Columbia

JAMES DUNN, a high-powered racketeer salesman, talks his way out of jail and into a job with department store manager, Marian Marsh, who has complained of his sidewalk sales tactics. Romance and honest ambition prove difficult for Jimmy, with early pals, Wynne Gibson and George McKay, around. You can guess what's coming, but you'll laugh.



CONFLICT—
Universal

JACK LONDON'S story about a prize fighting lumberjack, who turns from his shady association with a crooked fight manager when love comes along, will satisfy those who want plenty of action if not much else in their films. John Wayne and Jean Rogers have the leads, with Frank Sheridan, Eddie Borden and Ward Bond in support. Youngsters will like this.



ELLIS ISLAND
—Invincible

DONALD COOK and Peggy Shannon in a melodramatic and fast moving picture about the efforts of three crooks to get away with a million dollar holdup and escape with the loot through Ellis Island. Kidnapping and hijacking complicate matters until Cook, as the Island official, comes to the rescue. Plenty of comedy. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Exclusive candid camera shots taken on the set of "Ready, Willing and Able" show two perfect reasons why gay and lithe-some Ruby Keeler is one of our brightest Queens of the Dance. Her lovely legs, her verve, her dash are all revealed here enchantingly. Lee Dixon, no slouch himself, is her new dancing partner. Together they add remarkable teamwork to their sensational footwork as they swing, strut, tap and engage in some very active hi-de-hoes. Try this yourself some evening



**“READY,
WILLING
AND
ABLE”—**



AND
now

STOP HAVING

PULLING yourself out of the dumps is no easy job, if you've let yourself get into it up to your neck. But remember, darlings, what happens to the rest of your lives depends upon how completely you triumph over your moods when you are blue.

Many of you get depressed because you think you are just drifting along, time is passing quickly and you are accomplishing nothing. Many manufacture some alibi to satisfy themselves that all is lost . . . that nothing can be done about it. Well, plenty can be done. But *you* must do it. Get down to business and find out your weakest point and say to yourself; "My gosh, I *will* correct it." Unravel those blues like you'd rip up an old sweater and pick up the stitches that are causing holes in your life. Stop being wishy washy and a softie with yourself. Stop straddling the fence mentally. Make up your mind. *Be definite.* You can never overcome the fear that you're licked until you first develop a little backbone. Certainly you once had ambitions, dreams and hopes. When they materialized you know darn well that it was only because you fought to make them materialize. And you smiled with pride over your accomplishments. All right then, if you did it once, you can still do it. Gather up the pieces and fight.

Maybe you've been working to make a dream come true and just when you thought you had the finished product in your hand, you failed, or only realized it in part. Of course losing out is hard, but one failure doesn't make a failure. Believe me, nobody to-day who has been successful would ever have arrived if they had quit after they flopped the first time. Every successful person has taken it on the chin. Some of them are plenty scarred from the battle to get to the top. And why do you call them successes? Because they got there. They learned to profit by their temporary failures and so can you. Try to find some good in every disappointment you suffer. Figure out why you failed. Then use that experience as a virtue in tackling your next job.

Whatever you do, don't sit around and feel sorry for yourself. Little by little your worries are magnified and you lose faith in yourself.

Envy and jealousy have a swell breeding ground and, as quickly as guinea pigs, each produce a mental illness called bitterness. Sourness sets in and the first thing you know you find yourself in the middle of a nervous breakdown, suffering all its agonies and tortures. Self-pity is your worst hurdle. Forget it! Sure you can if you'll get up on your hind legs and jump!

In the large portrait see how blue the gallant Gloria Swanson looked when she discovered M-G-M, though having her under contract, wasn't going to cast her in any pictures. Below you see her, just a few weeks ago, radiant and charming at a broadcast in her home. She is a perfect example of a woman who triumphed over the blues



THE BLUES

By MADAME SYLVIA

Here are a few simple rules on how to achieve that priceless asset—a happy outlook on life



Some of you may envy the movie stars their looks. You get so blue, and say, "Gee, if I could only be a movie star, my troubles would be over." Don't kid yourselves. Movie starrng is no picnic. These Hollywood girls have just as many days of sulkiness and melancholia as you do. Most of them live from option to option. Six months is often a Hollywood lifetime. You never hear the anguish of the worthy hearts that crash out here. All you get is the thunder and hullabaloo when they succeed.

Some of the stars not only get blue and depressed, but have leaping hysterics when they see themselves on the screen. I mean the rushes, not what you see. A double chin or jowls

down to here are not very gay companions for any woman. For a movie queen, they're fatal, and she knows it.

Often newcomers have a bitter experience at the first studio. In spite of the build-up, they don't click. Maybe the story is not right for them. Maybe they're not experienced enough to handle the responsibility of their first rôles. The burden is too big. More often than not . . . they're too big in the hips or around the waist and they photograph fatter; all of which makes them self-conscious and their performances stilted and ragged. That first failure depresses them so that they are convinced that they've had their chance and now are failures forever. Worried, nervous and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Ruth Chatterton went to Columbia under contract. Her marriage to George Brent was over. She hated the rôle which the studio assigned her. Did she let these disturbances in her life get her down? You can find the answer in her radiant face as she appears in her recent sensational hit "Dodsworth"



NOW



At last, Jean who has refused to be interviewed, consents to tell Photoplay readers about herself

By GEORGE PETTIT

HOLLYWOOD has been hearing, and telling, tales about Jean Arthur. Strangely familiar tales—tales told, and heard, about others before her.

Hollywood doesn't know whether they are true about Jean, or not. For Hollywood doesn't know Jean—even after all this time. Even after "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," "Adventure in Manhattan" and "The Plainsman."

It takes time and trouble to know our Miss Arthur.

She doesn't enjoy interviews. She doesn't like to meet strangers, especially strangers who will write about her. Not because she is trying to cultivate a Garboesque remoteness (that's one of the stories); but because she is afraid of people. Afraid of what they might expect her to be and do and say. Afraid of their possible disillusion.

Her struggle has left that mark upon her.

She wants desperately for people to like her. And if they do like her, as an actress, why complicate things by going on exhibition as a person?

It amounts to a complex. A strange complex for Hollywood, where self-esteem is excusable in the successful.

Time after time, she convinces herself that if she can win vast audiences as an actress, she can, as a person, win lone interviewers. Then, time after time, that complex rises up to plague her, to change her mind.

Hollywood knows that Jean Arthur interviews are rare—but it has never known why. Jean has never told. So Hollywood suppose, "She must think she's too important to be bothered."

While she was on location for "The Plainsman," she promised

a luncheon interview to a writer she had never met before—a writer who was to get his first off-screen impression of her.

The location site was Lasky Mesa, in the sun-baked foothills forty miles from Hollywood. And when he arrived there, after an hour's driving, what happened? He had a box lunch by himself, a touch of sun, and "regrets" from Gary Cooper's co-star.

The situation was this. Jean had worked late the night before, and afterward had been unable to sleep. Without rest, she had worked all morning under a merciless sun. She was half-ill from the heat, tired to the verge of tears. And hours more of work were ahead of her. She couldn't face an interviewer in her single rest-hour, that day, even if one had driven forty miles only because she had made a promise to talk to him.

She suspected that the writer's opinion of her could be had for two cents, both Confederate. She had visions of how he would enlarge upon the rumors that she wouldn't see interviewers. She could hardly expect anything else. She could hardly expect him to come back, at some indefinite future date, to get a second impression.

She didn't foresee that even though she wouldn't see him, he would stay at the location that afternoon unbeknown to her, to see her—at work.

He had a sample of that semi-desert heat. He watched Jean, obviously weary, return to work smiling, exchanging quips with the camera crew. He saw her, bareheaded and wearing a heavy costume, struggle through high prairie grass under that blazing sun. Not for a couple of minutes, but for a couple of half-hours

YOU'LL UNDERSTAND JEAN ARTHUR



—until Director Cecil B. DeMille was satisfied with the “take.” Gary Cooper, Victor Varconi and some Indian extras were also in the scene, all on horseback; Jean was the only one afoot. It was a tough test of her patience, endurance, good sportsmanship.

Jean came out of it smiling, joking with DeMille.

And this was the girl who was supposed to have acquired a “queen-complex” and be carrying a chip of temperament on her shoulder!

That writer asked again for an interview. (P.S. And Jean gave him one—at her house in Malibu.)

P.P.S. This is it:

EXCEPT for her almost painful shyness, which makes her dodge parties as she dodges interviewers, Jean Arthur fits the mental picture that you are likely to have of her as a person after seeing her on the screen.

She is like the ambitious, yet sensitive girl reporter in “Mr. Deeds Goes To Town.” Like the crisply alert *ex-Mrs. Bradford*. Like the emotional actress in “Adventure in Manhattan.” Like the straightforward *Calamity Jane* (her favorite character to date, by the way). Like the heroine of her new picture,

“More Than a Secretary,” who has a talent for doing the unexpected.

Certainly, she looks like each of them. There is no make-up magic in her appearance on the screen. If anything, she is more strikingly blonde in person, with her hair a bright honey-gold.

All of her screen clothes, even the simplest, are created especially for her. She is super-critical of their style and fit, their feminine appeal—as you would expect a glamorous star to be. But off-screen, she is constantly forgetting to strive

for glamour-effects.

One morning, a few weeks ago, she was taking a tennis lesson from May Sutton Bundy on a Beverly Hills court. With her teacher an ex-champion, Jean was having a real workout. She was lobster-red from huffing and puffing; she was glistening with perspiration, and her shirt and shorts were clinging.

On the next court, two girls were playing. Jean heard one of them tell her companion, “That’s Jean Arthur.”

The other girl glanced over, appraisingly. “I don’t believe it,” she said. “I’ll bet it’s her double.”

That amused Jean, who has no double. Secretly, it also delighted her.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Above, the “silly” Jean whom the dramatic Miss Arthur of today left movies to escape. Her reasons for her recent success are fascinating



"Grapefruit?" asks Jimmy Cagney of Mae Clark in "Great Guy." But Mae remembers their famous fruit scene in "Public Enemy," so this time things are different

You never saw so much action in a color picture as in "A Star is Born" with Freddie March and Janet Gaynor. Aren't they a swell team?



WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

EVEN in Hollywood, the inevitable always happens. Only, in Hollywood, it never happens in the expected way. That's why life here is never—well, seldom—dull.

If you don't believe it, just follow us around studios, seeing pictures in the making. This month, for example:

Hollywood finally gets around to showing the world how Hollywood looks in natural color—and the occasion is a delirious satire. Hollywood tries to top the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" number in "The Great Ziegfeld"—and the result isn't photographed in color. Hollywood finally finds "another Eleanor Powell"—and the girl is eleven years old. Jimmy Cagney finally makes a picture in which he doesn't sock a girl—and the girl doesn't sock him. Hollywood makes a picture about a democratic king who falls in love with a pert American—and the date-fixer-upper is none other than Edward Everett Horton.

This month's color picture—Hollywood is beginning to make them at the rate of at least one a month now—is "A Star Is Born." David Selznick, of "Garden of Allah" fame, is producing it. Janet Gaynor and Fredric March head the cast.

We know a color expert who says that, in the all-color future, the biggest stars will be redheads. ("They have more natural color than blondes or brunettes.") Gaynor is the first titian to risk a test of the theory. In her case, it looks like no risk

She plays a movie-struck girl from the Middle West named *Esther Victoria Blodgett*. She comes to Hollywood, gets a job in the home of a star named *Norman Maine* (March). With blasé grandeur, he arranges a screen test for the little girl; her name is changed to *Vicki Lester* (pronounced Vicki-Vicki); and to everybody's amazement, she becomes an actress. She rises, while he slips. Until finally—you anticipate us—her love does things for him.

It sounds like "Cinderella," Hollywood style? Wait till you hear some of the other names in the cast. Adolphe Menjou plays a producer who can't be told anything. Lionel Stander, of the one blue eye and one brown eye, plays a brash press agent. Owen Moore, a bored director. Andy Devine, his over-anxious "yes" man. May Robson, Janet's grandmother and chaperon. Edgar Kennedy, a slow-burning clerk in a small Hollywood hotel.

Turn that assortment of comedians loose on one set, along with the Gaynor and March, and no picture could be Pollyannaish. It would have to be a satire.

On this particular set, nothing is quite sane. That's the Director William Wellman influence, as much as anything. When he makes a picture, he kids himself and everyone around him. And he has a double right on this picture. He helped to concoct the story.

The scene we watch is the one in which *Vicki* has her screen test.

In real life, Janet has a luxurious portable dressing room in the form of a trailer. This is drafted as background for this action. It is supposed to be March's dressing room in the scene.

In the foreground are "prop" trees and bushes, Kleig lights, a movie camera, folding chairs for director and script girl (played, by the way, by Wellman's own script girl). The huge color camera is getting a behind-the-scenes shot of a movie test.

Janet stands in front of the "dud" camera, in a frilly yellow gown, a picture hat, and a make-believe agony of self-consciousness. Owen Moore strolls on the make-believe set, very bored. He asks the set workers what all the delay is about; don't they know this is Saturday and there's a football game?

Pandemonium breaks loose, as they rush to get this over with. You never saw so much action in a color picture before. Wellman isn't pampering his color camera. He's making it do what the regular camera can do.

JANET looks panic-stricken. Nobody notices. Moore slumps into a chair, calls wearily to March. Freddie, in a frock coat, steps out of the satin-lined dressing room, walks up to Janet, takes her in his arms.

"Very good, Miss Gaynor," Wellman tells her, after the scene. "Almost epic."

"Re-ahly, Mr. Wellman?" Janet's voice is very little-girlish.

"Re-ahly, Miss Gaynor."

There seems to be something Hepburnian about their accents. There *is* something Hepburnian about them. Janet does an imitation of Hepburn in the picture. Not to mention Garbo. And Simone Simon, who was with her in the feud-filled production of "Ladies in Love."

If Freddie is mimicking anyone, he isn't telling. He looks uncomfortable in his stiff collar. He is uncomfortable. "This workhorse," he says, "never seems to get out of harness."

On the same lot, but for another producing company (brand-new Grand National), James Cagney is facing a movie camera for the first time since he "took a walk" out of Warners, more than a year ago. The picture is "Great Guy." The title fits Jimmy.

He doesn't like it. He doesn't want fans to think he calls himself that.

It's a picture that's likely to start a housewives' war. It shows how racketeers get ten cents out of every American dollar spent for food. Jimmy is chief of a Bureau of Weights and Measures, in a position to do some high-powered exposing.

His love interest is Mae Clarke. The first time they played together (in "Public Enemy") he pushed a grapefruit in her face. The second time (in "Lady Killer"), he dragged her across a room by her hair. But in "Great Guy"—

"We're more subtle this time," says Mae, with a coy smile. "Every time I try to tell him off, Jimmy just turns on that fiendish Cagney grin, and says, 'I love you, baby.'"

We watch them do a cafeteria scene. The set looks real, even to the food, which *is* real. Jimmy and Mae edge their trays along the counter, with the camera facing them. Like all cafeteria shoppers, they look as if they are searching for they-know-not-what.

At the dessert section, a waitress proffers Mae a grapefruit. She shakes her head, with an acid smile. "No—jello," she says.

That gets a laugh, on the set, that ruins the first "take."

After this scene, the company breaks for lunch. Although this is a cafeteria set, everybody goes somewhere else to eat. This food has to be saved for afternoon shots.

During the lunch hour, Jimmy decides that the next scene needs "more business"—some little gesture that will trademark the characters he and Mae are playing. He has an idea Producer Douglas MacLean likes it.

Jimmy and Mae start edging along the counter again. Jimmy has his coat collar half-turned up. Mae absent-mindedly turns it down. As he turns to see what she is doing, a fat man on his left snatches a plate of food practically out of his hands.

They repeat this business throughout the picture—Mae turning down his upturned collar.

The first time they do this particular scene, Jimmy meditates quizzically for a moment afterward. Then he says, "A little bit on the ragged side." They go through it three times before he is satisfied that it is smooth. That's Cagney for you.

After "Libeled Lady," it was inevitable, probably, that there should be an epidemic of comedies about "the richest girl in the world." But who would expect three in one month, and all of them Grade A calibre? Two of them are in the making at 20th Century-Fox.

On the largest set ever constructed, the cast of "Top of the Town" waits for Peggy Ryan, 11 year old protégé of Eleanor Powell, to go into her dance—and what a surprise!



One is "On the Avenue"—a title snatched out of Irving Berlin's song, "Easter Parade." This is a musical, and Berlin wrote the music for it. Starred are Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll. Featured are Alice Faye, Alan Mowbray, Cora Witherspoon, George Barbier, the Ritz Brothers and others. It's a big picture.

MADELEINE goes to a theater and in a revue skit sees herself, her father (Barbier), her eccentric aunt (Witherspoon), and her stuffed-shirt fiance (Mowbray) lampooned. Dick is guilty of the skit and appears in it. She goes backstage to tell him what she thinks of him. And the comedy-romance commences.

On the first day of this picture, Madeleine makes the mistake of asking Mowbray what Director Roy Del Ruth is like. Mowbray tells her that Del Ruth is very sensitive—particularly about his deafness. She will have to speak very clearly, *and* loudly to make him understand.

Picture Madeleine, one of the screen's most beautiful women, practically shouting—and seeing Del Ruth flinch every time she speaks to him. She thinks he doesn't understand her, and doesn't want to admit it. She raises her voice still more, enunciates every syllable. Del Ruth begins to think he has a mad woman on his hands. He has never heard such shouting on a set in his life. And he has directed some honeys.

Meanwhile, over in a dark corner, watching the outgrowth of his inspiration, is Mowbray, in spasms.

This goes on for about two hours before he finally confesses.

Del Ruth is twice a victim of pranksters this first day.

Dick shows up on the set in make-up a la Barbier, for the skit scene. The make-up is so perfect that he might be Barbier's twin. They gang up on Del Ruth. Barbier hides; Dick occupies Barbier's chair. The minutes pass. Del Ruth begins drumming his fingers on his chair-arm; he sends messengers in search of Powell; he finally begins to fume. He says what he thinks of stars who hold up production. Six feet away from him sits Dick, enjoying the diatribe.

In "Love Is News," Loretta Young (also the world's wealthiest girl) has a feud with a newspaper. City editor of the paper is Don Ameche—older and more dynamic than heretofore, wearing a mustache and hair grayed at the temples. He has the meatiest male part, but the fellow who wins the girl is star-reporter Tyrone Power, Jr.

Young Mr. Power is a good actor and the handsomest new arrival since Robert Taylor. The set workers are beginning to call him by a nickname. Success is his. The nickname is "Ty."

Also in the cast, as Loretta's girl friend, is a pretty newcomer named Pauline Moore—no relation to Colleen Moore, but the wife of Jeff Machamer, the artist. She took a screen test in New York on Friday a. m., signed a contract late that afternoon, planed westward on Saturday, arrived on Sunday, and

started work on Monday. (And they say Hollywood never hurries!)

We watch a scene in which Loretta, Pauline and Tyrone enter an ultra-ultra set—Loretta's home. We hear Tyrone utter a line that we have waited years to hear somebody (anybody!) say, when confronted with such a set. "Like Grand Central Station," he comments.

Loretta looks refreshed after her Hawaiian vacation. In a trick hat and a mink coat, she is ultra-ultra herself in this scene. (P. S. It *isn't* fun to wear a mink coat—under those broiling lights. Loretta says so.)

Directing the picture at a fast pace is twinkly-eyed Tay Garnett, smartly tailored even to hat and cane. He never carries a cane anywhere but on a movie set. It keeps his hands busy there. "And off actors' throats," he adds.

With a large proportion of land locations already used, it was inevitable that Shirley Temple would eventually go to sea. The unexpected part of "Stowaway" is that in it she speaks a bit of Chinese.

She is a white orphan in Shanghai, who falls asleep in the back seat of wealthy Robert Young's car, and is unwittingly put aboard the ship on which he is sailing. On shipboard, she promotes a romance between Bob and Alice Faye. With songs, dances and cute sayings.

Usually, she is easy to manage. But today Director William Seiter is having his troubles. She is too excited to pay attention. She is going to

Palm Springs this afternoon, to get over a cold before she does her recordings. And she's looking forward to the trip.

For the twenty-third time today, Seiter tells Shirley, "You want to get away early. Let's make this good."

For the first time, Shirley says, "You've worn that one out. You've been using it all day."

This amuses Seiter. He likes Shirley; and she likes him—"because," she says, "he's so cuddly and has such nice perfume."

This embarrasses Seiter. But it also ends a mystery for him. "I wondered why she always puts her head on my left shoulder when she climbs onto my lap. Now I know. It's that toilet water I douse on my handkerchiefs."

Almost next door (for the first time in either Shirley's life, or hers), Jane Withers is making a picture. It is "Holy Terror"—a comedy-drama of a youngster who trails some airport spies. The grown-ups, in her case, are chiefly Tony Martin and Leah Ray. The unexpected thing about it is that, for the first time, Jane isn't wearing exaggerated, comedy clothes. She is dressed like any youngster of her age. And, as a result, looks far less—er—round.

As we go on the set, she is having her "school." She and her teacher are going over a grammar lesson. The teacher—a young woman supplied by the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



Carole Lombard takes her new picture "Swing High, Swing Low" literally and fights for Fred MacMurray (on the floor). The background is the Canal Zone. Panamanians?



PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

D I N I N G A N D D A N C I N G

Over a closely fitting white satin slip Travis Banton has designed black organza circled in black and white chenille. Shirred waistline with a belt of twisted black and white velvet ribbons. Claudette Colbert keeps to the magpie motif or adds colored accessories

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE



Photographs by Hurrell

Princess of Fashion

When Constance finds a gown she likes she has it made in different colors. This hostess gown is in both blush pink and blue. Heavy crêpe is gathered above and below the waistline. The skirt is slashed in front and forms a train in the back. Handmade poppies are worn at the throat



Starched black silk
voile is mounted over a
white silk taffeta petti-
coat for a dinner gown.
Bandings of coral, blue
and white form the belt
and edge the sleeves,
neck and hem. The skirt
is enormous in width

Photograph by Hurrell



Grace Moore has bought this adorable costume from her latest picture "Interlude." It is of peach lamé shot with gold. Bernard Newman has banded the sleeves with sable and placed a soft double bow below the wide collar. Miss Moore wears diamond and ruby clips, bracelets and rings with it

Radiant is the word for Grace

Newman designed an afternoon coat of black broadcloth and lavished silver fox upon it. These loop on the shoulders and their muzzles meet at the back of the collar. Two long straight fronts of the cloth give Grace pockets and show only when the coat swings open. John Frederics made the black turban



Informal Pose in a formal coat

A glorious coat for formal occasions, which would be just as good in woolen material for day wear, is worn by Loretta Young in "Love Is News." Black Lyons velvet is bordered at the front and right side by Persian lamb, which also makes the standing collar. The coat fits the waist snugly and flares into a Cossack skirt. Her turban is of the fur. Accessories are an antelope bag with a closing of jade and white sapphires, strapped suède shoes, suitable for indoors when Loretta takes off the coat, black suède gloves





Binnie Barnes hikes over the desert in slate-colored linen crash. Her accessories are dark green knitted beret, green and white silk scarf, green leather belt, green and white wool socks and green suède shoes. Up in the mountains Binnie prefers dungarees. Her sweater is navy heavy knit wool, as is her beret which has her initials on the side. Indian-made gauntlets of tan suède have rawhide fringes, and cowboy boots protect her feet. Below: For aquaplaning Binnie wears a red, brown and white taffeta suit, lined in light wool. Her new Shanghai boots are of closely woven white linen with inner protective soles. Note, the big toe gets special attention



Week-end in



"What do my gauntlets say?" asks Binnie. "Say Storm!" says the chief. Below: For a campfire supper of hot dogs with John King, Binnie wears a brown suède Norfolk jacket, brown gabardine jodhpurs and brown boots. Her hat is brown felt



Nevada

Stopping for a chat with a miner Binnie wears a non-crushable silk linen suit with a white wool beret, brown and red taffeta scarf and red and brown kid sandals





Like the plumage of jungle birds is the coloring of this evening dress. Jade green, deep blue, maroon, gray and pine green riot over it. At the waist is a peplum and the belt is of pale green and pale yellow suède with leaf ends

Toungi

To be had in six pastel shades, Dorothy has chosen this lace frock in white. Heavy cotton overruns the net foundation in an embroidered design. The bodice is cut high in front and low in the back, but here Dorothy is wearing the bolero, with luscious velvet flowers for contrast



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 90



Dorothy Lamour, who will be seen in "Swing High, Swing Low" with Carole Lombard, is a sultry brunette and this cherry strewn black crêpe frock is particularly becoming to her. The yoke and sleeve tops are of black taffeta and the print is appliqued upon them. Diamond clips. Right: A coat dress is always slenderizing and this one of black, white and royal blue is strikingly smart. Black crêpe flares in the skirt and forms a gilet which hugs the neck. Note the sleeve detail and the wide black suède belt



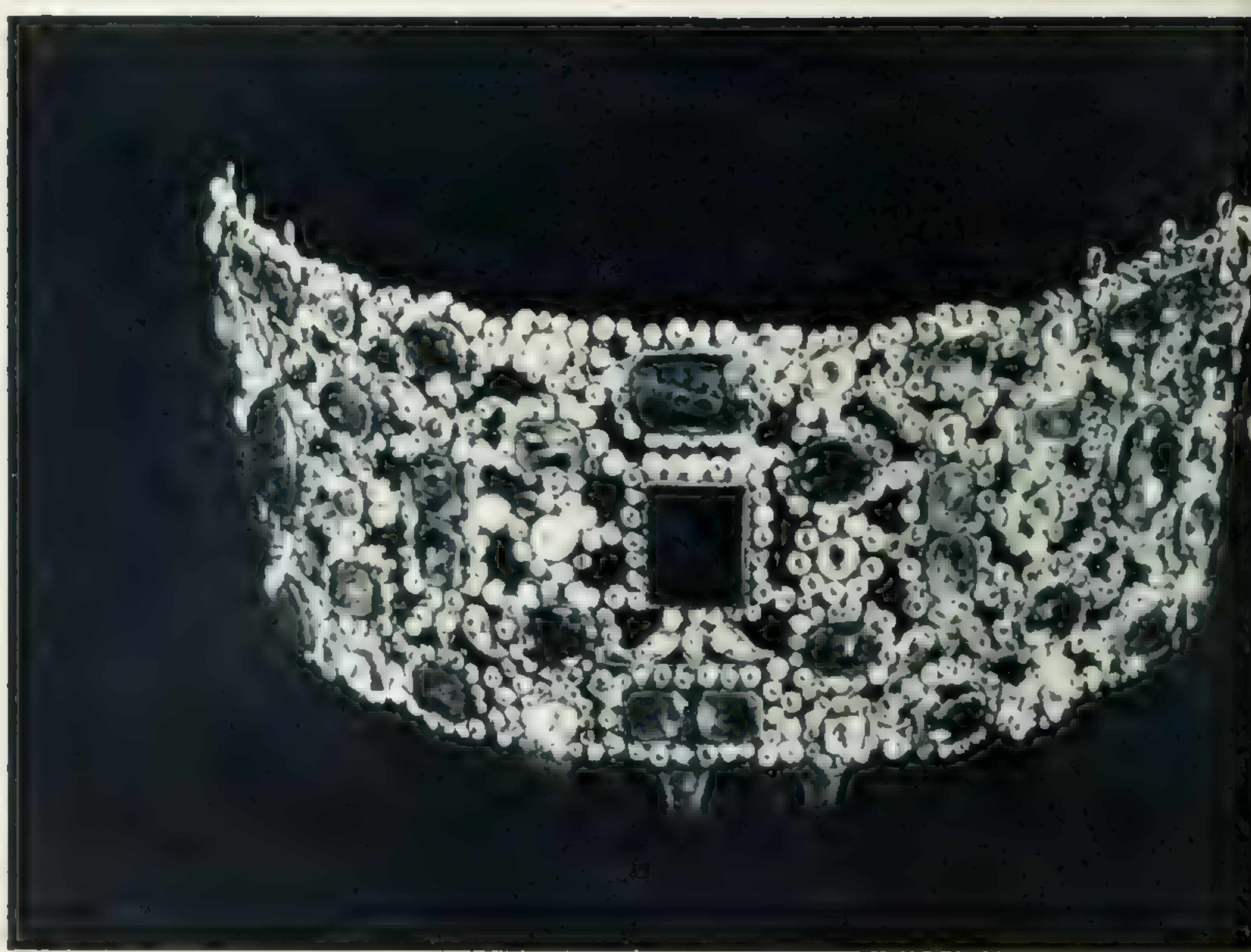
in the Shops



This is one of those dresses you will wear and wear. It comes in various colored grounds, also black and white and is printed in multi-colored flowers. There is a long sleeved jacket and a pale green suède belt to be worn over or under it. Left: Dorothy's long hair coiled round her head suits this dress of peasant influence. It is of black crêpe printed in a small brilliant design. A wide belt of black velvet is laced with black velvet ribbon. Neck and sleeves are edged effectively with tiny pipings of red and green taffeta



Upper left: For the ballroom scene Adrian has designed this spray for Garbo to wear in the parting of her hair. Upper right: A magnificent necklace in diamonds and emeralds with matching earrings and ring. Left: Necklace, bracelet and earrings of diamond stars. Right: A chain of gold with six separate bracelets and diamond ring. Lower left: Chain collar of green gold. Lower right: Comb worn in the opera scenes is made of square cut emeralds and diamonds. By Adrian



Garbo's Jewelry in Camille

SECRETS

THINGS long remembered" are those to be cherished. Our grandmothers knew secrets of daintiness that we have forgotten and they certainly took far, far better care of themselves than we take time to do. A Hollywood star *has* to take care of herself—it's her business—and most of them hoard at least one secret which they have had from their grandmothers. For them, grandmother's quaint little beauty rites retain an old-fashioned and ever fragrant charm.

For instance, when grandmother finished doing the dishes she probably tied a little oatmeal into a cheese cloth bag and rubbed it briskly over her hands to keep them from reddening and chapping. Instead of throwing away her old kid gloves, she probably cut them into little squares and saturated them with perfume. You'd be surprised what a grand sachet it makes and how long the scent lasts. At night, she very likely put mutton tallow on her hands and encased them in cotton gloves. She took her favorite flowers—four o'clocks, carnations, clover—and dried them slowly and carefully away from the sun.

The mutton tallow days are gone forever but Jeanette MacDonald covers her hands with liquid vaseline and goes to

By CAROLYN VAN WYCK

bed in white cotton gloves. Anita Louise likes to pin a sachet inside her dress. She says that that way the fragrance stays with you all day long. Maureen O'Sullivan pins her sachets to the coat hangers in her closet. And while Helen Wood, possessor of one of the loveliest pair of hands in Hollywood, doesn't use an oatmeal bag she uses a remedy equally old fashioned. She keeps them soft and lovely with the famous old recipe of glycerine and rose water and applies "sweet oil" to the base of her cuticle. She also suggests that this same treatment

be given tired, aching feet nightly . . . bathing them first to relieve tiredness, then stimulating circulation by rubbing in the glycerine and rose water. Apply a little of the oil to the toenails to keep them from becoming brittle.

Gloria Stuart treasures a favored beauty hint passed down from her grandmother. It's a face cleaner made of a secret blend of camphor and peppermint oils which leaves a film on the skin to hold the face powder but keeps the pores from clogging. Another lotion that she uses at times for a powder base is a cucumber emulsion and cucumbers have always played a large part in a beauty ritual.

June Lang says that her mother taught her to keep her brows well-brushed rather than to tweeze them into shape. She uses a child's size toothbrush. Constant attention to the brows *will* train them into a lovely, well-groomed line.

We came across two interesting bath accessories. Astrid Allwyn has a quantity of powdered boric acid and cornstarch made into a powder for dusting purposes. It's a combination frequently recommended for infants as the purest of all dusting powders and imparts a feeling of luxury to the skin. Sonja Henie, the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



You may have seen these funny squat jars or quaint bottles of toilet water or the potpourri of dried flowers on grandmother's dressing table. They're still made





Joan Crawford's new hair style is news! Note the individual treatment of the little curls, the halo effect about the shapely head and the three feathers in the hat so reminiscent of the headdress worn by ladies presented at the English court. A fitting coiffure for a Coronation

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY
FOR PHOTOPLAY BY HYMAN FINK

For **A CROWN MISS CRAWFORD**



MARY BOLAND'S

Poignant

LOVE SECRET



Her emotional rôle in "A Son Comes Home" showed Mary as she really is



But Miss Boland, teamed with Charlie Ruggles, is the screen's funniest matron

Have you wondered why this popular actress has never married? Here at last is the touching reason—one that's in keeping with the fine person she is

By BEN MADDOX

MANY people are highly amused for an idle hour by Mary Boland. But women who have been lucky at love will cry a little inside for her after they have read this story.

For this same Mary Boland actually has shut romantic love into a secret closet of her heart. She has resolutely turned her back upon the men who have wooed her. Even the devotion of the one man for whom she cared really passionately was evaded. She, who is Hollywood's funniest frivolous matron, has never married at all.

Instead, she curbed her emotions with a fierce determination to think of her family first. They had to be provided for, considered before selfish pleasure. For twenty-five years she has been the main support of relatives.

And today, at last, she is quite alone. She catches herself debating, "Will this make Mama more comfortable?" Then abruptly she remembers that she doesn't have to wonder any more. All those for whom she sacrificed so long are gone. Finally and suddenly she is left to her own whims—to pick up the inner self she abandoned.

But the changes in her life have always broken like this surprise—without warning. She is almost a fatalist, and no wonder that she has sought a protective philosophy! After all,

Mary Boland is flesh and blood and deep emotions, too. In a strange way she is fulfilling a prophecy. Her mother, noticing what a grave child she was, said one day, "You'll be giddy at forty!"

So she is. But in a manner and place neither of them imagined. The screen hadn't been heard of then, and that this serious young person should eventually be applauded as a flighty comedienne is part of the irony I can tell you about.

The urge to act was an inheritance from her father. "He courted my mother for seven years and had to quit the stage to make enough money to marry," Mary said. "During those years he read aloud to her the complete works of Shakespeare, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Sand. Beaux aren't like that any more. The light's so poor in rumble seats!"

She was born in Philadelphia, where her father settled. They went to Detroit when he was offered a better position there as an interior decorator.

She had an older sister, but as in many families their natures differed. Mary was the serious one. She was going to do something great, something that would satisfy the vague restlessness she felt continually. She preferred reading to playing with other children. Her parents saw Booth and McCready and the noted actors of the old school, and her father blithely re-enacted the big scenes for them, often whirling up from the dinner table to illustrate. To her sister this was merely fun, but to Mary it was more. It struck that mysterious chord within her. By her twelfth birthday she had memorized all the lines of five of Shakespeare's heroines.

There was a talent for religion in her, also. The only classes she ever attended were those of the Sacred Heart Convent in Detroit. Perhaps if the family hadn't been plunged into unexpected financial despair she might have become a nun

TODAY, alone in her fine house, Mary is wholly domestic in spite of her servants. She enjoys counting the silver and the linen every so often. She had this same fondness for her childhood home.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Photoplay Presents:

THE NEWEST IN HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



Lacquered wings half circle Claire Trevor's felt turban and a nose veil adds becoming softness. Black, white, navy, brown, Coronation red or blue. Below: Claire chooses a straw fabric beret with a squared crown and a tri-colored ribbon bow. It comes in six different colors



Miss Trevor likes an off-the-face model and has this one in many different colors. A grosgrain ribbon circles the crown. Below: The most useful hat in the world is a fabric turban. This one is tucked and has an interesting stripe of solid color. It can be purchased in many becoming shades



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

You can purchase
these hats in any of the
department stores or
shops starred (★) on
page 90

A SUMMONS to a party at the home of Grace Moore always draws an enthusiastic response. She is such a delightful hostess. On a recent Sunday she gave a cocktail party at which I was present. I have known Grace ever since we sang at the Metropolitan Opera together, but never have I seen her as vital, as glowing as she is this season. I told her so, and "Happy marriage!" was her answer.

She was wearing a polished lead-colored lamé frock and the beautiful set of gold and diamond jewelry we showed you in January. An Argentine orchestra added the exotic rhythm of their throbbing rhumbas to the conversation background. Stars were everywhere. Gloria Swanson, that thoughtful, gentle little lady, was in burgundy satin, ankle length. Deep matching fringe fell from her shoulders to her elbows and swirled round her ankles. Virginia Bruce was in yellowed green sheer wool, with a hat to match. It was exactly the right shade to bring out Virginia's delicate coloring.

Gladys Swarthout, who has an immense flair for clothes, was in a taupe woolen dress with a suède hat of the same color worn off the face. It was absolutely plain, high and round and smartness itself. Round her neck was the Paul Flato necklace her husband, Frank Chapman, has just given her. It is in gold and spells C-H-A-P-M-A-N round her throat in broad, squat letters.

Two days before, I had been on the set at Columbia, where Grace is making her next picture. We had tea with Robert Riskin, her director, and Aline MacMahon, between shots. Grace was wearing a magnificent peach and gold lamé gown Bernard Newman designed for her. Bands of sable stiffened the short puffed sleeves. Grace told me she was going to buy it to use on the concert platform. She clipped two ruby and diamond ornaments into place as she talked and then added two smaller duplicates of them to her ear lobes. "Look, Kathleen," she said. "Are they too much? Shall I wear them? Now look!" and off they came. "Younger without them, Grace," I said. "I know," she answered. "Earrings do that sometimes, don't they?"

Goodness knows she could have afforded the few extra months they added to her, for Grace bubbles with youth and joy. Aline was wearing a perfect afternoon costume for a

woman of her type. It was of stiff black silk velvet, made with a rather severe coat and skirt. Her blouse, which was worn over the skirt and was beltless, was of silver and pale blue lamé. Tiny buttons followed its length and a lamé bow at the neck was held in place with a diamond clip.

GOING upstairs to talk with Bernard Newman about the rest of Grace's wardrobe was a thrill. He showed me a most interesting coat of black wool bordered with silver fox (see page 56 this issue). Underneath the straight hanging fronts were two tailored fronts of the wool alone, with great patch pockets. This is a coat that takes wearing, but it has endless possibilities for photographic poses and I shall watch for it eagerly on the screen. The foxes on the collar are looped doubly, on top of each shoulder.

There is a hostess gown of blue taffeta in long coat effect over pleated pink chiffon. Three little bows tie the bodice of the coat trimly in place. There is a semi-sport outfit with a white flannel jacket checked in pale brown, worn with a brown skirt. Over it goes a swagger coat of the same checked material. With it is a hat of beige felt, the brim lined with brilliant green suède. Speckled pheasant feathers jut out at a rakish angle, and Grace wears green suède gloves to match the hat.

Joan Crawford went to a polo match the other day in a black woolen suit with a vest of nutria. Little girl mittens of nutria attracted much attention. Color accents were a flame-colored chiffon scarf and a grosgrain band of the same shade on her black hat.

At a preview Miss Crawford looked particularly distinguished in a tailored suit of black Lyons velvet. The coat was high-necked and was fastened with pearl buttons. Six strands of pearls hugged her throat closely. Her high crowned hat was of black panne, with a shallow brim.

I spent a happy afternoon snooping about behind the scenes in Paramount's designing rooms and wardrobe. Edith Head, who has done the costumes for "College Holiday," showed me some of the very young clothes three young players, Eleonore Whitney, Marsha Hunt and Olympe Bradne will wear in that picture. They should be full of suggestions for 'the college girl. Each of them wears a "Prom" gown. Marsha's is of pale blue chiffon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

fashion letter for February

By KATHLEEN HOWARD



New and slenderizing is the raised waistline on this dress of Carole's. Narrow belt added at natural waistline



Shooting

Paramount's biggest night in years was the gay testimonial dinner at the Troc to celebrate Adolphe Zukor's twenty-fifth year as a producer, and his return to the studio. Testifying to their affection for Zukor were the Harold Lloyds (top left), the Fred MacMurrays and Randy Scott (top). The newly engaged Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were in attendance too

Frances Farmer, one of the most promising of young Paramounters with her husband, Lief Erikson. (Did you read the swell story about her on Page 45?) And Cary Grant looking too too nonchalant. Right, Madeleine Carroll chats with producer Bill Goetz





Stars

WITH
HYMAN FINK

Top, at the speakers' table with George Jessel, master of ceremonies, are Mr. Zukor, and two of his greatest friends, though business rivals, Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century, and Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M. Top right, Mary Livingstone, Gracie Allen and their spouses, Jack Benny and George Burns. Below them is Claudette Colbert and Henry King, the director

Above, the distinguished Sir Guy Standing beaus one of the younger beauties on Paramount's roster, Dorothy Lamour. Left, mad-hatter, Jack Oakie, wondering how far is up? Maybe he is thinking of making a speech. That's his pretty wife, Venita Varden

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936

EVERYBODY who has enjoyed a motion picture last year will want to take part in awarding PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal to his favorite film. This medal is the only honorary distinction that YOU, the public, have an opportunity to bestow on a picture. You are the only jury. Hollywood, and

the whole motion picture world, await your verdict. You know too, that the picture you choose this year will influence the type of pictures made next year. After all, you are the ones the producers want to please. Don't miss this chance of deciding on such an important matter. What picture do you think tops them all for 1936? SEND IN YOUR VOTE TODAY.

Think over the pictures you have seen from every angle; expert interpretation of character, effectiveness of photography, excellence of direction. Did you like musicals, farces, westerns, adventure, horror stories, sea sagas, sophisticated drawing room comedies, costume pictures? What about the new color pictures?

As an aid to your memory we have printed a list of outstanding pictures of the year. As this list is limited by space, it of course does not include all the fine pictures of the year. You may think that some other film is entitled to the prize. That is all right, too. We want your vote for the picture you think is the best.

At the bottom of the page we have printed a convenient form of ballot; or you may write or print your choice on a slip of paper with your name and address, and send it to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal is solid Gold, designed and executed by Tiffany and Company. Acting as representative for thousands of our readers all over the country, we will bestow this distinguished award on the studio which produced the picture which wins the most votes. PHOTOPLAY has been deservedly proud of your sound taste and judgment in making this award for the past fifteen years. We know you will not disappoint us this year. SEND IN YOUR VOTE TODAY!

PHOTOPLAY again offers you an opportunity to award its annual Gold Medal. Don't delay. Send in your vote NOW



Outstanding Pictures of 1936

Ah, Wilderness	M'Liss
Anthony Adverse	Modern Times
A Tale of Two Cities	Moon's Our Home, The
After the Thin Man	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Big Broadcast of 1937, The	My Man Godfrey
Captain Blood	Nine Days a Queen
Captain January	Petrified Forest, The
Charge of the Light Brigade, The	Plainsman, The
Come and Get It	Poor Little Rich Girl
Country Doctor, The	Poppy
Craig's Wife	Ramona
Devil Is a Sissy, The	Reunion
Dodsworth	Rhythm on the Range
Fury	Road to Glory, The
Gay Desperado, The	Romeo and Juliet
General Died at Dawn, The	Rose Marie
Girls' Dormitory	San Francisco
Ghost Goes West, The	Showboat
Gorgeous Hussy, The	Sins of Man
Great Ziegfeld, The	Small Town Girl
Green Pastures, The	Story of Louis Pasteur, The
Let's Sing Again	Swing Time
Libeled Lady	Theodora Goes Wild
Little Lord Fauntleroy	These Three
Lloyds of London	To Mary—With Love
Magnificent Obsession	Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The
Mary of Scotland	Under Two Flags
Milky Way, The	White Angel, The

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE _____

ADDRESS _____

A CHARMING PHILADELPHIAN SPEAKS HER MIND

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd

PERSONAL

HOBBY? *Designing my own clothes*

ARTS? *Painting — I do botanical prints*

ENTERTAINING? *Little dinner*

INTERIOR DECORATION? *Chippendale and Modern*

PETS? *Sealyhams — mine's named Daffy*

FAVORITE LINER? *The Normandie*

FOODS? *Mushrooms*

CIGARETTES? *Camels — I can't help adding "for digestion's sake!"*

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3RD, of Philadelphia, New York, and Nassau, photographed in the grand dining salon of the S. S. Normandie. "A meal isn't complete without Camels," Mrs. Drexel says. "They make food more enjoyable, and help digestion too."



When dining, think of digestion too!

A WELCOME mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of di-

gestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On ship-board," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie. "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."



A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

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Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

She's Not a Glamorous Beauty, Yet Dozens of Men Whisper

"I Adore You"

Into Her Attentive Ear

This girl is no stranger to you. She's the center of attraction in any group. But she's not a raving beauty . . . she's not expensively dressed . . . and she's not brimful of brains or wit. And yet, when she arrives at any gathering, every man in the place starts straightening his tie and immediately strives for her attention.



The prettier girls ask, "What do they see in her?" The answer is obvious. For the popular girl has mastered the simple secrets of charm . . . allure . . . glamour. She has a radiant, magnetic personality—one which draws people to her and incites men to whisper, "I Adore You" into her attentive ear.

Fortunately, her charms can now be acquired by any woman. You can quickly learn the secrets of a captivating personality in the privacy of your own room. For Madame Sylvia, the famous beauty adviser to the Hollywood stars, describes hundreds of ways to develop charm and personality in her new book. This book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains all the secrets on glamour that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.



and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful supple figure. These and hundreds of other personality hints are completely discussed in Sylvia of Hollywood's new book.

A Guide Book to Popularity

Make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frill or mannerisms. But by following the secrets of glamour as described in Sylvia's new book. And if you think you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't win the admiration of others—forget it! You can build up charm just as surely as you can build up a thin body.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. Then there are many tricks in make-up that you should know. New stunts on hair grooming. Ways of getting personality into your clothes without spending a fortune. Simple ways to acquire self-assurance

Make A New Start

If you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity, don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are. Read Sylvia's new book . . . apply her secrets of charm and you'll be a changed person within a short time.

Book reviewers are enthusiastic in their praise about *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* And you'll prize this book for years and years to come. It's inspiring . . . brimful of amusing incidents . . . and illustrated with many pointed cartoons. The price is only \$1.00. Get your copy today. If unobtainable at your department or book store, sign and mail the coupon below.

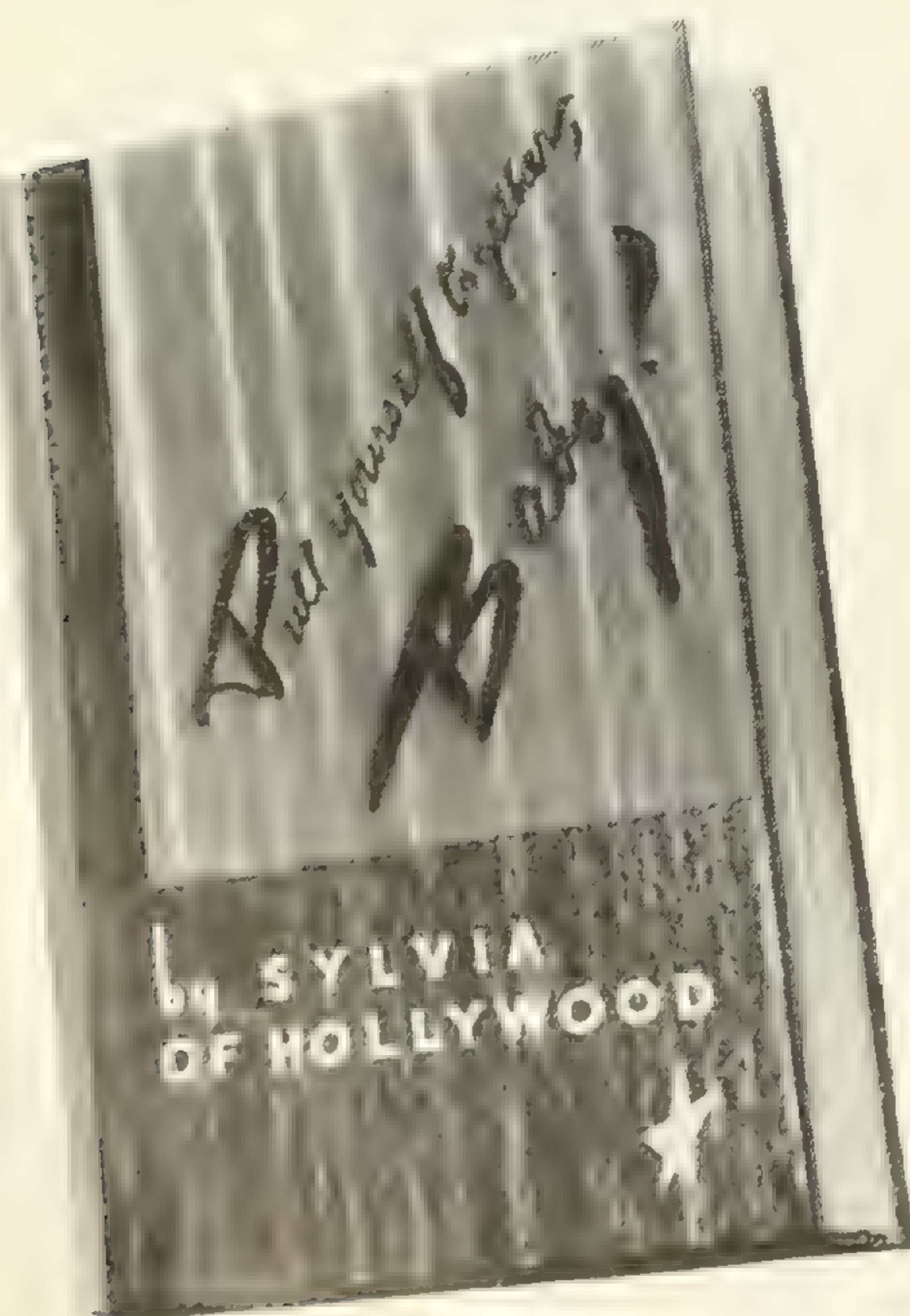


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Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price \$1.00, postpaid



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For ultra chic and added smartness a girl has to be a quick-change artist. Are you as clever about your coiffure as beautiful Madge Evans? For sports her hair is a soft and tumbled mass of curls; for the afternoon it is parted on the side and the little bangs introduce a dressier note; for still greater formality she parts her hair in the center and rolls her curls up in more stylized fashion to form a flattering frame for her face. It's not magic—try it in front of your own mirror.



HEAD-RESS in PARTS



ask the ANSWER man

HANDSOME, redheaded Dick Foran is the principal object of interest in our mailbag this month. Flemington, N. J., famous for the Hauptmann trial, was his birthplace. His father is Colonel Arthur F. Foran, who for twelve years was Controller of Customs for New York. Dick was educated at various public and private schools including Mercersburg Academy and finally Princeton, where he made sports headlines as tackle for the Princeton eleven, got his first dramatic training in the Triangle Club of that institution. Much interested in music, he studied at the Liebling Studio in New York, and later sang over the radio on two programs, one the S. S. Melodic.

Dick ambitiously set out to form his own orchestra, but couldn't get any bookings, and on disbanding the unit found himself broke. He took a job with the Pennsylvania Railroad which necessitated his going to the Pacific Coast. There, he met an old friend, Lew Brown, who was casting for "Stand Up and Cheer" at Fox. Dick's voice so impressed studio officials that he was put under contract and appeared in that picture, his first.

He has played in numerous pictures, sometimes under the name of Nick Foran. Some of the best known ones were "Shipmates Forever," "Accent on Youth," "The Petrified Forest" and "Earthworm Tractors." His superb physique, his expert horsemanship and not least his fine baritone voice made him a perfect setup for Westerns, and Warners, where he is now under contract, consider Dick their Number 1 western star.

Dick was born June 18th, 1911, is six feet two and one quarter inches tall, weighs 205 pounds.

His particular hobby is raising game birds, quail and pheasants; his pastime is hunting. He hates to dress up, is superstitious about number thirteen, is a bachelor, and his full name is John Nicholas Foran. You'll be seeing him soon in "Bad Man's Territory."

DR. J. KARASEK, BRNO, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. I don't wonder you admire Eleanor Powell, and you'll have the pleasure of seeing her soon again in her new picture "Born to Dance." She was born in Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 21, 1913; is five feet five and one quarter inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blue eyes and chestnut hair.

JAMES KERR, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Brian Donlevy will be thirty ix on February 9th. He was born in Portadown County, Armagh, Ireland. He's six feet tall but doesn't look it because of his big shoulders. His hair is brown, his eyes grey green. After running away from school to be a bugler in Pershing's Mexican Expedition, serving three years as a

sergeant pilot in the World War, he began his dramatic career on the New York stage with the rôle of corporal in "What Price Glory." He's not married and you'll see him next in "Crack-Up" with Peter Lorre.

EDWARD FITZPATRICK, ATLANTA, GA.—Here are the heights and weights of the stars you are especially interested in—Wallace Beery



If Dick Foran, the stalwart "singing cowboy," hadn't been working on the railroad, he wouldn't be in pictures now

is six feet tall, weighs 235 pounds; Jack Oakie is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds; Lionel Stander is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds; Cary Grant is taller than the rest at six feet one and one half inches, and he weighs 174 pounds; Stuart Irwin is the shortest, measuring five feet nine inches and weighing 165 pounds.

ADELE FRUSH, NEWARK, OHIO.—All the stars like to get mail, so I'm sure that Henry Wilcoxon does too! He was born on Sept. 8, 1905, in Jamaica, W. I., and lived there until he was sixteen when he went to England. He is very tall, standing six feet two inches, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He appeared on the English stage for six years before he came over here, and during that time played 150 rôles. His new picture is

"The President's Mystery." This is the first time he has been out of costume pictures.

A. G., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Valerie Hobson was born in 1917 at Terne, Ireland. She's five feet four and one half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. She has dark grey eyes and chestnut hair bordering on blonde. Gail Patrick was born a few years earlier on June 20th, 1911. She's tall, at five feet seven inches, weighs 125 pounds; her hair is black and her eyes are brown. Her fine performance in "My Man Godfrey" as Carole Lombard's sister, puts her among the young stars you'll be hearing a lot about.

MRS. A. G. ERLANDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your husband was right—Carl Brisson is Danish. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on Dec. 25, 1898; is a former welterweight champion of Denmark, and sang on the stage before entering pictures in 1933. He is back on the stage now on Broadway, starring in "Forbidden Melody." His real name was Carl Pedersen.

GWENDOLYN CARROLL, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Stanley Morner was the young man who sang the delightful "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" number in the picture "The Great Ziegfeld." John Steele sang it in the original Follies on the stage years ago.

CARL STROHN, JR., GRANBY, QUEBEC.—Evelyn Venable was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Oct. 18, 1913. She is five feet six and one half inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Vassar and the University of Cincinnati, played in Shakespearean rôles on the stage and entered the movies in 1933. Evelyn is married to Hal Mohr, well-known cameraman and has a little daughter, Dolores, a year old.

Anna Sten has not made a picture in Hollywood for two years.

DOROTHY ANDERSON, ISHPERING, MICH.—Ross Alexander was married for the second time on Sept. 17, 1936. His wife's maiden name is Anne Nagel, and she is in pictures too. Yes, Fredric March played opposite Sylvia Sydney in "Merrily We Go To Hell." The boy who took the part of Jackie Shaw was Richard Quine. He is fourteen years old, was born in Detroit, sang over the radio. He played in "The Dog of Flanders" before "Dinky."

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY 1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

"HOW'S FOR A DATE
MY FAIR ONE?"



**Pretty, popular—on
top of the world—the girls who
guard against Cosmetic Skin**

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks *deep*, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—*young*. You'll find it pays!

I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!



LORETTA YOUNG..

Star of the 20th Century—
Fox Production "Love Is News"

An Open Letter to Jeanette MacDonald

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

on the contrary is very generous to those dear to him. I think a man's true character is most clearly seen in his actions toward his mother, before he leaves the home roost for his own domicile, and follows the Biblical instruction: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."

FROM the time he was fifteen he supported his mother and was a dutiful son. In preparing to set up his own domicile, he made a present of his lovely home to his mother, along with a most generous income.

I happen to know the house which he gave her could have been sold by him at a profit of \$10,000, which he refused in order to make this gift to one he dearly loved.

hiring a town car to take you to a preview, when he could just as well borrow yours, is a sample of what you'll have to expect. You'll simply have to humor him in this. I know you have your own fortune and want to do your share, but you haven't much chance. He'll not only insist on paying all the bills, but will get huffy if you make any move in that direction. My private advice is to let him have his own way. If you should both decide to make a common investment and then spend the proceeds and profits on your common household, that might be another matter.

You will find increasing joy and delight in your mutual love for music. Gene has great talent at the piano, and has no small reputation as a song composer. His song, "Will

living under one roof. It's the one thing that licks Dan Cupid, so let's look into the matter. You can't have jealousy unless you have a big opinion of yourself. The green-eyed goddess simply must have that cooperation in order to get anywhere.

In Gene's case, he started his professional career when he was a towhead in knee pants. He bucked up against hard-boiled Broadway and made good strictly on his own. He was practically an infant when he began getting rave notices for his work in "The Potters," and that went on for two years—one on Broadway and one on the road. When he was eighteen he was the fair-haired boy of the Rialto in that smash hit, "The Cradle Snatchers."

That made Gene Raymond pretty cocky about himself. For five years he had enjoyed a continual round of applause. He figured he had learned plenty about acting. He was a success, making a fine salary.

If you stop and compare, he was in the same spot as most movie stars. The average star gets five years of huzzahs, and a swelled head.

Well, that was all knocked out of Gene years ago. He had two solid years of failure, after sitting on top of the world. Five flop plays in a row. He would start in one and it would fold under him with a wheezy gasp. He took it standing up, and he learned to grin when he read those heartless reviews of the Broadway critics. His cockiness disappeared, never to threaten him again.

"It was the best thing that could have happened to me," he has told me. "I'll never forget those two years!"

So there's one thing you won't have to worry about—which one of the family gets top billing. He won't be jealous when he sees the MacDonald monicker in bigger lights. He'll be proud of you, just as the rest of us are proud of you, only he will be even more so, since you're his wife!

"Putting on a Hollywood front" is another signpost to disaster which a movie star's wife most fears to see along their road through life.

It indicates one thing—that he believes what he reads on the billboards. And that's fatal.

AGAIN you are a very lucky bride-to-be, Jeanette, whether you know this or not, for a literal sock in the teeth gave Gene a complete Hollywood education in one afternoon.

It happened out at the Riviera Country Club. Gene's hobby being horses, he used to hang around there the first summer he spent in Hollywood. He started playing polo, and the way he took to the game made the boys sit up and take notice. As you know, he's won medals for jumping horses, and loves riding. He was just naturally born for the game of polo.

One afternoon, during a strenuous mix, the horse jerked up his head and knocked a tooth through Gene's lip. It was pretty messy, and it hurt like the devil. After the game, Gene thought the matter over, arguing things out.

"I might make a good polo player," he reasoned, "but the wages aren't very good. On the other hand, acting is a profitable business so long as I don't flatten my nose, lose a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Bob Montgomery, Nelson Eddy and Clarence Brown, three of Hollywood's extra-grand souls, having lunch and laughter together at the M-G-M commissary. Director Brown's next assignment is the Broadway success "Idiot's Delight"

All this is important to a prospective bride, for ingrained loyalty and love is the only essential in life. That love and loyalty will be yours without stint.

The material things in life mean very little to Gene, except as a means to an end. He does not gather possessions for the sake of ownership, as many men do. He has solid ideas about ownership, and told me once: "Being wealthy means nothing if you can't write a check. I prefer good, old-fashioned cash in the bank to a lot of stocks you may or may not be able to cash. I consider real estate a good investment. I don't go in for speculation."

Gene is not a gambler. Of course he may drop a nickle in the slot machine for the fun of it, but real gambling—not a chance! He has earned his money the hard way, through constant work, study, and training, and the intelligent use of the talents God gave him.

He will be, at times, irritatingly meticulous about your own money, for he has almost fanatical ideas about supporting his wife. His

You?" used in his picture, "The Smartest Girl in Town," is something to boast about. Since Gene is so darn quiet about his own accomplishments, you may not be fully aware of his musical talents. Encourage his creative efforts; imagine the thrill it would give him to have you sing one of his songs!

INCIDENTALLY, don't be alarmed if, when you are talking to him some time, a faraway look comes into his eyes and he suddenly breaks out with "I've got it; conclusively and exclusively!" Don't think he's lost his mind. This abstraction means he has been thinking of a lyric, and now he has a rhyme he wanted, such as "Let me be conclusively your sweetheart exclusively!" I've even known him to drive to the studio at midnight to get his rhyming dictionary, when he left it in his dressing room, during one of his song composing spells.

Frankly, one of the dangers to matrimony in Hollywood is jealousy between two stars

Reduce Pores... Soften Lines



WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT



Age signs
begin here

Under your skin are
tiny active glands,
blood vessels, fibres.
When they function
poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirl-ing London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream *briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!



Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 15-CB, Clinton, Conn

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

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few teeth, and keep out of the way of flying mallets. I think I'll choose acting."

If you'll pry under this little episode you'll see Gene's attitude toward his profession. He has no illusions about it. He has no intention of jeopardizing his career with any foolish moves, of which polo was but an insignificant example. It's a business with him, and he intends to give his best to that business.

That's the sort of good old-fashioned horse sense that will make Mrs. Gene Raymond a happy wife and keep her that way. No keeping up with the Joneses, no falling for false glitter.

YOU have doubtless discovered that he is a man of wide acquaintanceships but few intimates. Beware of the husband who has a bosom pal in every poolhall that lies along the road home. Fly from the man who has the doormat spread in welcome for Tom, of the class of '22, for Dick who was this, and Harry who was that. It's no fun. But it's safe to cotton to a fellow who has one or two close pals and that's all. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve, but under his vest, where it will be warmer for those closest to him.

I have noticed that you had a mutual circle of friends long before you became engaged. That's just one of many indications of congeniality which lighten my heart during this trying pre-nuptial season. And you needn't crow about having introduced Gene to Nelson Eddy, for I remember when that happened, and it was during the drear pre-Jeanette phase of Gene's career. As a matter of fact, Gene was taking Marion Nixon out that night. Nothing serious you understand, but Marion was doing an RKO broadcast on the same program with Gene, and he suggested going

out afterward for a snack. And Nelson Eddy barged up at the moment, so they took him along.

They all got along so well that they stayed at the Colony Club until the waiters started shoving chairs around and piling up tables. Nelson was induced to sing "The Last Round-up," and when he discovered that he actually wasn't making a spectacle of himself but rather was giving everybody the fun of their lives, he really went to town. Everybody sang, everybody gathered around.

Nelson Eddy is certainly a friend to be proud of. He is a gentleman of the old school. I've gone over the list of Gene's friends, and there isn't a flaw. I guess the right people must gravitate together by instinct.

I spoke about Gene's stubbornness. It's part of his will to succeed in the project before him, and when he strives toward a cherished objective he won't take "no" for an answer. You are foreordained, as you probably suspect, to saying "yes."

After those two tough years on Broadway, Gene didn't quit trying. He landed a plum in "Young Sinners," and made a sensational hit. Coming to Hollywood on the crest of the wave, he was shoved into some pretty crummy pictures, but he waited until he knew the ropes and then struck out for himself as a free lance. Sam Goldwyn practically kidnapped Gene to put him in a picture with Anna Sten, and when an irresistible force meets an immovable object, that's when Gene and Sam locked horns! They emerged from the encounter good friends—but Gene did not play the rôle. Metro had to rewrite "Sadie McKee" before Gene would play in it. Columbia revised "Brief Moment" to gain his signature. No denying it, the lad is stubborn. But the beauty of it is, he gets his own way

without stirring up the least animosity. I'm just preparing you, that's all. You might as well give in gracefully at the start, and save your breath. And you have one consolation: Gene's judgment is pretty nigh perfect. Rely on it.

One last word about the head man in your life, and then I leave him to your tender mercies. His sense of humor is infallible. You can add up all you know about a man, and if he doesn't laugh in the right places let some other woman have him.

Gene has a definite flair for comedy, which RKO has been recognizing in his latest pictures. Although he made his earlier film successes in straight drama such as "Zoo in Budapest," now you'll note that he has found his best metier in farces as a light comedian. "Love on a Bet," "The Bride Walks Out," "Walking on Air"—all his new pictures are comedy.

Maybe I set too much store in a sense of humor, but to me that's the most important quality in the list. I suspect it holds the same position on your own inventory of requirements. It's safe to predict smiles and rich laughter in your life together, for you both have the saving grace of humor.

AND that's about that, except for one small item. His blonde hair.

Gene is touchy on that score and squirms if any one kids him about being a platinum blond. He can't help it—that's his most vulnerable spot, like being tickish.

With that last hint, dear Jeanette, I now turn the subject over to you, and commend him to your tender mercies. May you have long life and great happiness, and sail always before the fairest breezes the gods can bestow!

Ever your friend,

JACK SMALLEY.



Hollywood Honeymoon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

after a while, I kept trying and trying—and then—there I was—saluting the flag!" She stopped, abruptly. Lee had slumped in his chair, tired. "Time for your nap," she told him, her voice subdued to a moving sweetness; and Don tiptoed away, raked by a savage pain. A sense of empty futility swept him with the impact of physical sickness.

What was there ahead for him and for Lee? He had to justify himself within six months, or turn in his resignation and leave Hollywood. That meant oblivion.

HIS head ached with pulsating throbs. His feet, he remembered, were wet. He must change at once and take a bit of rest. He took a stiff drink, threw off his shoes and laid down on the bed in his room. Maybe he was sick. Surges of prickling chills raced down his spine. He fell into a state of lulled, listless meditation, between waking and sleeping, induced by fatigue and a mounting fever. That girl, Kay, he thought, had a young courage, a steadfast, refreshing radiance. Mounting delirium brought him her face, pure and shining, gravely young, smiling to him out of a billowing mist.

Nina was in England, adding fresh laurels to her growing international fame. It was a year now, since she had consented to let him keep Lee, because she expected to be abroad, filling her contract with a London film concern. He had lived without any intimate

companionship since. He had deliberately set himself to the task of killing every personal necessity; frozen himself into a barren, unemotional state. He had plunged into his work, to little enough purpose, since he had failed miserably. He was lonelier now, he told himself, than he had guessed.

He wondered if Nina, upon her return would instigate another of those bitterly contested Hollywood battles for the custody of Lee, fighting her case in the newspapers, with the usual accompanying mud slinging. Well he'd never give Lee up to her. She would never get Lee. A gust of wind rattled the window and snow whispered against the pane. Darkness seemed to rush over him from the corners of the room.

Kay Stevens looked down at the sleeping Lee, and brushed a quick tear away as she straightened up. Would this little chap have to face a surgeon's scalpel again? Or could she, by the power of will and suggestion, set in motion again the atrophied fibres that would send life to his frail limbs? Was it so important to walk that this beautiful child must die for it? It meant that, she knew. He would either walk—or die. Why was walking so necessary? A man of wealth could live quite a full life, even in a wheel chair. He might never join his fellows in their games and pursuits; he might never be a favorite of lovely girls; but his father, apparently, was a wealthy man. Wealth could command con-

tinued care, servants, attention, much enjoyment, even to a cripple.

Anthony, Mr. Roberts' man, came into the sitting room of the suite. He looked worried.

"Oh, Miss Stevens," he said. "Will you take a look at Mr. Roberts? He came in and went to bed. I went into his room just now, and he's muttering and tossing."

She nodded and followed the valet into Don's room. Competently, she laid a finger on his pulse and her eyes opened wider. She felt his forehead and turned to the valet.

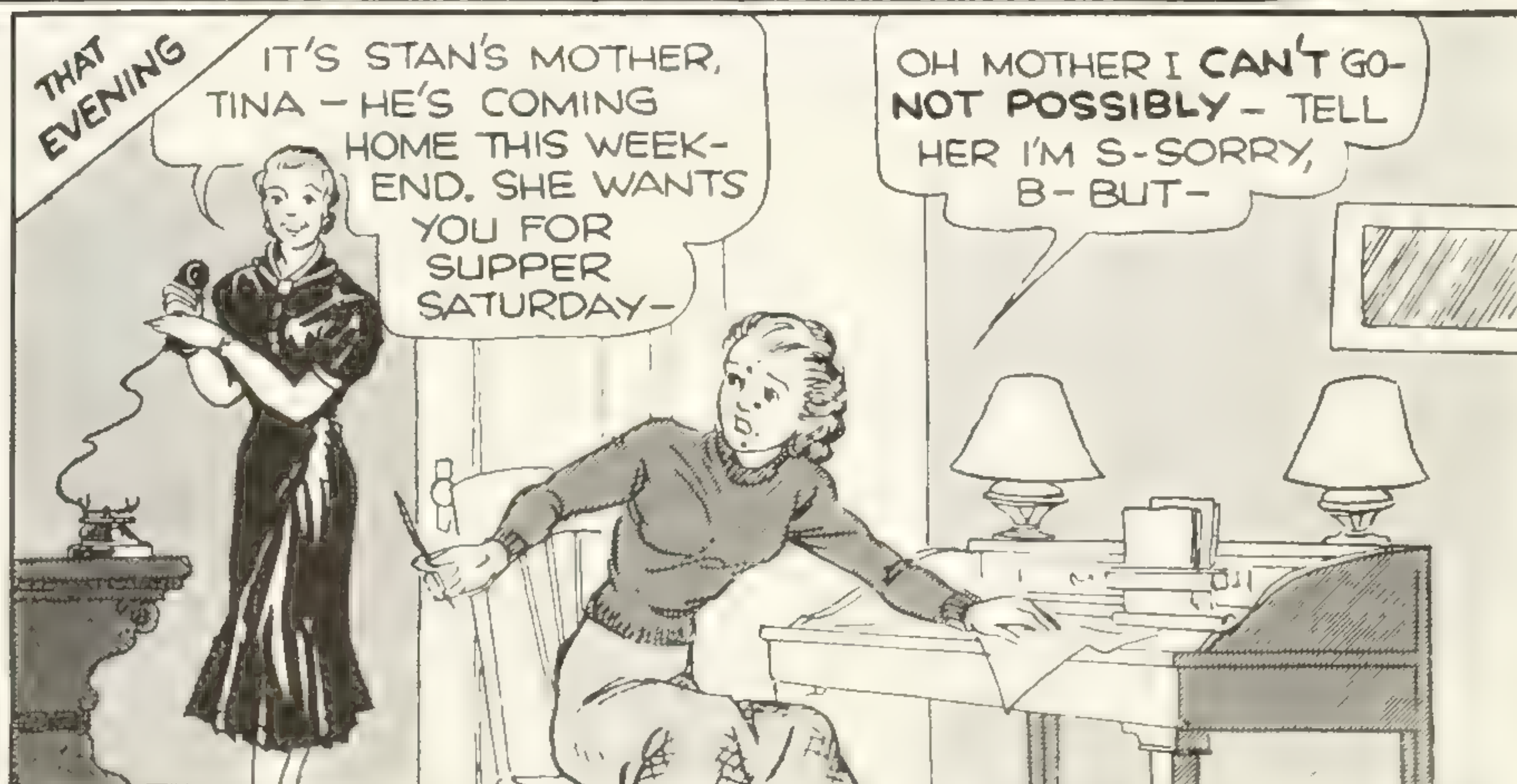
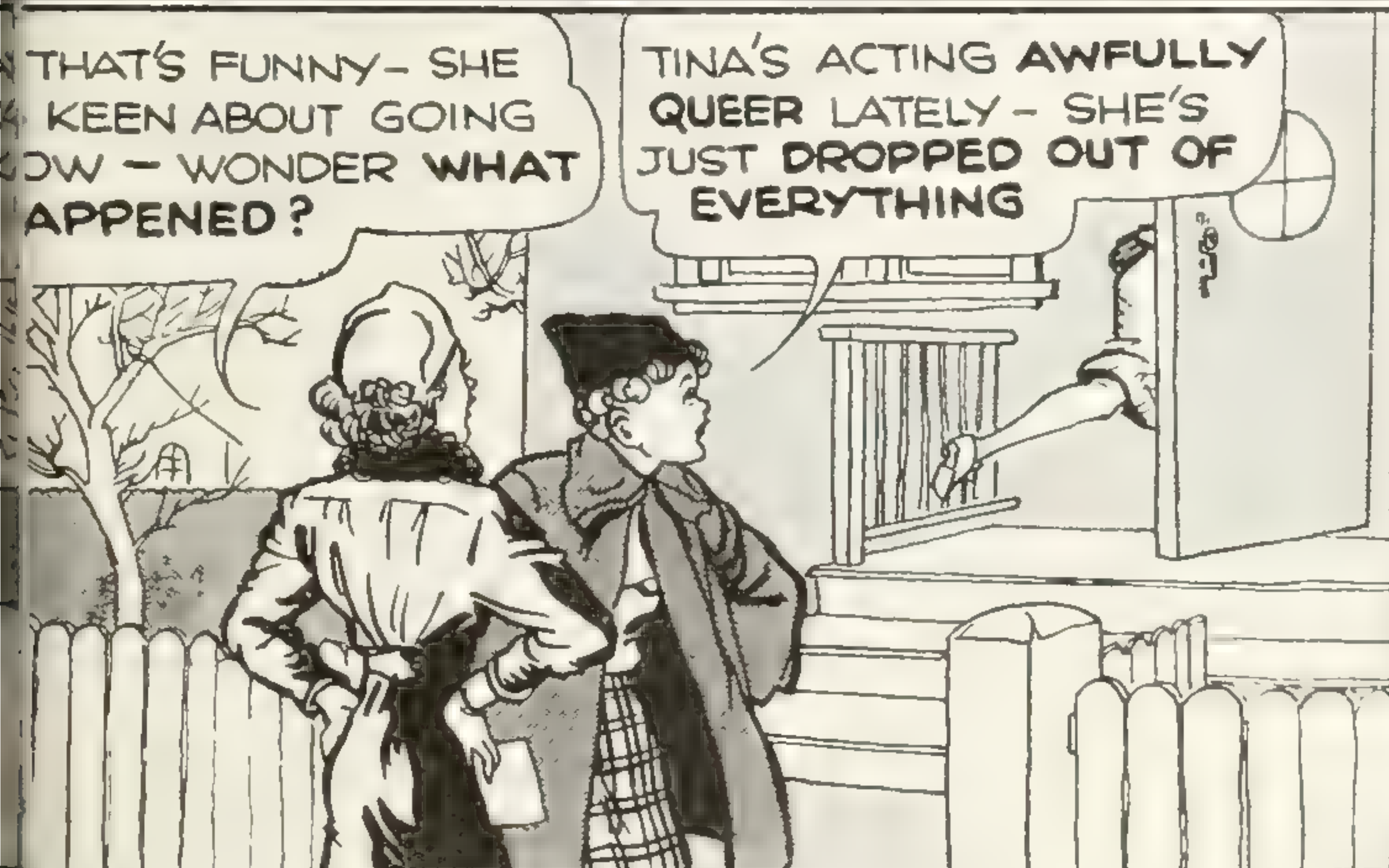
"Better call a physician immediately," she advised. "Mr. Roberts has a raging fever."

The doctors pronounced it pneumonia. Another nurse was called in; a physician was in constant attendance. Don Roberts balanced on the edge of death for three days. The turn for the worse came on the third night.

HIS night nurse developed a severe cold and needed rest, and Kay offered to relieve her in the sudden emergency. Dr. Gilcrest expected the crisis that night, and he was pleased with Kay's fresh vitality and competence.

The girl knew by now something of Don Roberts' affairs. She had read, as had thousands of others, about his divorce from the flaming Nina, a year ago, when it had been front-page news. Now, knowing Don Roberts, having been given the care of Lee—who had twined his baby fingers around the roots of

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Here you are! Exclusive advance shots of Gable as "Parnell," in M-G-M's life of the Irish statesman. Note Clark's capecoat. Will he set a new style again? His sideburns, instead of a beard, are the Gable compromise on the "Parnell" make-up. Myrna Loy plays opposite him as Kitty O'Shea



her heart—her interest was sharp and personal.

After midnight she took her place in the sick room, while the doctor and the other nurse retired for a brief rest.

Don Roberts, his face gaunt, his eyes glazed, lay gasping for his life.

Kay, in involuntary compassion, smoothed the tumbled hair away from the wide, feverish forehead. He stirred, restlessly, at her touch. The dews of a mortal agony were thick on his forehead.

"Nina!" he whispered, and gasped; then, he scowled. "If it's Ross—I swear I'll shoot him on sight . . ."

"Hush!" soothed Kay. "Try to rest quietly." She saw the empty phial that told of his last inoculation. It was a desperately large dose. She knew what that meant! She drew back, momentarily. Death brooded here in this quiet room; death shrieked outside and tore at the windows with icy fingers. Death would make little, helpless Lee an orphan! She braced herself.

There were many times when her professional calm was pierced. She had recoiled, at first, mentally, physically and spiritually from the sickening scenes, the red murk of an operating table, the odors, the nauseating nakedness of the hospital. Her experience as a nurse had revealed passions and sins, though these were all written in a dead tongue for her. She had achieved a measure of serenity with which to face crises; but there were times when her armor was not thick enough.

She eased Don's position, adjusted his pillow and got a fresh, cold compress. The minutes ticked away and she watched him closely. The anti-toxin was battling for his life, but his chart told an ominous story.

"Kay," he said, weakly, all at once. "Is it the end?" He was rational, she saw

"No," she told him, through a sudden mist of tears; yet, death was an old story to her. "You've got to fight."

"Don't go," he begged. "Stay here—with me."

"I'll stay," she promised. She seated herself near the bed. His groping hand found hers. The dark tide of fever flooded his cheeks. His ravaged eyes, deeply sunken, were grateful. He remembered little of the past few days. It was all a confused nightmare, peopled by dim figures and a pain in his chest. The fever mounted and he clutched at her hand like a child lost in the dark. So they sat for an hour.

The doctor came back, intent, frowning. He examined the patient carefully. Fear clutched at Kay's heart as he turned away finally and went to the door. Gently, she released Don's fingers and followed.

"DOCTOR," called Kay, and the physician stopped. He shook his head slowly at her inquiring look.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he whispered. "He hasn't much chance. He hasn't given us any help. He doesn't fight."

"Then—?" she asked.

He shrugged. "There's nothing further I can do. He'll probably go before morning I'll see him again in an hour. I'm pinning my faith on the serum. When he's rational again, find out if he has any relatives here—or if he wants a priest. Call me in an hour."

"There's—no hope?"

"I'm afraid not. His lungs will fill before morning."

Unaccountably stirred out of her professional calm, she returned to the bedside. Fever swept him relentlessly; a tense delirium beat at his struggle for consciousness

"I swear I'll keep Lee!" he reiterated, time and again. "If you leave him—Lee stays with me!" Vague, unintelligible snatches followed. An hour went by. It was time to call the doctor. Don grew calmer. The fever subsided. He opened rational eyes and looked up at her.

"Kay!" he gasped. "Kay! It's the end, isn't it?"

She couldn't lie, looking into his desperate eyes. She turned her own away, suddenly blinded by a mist.

"Kay," he whispered. "You love Lee, don't you? Tell me the truth—I must know the truth. I know what to expect—I heard what the doctor told you—"

"Do you want me to send for anyone?"

"There isn't anyone." A convulsive agony shook him.

"Would you—care to talk to a priest?"

He gasped. "Is it *that* near? Listen, Kay—we haven't much time. I'm perfectly lucid. I know what I'm saying. Listen, Kay—you love Lee, don't you? You'd like to look after him—after—I'm—"

Her eyes were streaming now. She was deeply moved, her professional reserves tottering. "Yes, I love Lee," she said.

"I thought so! The little chap loves you, too. Listen, Kay—I have an idea. I want you to marry me right away. I want you to be my widow—"

BEWILDERED amazement widened her eyes. She told herself, wildly, that things like this didn't happen. Fever, she thought.

He sensed her attitude. "It's only for an hour or two. I'll be gone before morning, Kay! It's only so you'll have control of my money—and you'll be able to look after Lee. There's still enough left so you'll never need to work again—including—my insurance. I don't want courts or disinterested people to control or dictate Lee's life . . ."

"Please! Try to be quiet," she said, gently. She knew the futility of trying to argue against the delusions of a sick bed.

"Kay—I mean it! If you're my widow—it will be more certain than having someone contest a will made in your favor! As my widow, you can look after Lee. You can live—in a modest, comfortable way—without working any more. You're competent—and fine—and you love Lee. He would be secure—with you—sheltered by your affection. I can't—go and leave him—alone. He's helpless! If there's some man you love, you can explain this—and marry—later—"

"There is no one," she said, huskily. "But—Lee has a mother—"

"She'll—be glad to have you look after him, Kay. Her ambitions come first. She's abroad—becoming a great star. There's no room in her life—for children. She—divorced me. Please—Kay—this isn't fever—"

The doctor stepped into the room, frowning. He made a brief examination. He called Kay aside and said: "Looks bad! Better get Father Mallory up here."

She left, a sob in her throat. She phoned and returned to the bedside. Don was in a coma. He coughed violently; it became a hemorrhage. Thirty minutes went by. Father Mallory came in and sat by the bedside. Don Roberts opened his eyes and saw the priest—and correctly interpreted the import of his presence.

"You see?" he pleaded to Kay. "It's only for a few hours! I can trust you, Kay—no one else. You'll look after Lee—and no one can stop you—as my—my—" A gray pallor crept over his face; his breathing came with a

wheeze. His eyes begged her for pity. She was suddenly stampeded. A great vexation troubled her, a complex repulsion, a hundred intricacies of impulse. The priest inquired of her what it was the sick man begged so hard for; but it was Don who explained, his words rapid, bitter with emotion.

The priest frowned. "It is really a trust," he told Kay. "Your wifehood would be confined to a duty to a child who loves and needs you. Unless there is someone—"

She shook her head, searching the fever-brightened eyes of the dying man with a kind of wonder, a rapt fascination. Her body was trembling. "Give me a minute to think," she said, and walked out.

In the silent corridor, she walked to a window. The night was white and raging with storm. She instinctively recoiled from Don's request. It violated something within her; yet she glimpsed the terrors the zero hour brought to this young father. She had seen death often and closely; she knew the fears, the bitterness of this man who was, as all men must be, alone in the valley of the shadows, with darkness closing in and fear striking his heart when he thought of his helpless child.

Lee! Little Lee! she thought. In that moment, she looked into her own soul. She entered the room and walked to the bedside. Her eyes were silvered with tears.

"I'll do it," she nodded.

With the doctor and the night nurse as witnesses, Father Mallory married them, using an emerald ring which Don wore. When the ceremony was over and the witnesses had signed their names to the acknowledgment of marriage, Don lay back and closed his pain-wearied eyes. A sudden tremendous relief was visible on his thin features.

"I'll sign that will you wrote for me now, Father," he whispered; "and you will all please sign as witnesses. I believe you can testify as to my sanity, doctor, if necessary."

Ten minutes later he was in a coma. The doctor bent over him. "You can leave," he said, to Kay. "Miss Larsen will stay—until—"

Kay fled. She could bear no more. She went to Lee's room and hovered over the sleeping child. Tears brimmed to her eyes and her heart hammered with a excitement.

"My—son!" she thought; and her heart swelled with an unbelievable emotion. She put out the light and lay down on the couch. She didn't intend to sleep, but she did. When she opened her eyes, a gray winter dawn, thick with snow, greeted her. For one instant she stared blankly, then she looked at Lee. He was breathing softly, a faint smile on his delicate, babyish face. Perhaps, in his dreams, he was a big, bold pirate; while in the other room, his young father—

She rushed to the door of Don's room. The doctor was still at the bedside, disheveled, tense; the nurse sat on the other side, watching the patient. They both looked up at her. The doctor's face was ravaged, but the light of conquest was in his fine eyes.

"Good morning!" he said. "He's cool and moist and sleeping like a baby! Fever's going down. That last shot did it! Miraculous recovery! He's going to pull through!"

For an instant, the nurse in her exulted, as her eyes swept the emaciated face of Don Roberts, composed in sleep, drawn with suffering—but alive! Then, a cold chill raced through her with a new thought: This was her husband who lay there. *Her husband!*

What will Kay do now? Will she remain Don's wife or insist upon an annulment? Follow her problems in March PHOTOPLAY

*She had everything
but love*



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Albany, N. Y. - - - - -	Cotrell & Leonard
Allentown, Pa. - - - - -	H. Leh
Asheville, N. C. - - - - -	Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga. - - - - -	Rich's, Inc.
Auburn, N. Y. - - - - -	A. S. Kalet
Baltimore, Md. - - - - -	Hochschild Kohn Co.
Baton Rouge, La. - - - - -	The Dalton Co., Inc.
Billings, Mont. - - - - -	The Gregory Shop
Bloomington, Ill. - - - - -	*A. Livingston & Sons
Boston, Mass. - - - - -	*E. T. Slattery
Bridgeport, Conn. - - - - -	D. M. Read
Buffalo, N. Y. - - - - -	Lee-Jere, Inc.
Canton, Ohio - - - - -	Stern & Mann
Charleston, W. Va. - - - - -	Betty's, Inc.
Charlotte, N. C. - - - - -	J. B. Ivey
Chattanooga, Tenn. - - - - -	Miller Bros. Co.
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Chicago, Ill. - - - - -	*Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio - - - - -	The May Co.
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Deland, Fla. - - - - -	*G. A. Dreka Co.
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Detroit, Mich. - - - - -	*Russek's
Duluth, Minn. - - - - -	M. C. Albenberg
El Paso, Tex. - - - - -	Popular D. G. Co.
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Fort Wayne, Ind. - - - - -	D. B. Fishman's
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Great Falls, Mont. - - - - -	Paris D. G. Co.
Greensboro, N. C. - - - - -	Meyers Co.
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We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

city of Los Angeles—is virtual ruler of the set. When she says that Jane must study, Jane studies, picture or no picture. Three hours a day. Her favorite kind of lesson? "My most special subject," she says, "is recess."

She is studying in the midst of bedlam. Waiting for Jane's recess, the company is shooting a close-up of a parachute jump. Three wind machines are in action, tilted upward, keeping a parachute filled out near the high roof of the sound stage. Dangling from it, about twenty feet up in the air, is a stunt man. At a given signal, unseen ropes holding him up are lowered. He and the parachute come down. They both do a good imitation of a real drop.

On the set of "Captains Courageous," we find Freddie Bartholomew also studying. Writing a composition—about fish, of all things. He has been doing nothing but seeing, smelling, eating and hearing of fish for weeks on end, and here he is, writing about them.

The picture is based on Kipling's saga of the New Bedford fishing fleet. It also stars Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore. Spencer is off the set today, out at sea in his new boat, the *Carrie B.* Lionel is at home, perhaps brooding about John.

Freddie is making some "home" scenes with Melvyn Douglas, hastily borrowed from Columbia to be his screen father. They are not easy scenes. Freddie is to be saucy, Melvyn severe.

Melvyn goes for a walk around the M-G-M lot, to say his lines to himself. Freddie, after "school," rehearses by playing tag with an idle prop man. Yet, when the scene begins, he knows not only his own lines, but Melvyn's.

That's a happy star for you. No income taxes to worry about, no sex problems, no headaches of any kind.

It was inevitable that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald should make "Maytime"—unexpected that they should make it twice. The first version was halted by Producer Irving Thalberg's death. Cast changes were made. They started anew.

We see a scene of a street in Paris in 1862. This colorful set, built outdoors, is as long as a city block. High above it is spread black cloth, which also surrounds it on all four sides. Enough black cloth to give Mussolini a hundred thousand shirts. It is a night scene, being filmed at high noon.

Down the street, first at a slow trot, then at a faster rate, comes a horse drawing a victoria. In the carriage rides Jeanette, ignoring the efforts of Nelson to climb aboard while running alongside. He keeps trying all the way down the street—with the camera, moving along on a specially-built track, keeping pace with him.

The dirt in the roadway has been wet down with a hose "and my perspiration" (says Nelson). It is slippery underfoot. On any one of three rehearsals, the period-dress extras expect to see Nelson skid on his ear. He fools them.

ANOTHER colorful set is one for "Swing High, Swing Low," co-starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. This also is a street scene, but built entirely indoors. It is a hot, soiled street somewhere in Panama.

Carole has been having a salary quarrel with Paramount. It is now settled. Just how completely it is settled is testified by a brand-new

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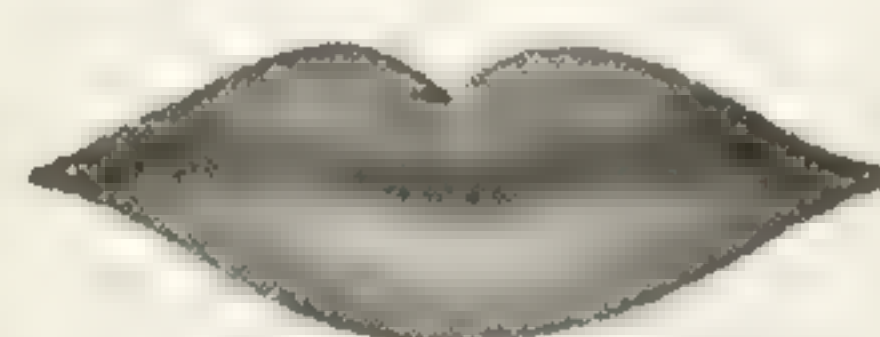
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portable dressing room behind the false front of a Panama *bodega*. It is a gift to Carole from the director of the picture, Mitchell Leisen—who, by the way, looks a bit like her first and only husband, William Powell.

At the moment, she isn't in it. She is watching Director Leisen and Dance Director Le Roy Prinz select some dancing girls for the picture.

The girls go through a stiff test of self-consciousness. They come into the sound stage, two dozen of them, in dresses and slacks, and strip down to swim suits. They stand in a wide semi-circle in front of the two men. The sound stage is hushed. Everyone watches them. Everyone, that is, except Fred MacMurray and Charles Butterworth.

Carole asks them if they aren't interested. "I'm a married man," says Fred. "I'm near-sighted," says Charlie.

A prop man crowding into the front row of spectators attracts Prinz' attention. "Is someone asking you to pick anybody?" asks Prinz. "No," answers the prop man, as he ducks for cover. "but it isn't a bad idea."

Six are singled out of the semi-circle and asked to stand at one side. These six are picked as "good showgirl types." All are about the same height. Prinz asks Carole to step over to them for height comparison. They will dance with her.

"Let me see your kicks," he says to Carole, as she starts walking away afterward.

"You'll see 'em!" she quips, over her shoulder.

ON the set of "Coast Patrol," at RKO, we see a battle between Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster. One of five in the course of this Coast Guard melodrama.

The climactic fight takes place on a studio-made iceberg. This one, however, occurs in a neat waterfront cafe. McLaglen is standing at the bar; Foster is at a table. They spot each other in the crowd. They rush together, wildly swinging. The camera is high above the bar, shooting down on them, to catch any possible falls.

Screen fights, Foster tells us, can't be rehearsed. Not if they're the rough-and-tumble kind. They just have to trust to luck that punches can be "pulled" and that, in falls, they'll hit the light "breakaway" furniture (made of yucca wood), which looks like the real article.

McLaglen and Foster, both big men, go to it hot and heavy. Sixty seconds later, winded, both have only one thought. They ask the director, "How was it?" He says, "Okay." Strong praise on a movie set!

We see Foster again three days later. He shows us his black-and-blue marks. "How does McLaglen look?" we ask. "Say," he tells us, "you couldn't bruise him with a crowbar!"

It was inevitable that there should eventually be a different kind of courtroom drama unexpected that Helen Broderick should be the star. In "We, the Jury," the defendant and the lawyers are unimportant. Broderick is on the jury.

She is the only one who votes "not guilty." How she sways the other eleven to her side is the drama. Drama plentifully salted with comedy.

We see the courtroom, dingy and musty-looking, like most courtrooms. In the jury box, we see Broderick. Alongside her sits Victor Moore, her Nemesis in "Swing Time." He is a timid soul. He asks permission to question a witness, then fumbles for words, putting

the question. Broderick pulls his coattail, prompts him.

In rehearsal, everything goes smoothly. In the first "take," what she whispers to Moore makes him laugh. Again they rehearse; again the camera turns; and again Broderick whispers something that gives Moore hiccoughs.

The third time, she manages to restrain her sense of humor.

Inevitably, any racket picture these days starts out as a B picture—something for the double bills. Unexpectedly, "I Promise to Pay" has become an A picture in the course of production at Columbia. Chester Morris and Helen Mack are that real, as a young tenement couple victimized by loan sharks.

The set showing the interior of a tenement flat is, for one of the few times in movie history, no larger than a tenement flat. Chester



Judging by Arline Judge and her motor scooter, streamlines are definitely in! Arline rests between jaunts for a swim at the Racquet Club pool in Palm Springs

and Helen, having supper in the kitchen, are actually cramped. A large fly starts buzzing around, as the scene is about to start. Production is halted ten minutes in a vain effort to assassinate the fly. Finally, Director Lederman says, "Let it go. They have flies in tenement houses."

Before the scene, a prop man whips up a stew on the gas range that is part of the set. The camera catches the food steaming later in dishes on the table. And Chester and Helen practically steam before the "take" is over. Part of their scene is played with five-year-old Patsy O'Connor. She remembers her lines, but can't seem to relax, riding "horsey" on Chester's knee. They shoot it over and over, until finally Lederman, behind the camera, is steaming like the players in front of it.

How to persuade a five-year-old to relax? It's a problem. Chester has an inspiration. "Just look in my eyes, Patsy," he says. It works. Hypnotism—of a sort—is the answer.

WARNERS' (and Mervyn Leroy's) picture about the democratic king who falls in love with an American girl hasn't any Windsor Castle implications—unless you want to put them there. The scenarist hasn't. It's just coincidental, understand, that he calls on her in her apartment, invites her aboard his yacht, and is as human as she is.

The unexpected thing about "The King and

the Chorus Girl"—aside from Edward Everett Horton as royal date-maker—is the newcomer who plays the King to Joan Blondell's Chorus Girl. His name is Fernand Gravet (pronounced Grav-vay).

He is Belgian, young, tall, athletic, handsome, with coal-black hair and brown eyes. He has been a star in French films. He starts as a star here.

That's his reward for being the first Continental arrival to speak English almost like an Englishman.

At the moment, he is in a dressing gown and pajamas. As soon as the lighting is arranged, he is to climb into a regal bed, where Horton (now glumly waiting) will bring him ditherish news about the piquant Yankee who doesn't seem to realize that he is a king.

Gravet looks good even in pajamas, with his hair uncombed.

"TOP of the Town" boasts the largest set ever constructed in Hollywood. (Universal, crossing its heart, swears to this.) In sheer size, if nothing else, it will top the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" set. And is designed by the same man, John Harkrider. It rates color photography—which it doesn't get.

The set is a night club, called the Moonbeam Room.

It covers 45,000 square feet. It is sixty-two feet high. Around three walls, from roof to floor, hangs a two-tone-blue cellophane curtain—30,000 square yards of it. Four thousand lights are scattered behind the curtain to represent stars. More Kleig lights than ever used before on any set fill every available inch of roof space. The floor is carpeted with heavy lead foil.

It looks like something that could be afforded only by a movie studio—or the richest girl in the world. And the principal girl in the plot (Doris Nolan) is just that. A bit balmy from having so much money, she decides to have a night club that will be as breath-taking as television.

She meets George Murphy, dance-band leader. He knows some talent. And the talent goes to work. Such talent as Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, the Three Sailors, Jack Smart and—Peggy Ryan.

Remember that last name.

We see her do one scene, and if that scene is any criterion, she may dance away with the picture.

Peggy, aged eleven, steps out on that big floor by herself and dances as no youngster ever danced before. Two cameras are turned on her. The director has great beads of perspiration on his brow. He has never had to trust a scene like this to a youngster. The whole atmosphere is tense.

And how is Peggy taking it all? She smiles to her mother, inconspicuous in the crowd on the sidelines, and shows her crossed fingers. Her mother tells us, with a smile, "I have to say her 'Hail Marys' for her. She doesn't have time to say them, herself."

The music begins. The youngster glides out on the floor, tapping, moving all over the stage, the cameras following her. She doesn't falter once, or slip, or miss a quarter of a beat. Her expressions constantly change. The music whirls to a final flourish. On the last note, Peggy ends her dance.

The dancers on the set, watching, are supposed to clap. But everybody on the set applauds.

The youngster is a real discovery.

The director sums it up in three words: "One-Take Ryan," he calls her.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Rooshia, has hoisted a personal flag of war and is muttering guttural, threatening invective these days. All because of the high fence she built around her beach house to keep out the prying curious.

One Dr. George M. Prince, a veddy social Pasadena physician, bought the vacant property next to hers and built himself a cottage on it. And then he moved in, and went to his front windows to see the view. There wasn't any view, only Anna's fence.

So he went to court about it. He had spent all this money, he explained, in order to smell the fresh sea air and look at the ocean. The Sten fence not only shut out the ocean, but allowed only the smell of Anna's dinner borsch to reach his anticipatory nostrils. So far as the star's privacy was concerned—she could pull her blinds at night. And if she forgot sometimes—well, he was a doctor, wasn't he? What can you learn?

The city council denied his first petition.

PRODUCTION STUFF: Lily Pons has signed for another picture with Radio and wants to do "Carmen" when she returns from New York; however Paramount has the same picture in mind for Gladys Swarthout, and neither studio has yet found time to buy out the operatic rights. . . . Sam Goldwyn is beginning casting for "Dead End," one of the most terrific gangster stories ever written. Naturally George Raft wants the lead, now that he's free, but certain inside sources say he's going to have a pretty tough time. . . . Grace Moore has an amazing schedule ahead of her: having finished "Interlude," for Columbia, she will sing "Mignon" at the Chicago Civic Opera; then to the Metropolitan in New York for Christmas week; then back to Hollywood to do another unannounced picture, and on to London to sing for King George's Coronation ceremonies. . . . Paramount will make "Bulldog Drummond's Holiday," with Ray Milland in the starring rôle. Good casting, because Milland does that type of thing so well—but what about the public which has already placed Ronald Colman in its mind as the characteristic *Drummond*?

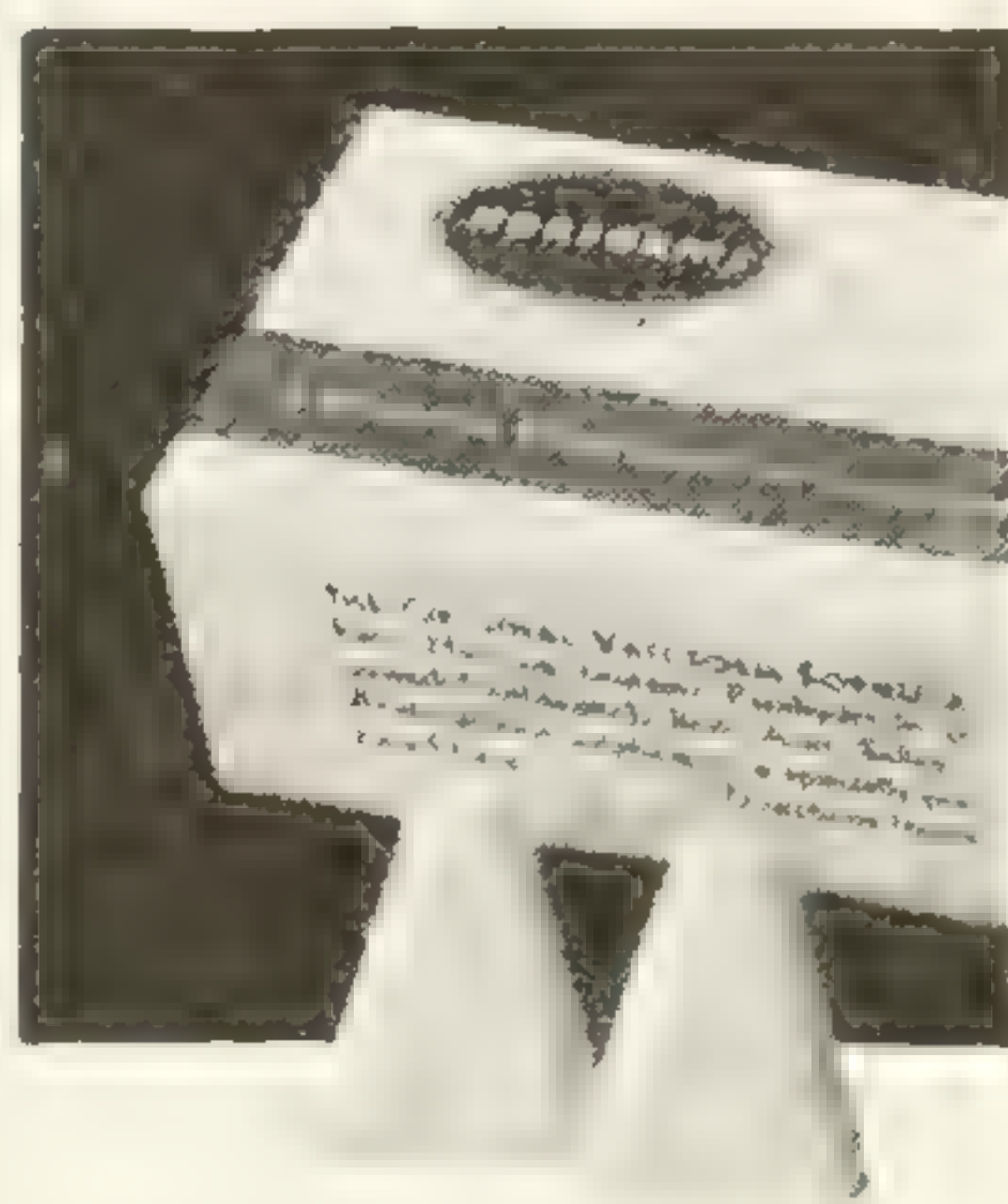
GRACIE ALLEN has been awing everyone at the Paramount Studios by coming to work with her hands full of completed crossword puzzles and airily remarking, "Oh, yes, I did these last night—they're really very simple. I never could imagine why people find them so difficult."

This used to floor everyone until finally the secret leaked out. Gracie merely clips these puzzles from all the papers and lets her guests entertain themselves by working them. When they're all finished, she gathers them up and then takes them to the studio.

OUTSIDE the commissary at M-G-M we saw Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and about forty other big stars and directors huddled in a group around something, so interested and awed by what they saw that their mouths were practically hanging open down to their knees. After forcing our way through to the center of the group to see what so fascinated these sophisticates, we discovered that Mickey Rooney was keeping them all



F E M I N I N E H Y G I E N E M A D E E A S Y



**They contain
Parahydrecin!**

The antiseptic used in Norforms is *anhydro para hydroxy mercuri meta cresol*—called "parahydrecin" for short. Millions know how soothing it is to delicate tissues; and how dependably antiseptic under the conditions of use. Norforms have no tell-tale medicated odor—are deodorizing in effect.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient, easy! These antiseptic suppositories are completely ready for use. There's nothing to mix or to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern way to inner cleanliness.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*Parahydrecin*—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your drug-gist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of *Unguentine*.

N O R F O R M S

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

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agog with his skill at hi-li, that little game where you hit a ball against a paddle. All were clamoring for the first chance to try it after Mickey got through!

If you ever become an exhibition ice-skater, like Sonja Henie, you'll find, when moving time comes around, that you have accumulated a whole wardrobe full of fancy skating costumes. Most of them will be full of skirt and trimmed with fluffy fur. To ensure proper moving of them, you may ask some friend to run them over to your new apartment in his car. That's what Tyrone Power, Jr., promised to do.

But getting into your car with them, Tyrone

regulating traffic, she was told that they would give her a motorcycle license, *but* she'd have to keep the thing inside the studio lot.

That, says Arlene, is all the thanks you get for being so conscientious about licenses.

WE were amazed to see Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck staggering down the street a few nights ago. "It's all just good, clean fun," they moaned. They had gone down to the Ocean Park amusement pier for a nice quiet evening, when the fans espied them and chased them down to the roller coaster, where they were forced to ride up and down on the dizzy track for nineteen times before the fans finally dispersed and let them get off.



This sweetfaced woman is Una Merkel's Mother. Don't they look alike? The little blonde Southerner, under contract to M-G-M has another of her amusing comedy rôles in the new "Broadway Melody of 1937"

found, was something else again. With arms piled neck-high with the delicately costumed finery, he was stopped at his running board by an old friend from back East. What a swell surprise. Was he perhaps in the cleaning business, or the costume rental racket, in Hollywood? That's movie fame for you!

If you want to find out just how complicated life really can be, advises Arlene Judge, try buying a license for a "motorscooter" sometime. She did! When she explained what the thing looked like to the automobile division of John Law, they told her to try the bicycle department. When her description of the machine was considered by the bicycle boys, they asked her to try the motorcycle division. After trying out all the various branches

BOB LEONARD, director of "The Great Ziegfeld" is making life unbearable for the many ardent fishermen at M-G-M. After looking bored whenever fishing was mentioned on the lot, he finally decided to try and see what was so fascinating about it, and went to Catalina for the Great Experiment. Just a few minutes after he went out in the boat, he caught a 265 pound marlin with the greatest of ease. He still doesn't see what's so difficult about fishing, but he has lost his boredom when the subject comes up. Now it's everybody else who is getting bored hearing about it.

WE were puttering around a local lot the other afternoon, reflecting mildly on many things. The door of a sound stage stood propped open and we went in, neck

stretched all out of shape, ears flapping curiously. They were preparing a screen test of Margo, for a rôle in "Hurricane."

"We'll do just a little bit of a love scene, first," one of the directors said. "Only we got to have a man for you to make love to. Steve, call the casting office and."

Francis Lederer stepped out of the shadow. "But no, don't do that," he said, smiling. "I'll help, if I may."

The director frowned. "You won't get any dough," he said.

Lederer kept on smiling. "That's all right," he told the director. But he was looking at Margo. "It'll be nice anyway." And it was.

REMEMBER the good old times when studios were famous for their extravagance? Well, they're back again, after all these years of depression.

At least they're back for Twentieth Century-Fox, that ambitious organization. Just now, we're told by authentic inside sources, the officials there don't know what to do with the money that's rolling in to them.

For example: minor employees of the company, excepting departmental people such as the publicity lads, have never been allowed to park in the studio grounds. They complained. "We have to walk two blocks," they said, "after we've left our cars in the morning." So the powers-that-be decided to run up a special lot nearer the main buildings.

On one side of the studio grounds is flat, barren land—covered with weeds and pretty cheap. On the other side is a golf course, artificially made rolling and difficult; the most expensive land in the neighborhood.

So Twentieth Century bought up the equivalent of two square city blocks—from the course committee—at a tremendous price! And spoiled the looks of the course, and spent thousands having the knolls and hillocks levelled off. The employees, they figured, would get less dust on their cars if the lot were surrounded by sod and greens.

Now they've got to put up a screen so the golf balls won't come in and smash all the windshields.

DIXIE DUNBAR had been so proud of her unsmirched traffic record—and now it's got a black mark over it. Because of an auto flirt, of all things.

She was driving along (within the speed limit) the other day when another car drew up along side, and a young man—apparently not a very good-looking one—leaned out and put on some very romantic heat.

Dixie stepped her motor up to about fifty-five miles an hour; out-ran the masher; and then heard a siren. She explained to the cop the reason for her offense, and off he whizzed to catch the man with the come-on-sister act.

But the guy had disappeared. So back came the officer, disbelief written on his face. He transferred his cynicism to a ticket.

And poor Dixie had to pay the fine.

ONE of the hugest boners in the history of moviedom can be laid at the door of some advertising man at Twentieth Century-Fox. Thinking that the public would have a tough time pronouncing Simone Simon's name he started the trick of putting an explanation in parenthesis thus: (Pronounced See-Moan See-Moan) after her name on all copy.

It was just too good a pun for the national columnists, and for all the unemployed gagsters in America. "See," they shouted in yards of type, "and moan . . ."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Now You'll Understand Jean Arthur

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

When you earn your living by acting, and critics comment on your naturalness, that is sweet praise. But to have someone, especially someone who doesn't know who you are, call you "natural" in private life—that is sweeter.

Make no mistake about it; this Arthur girl has a penchant for naturalness, both off-screen and on. Not to mention a liking for adventure.

BACK in the hills behind Malibu stands a huge, mysterious house that has never had a guest—or a tenant. One can just see it from the main road, a half-mile away.

It crowns a small hill, is castle-like in proportions, and, like a castle, is girded by a moat. It is a vast stone monument to pre-depression ambition and post-depression ruin. It is unfinished.

It is forbidding in its lonely isolation. Barbed wire encloses the acres surrounding it. There are warnings to trespassers, and stories that armed guards constantly roam the property, ready to shoot trespassers on sight. The mysterious house is intended to remain a mystery.

But Jean decided, one recent morning, that she wanted to penetrate that mystery. Her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., fell in with the idea. Together, they climbed over the barbed wire fence and headed toward the hill. They crossed the moat, its water shrunk to a mere trickle. They reached the house, which was even more forbidding at close range. It was boarded up.

No one had yet molested them. No one seemed to be around the house. They looked for a broken bit of boarding, an entrance. They found one, in a high window. They climbed through it, into the still, dead air of the interior.

No guard appeared to stop them. They were alone with the sun-motes and spiders and silence. The house needed no human watchman, they discovered. No intruder could stay long in that breathless heat, that dizzying dead air. In fifteen minutes, both Jean and Frank felt faint.

They climbed out through the broken window. And, after a rest outside, they climbed back in. Now that they had gone this far, they intended to explore from top to bottom this house haunted by a dream. And they carried out their intention, followed their little adventure to its end.

Perhaps the exploration of a forbidding mystery house doesn't impress you as an adventure. Perhaps you would call it just an interesting new experience, particularly for a movie star. But—

"Anything that you haven't done before is an adventure, if you give your imagination a chance," says Jean, smiling. "After all, that's where every adventure begins; in the imagination. The only people who lead dull lives are the unimaginative ones."

SHE is reasonably certain that she would have had an interesting life, even if she had not taken up acting.

"I don't know what I would have become—I didn't have much chance to experiment before I *did* take up acting—but I know I would never have become 'just a wife.' My imagination would have seen to that. I would have felt stifled with only housework to do."

All Day long

YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!



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CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



2

CAN'T FAIL

The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.



3

CAN'T SHOW

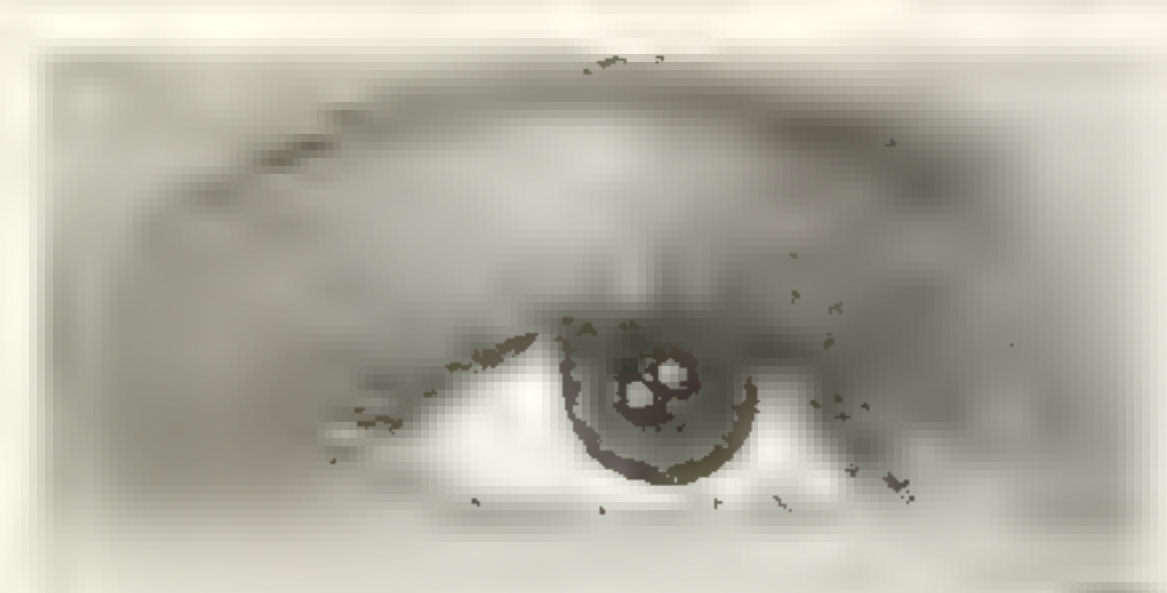
The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE — Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

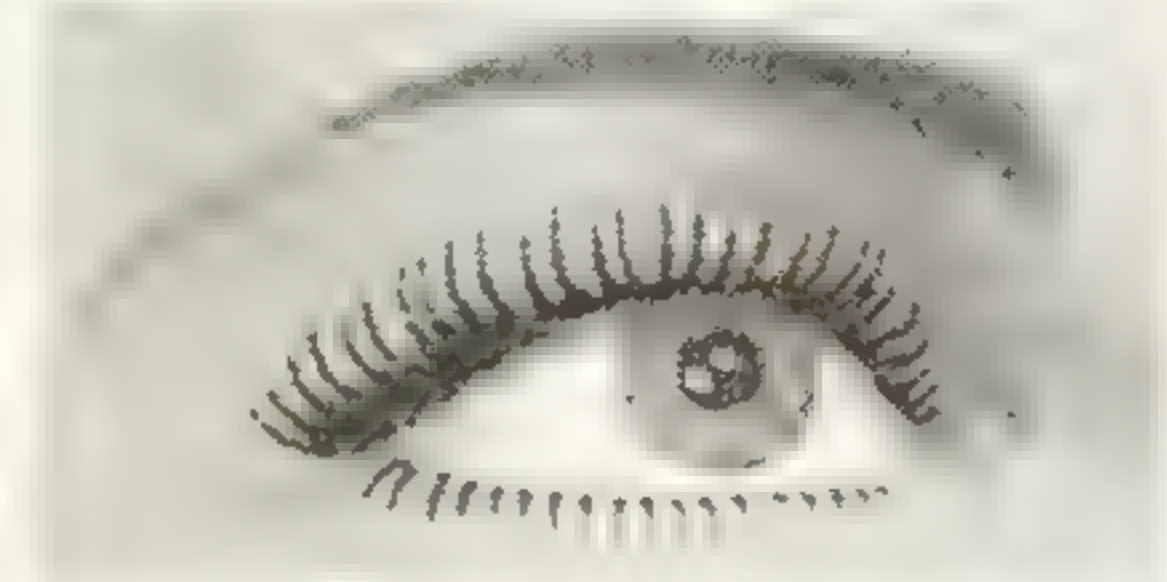
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, Stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

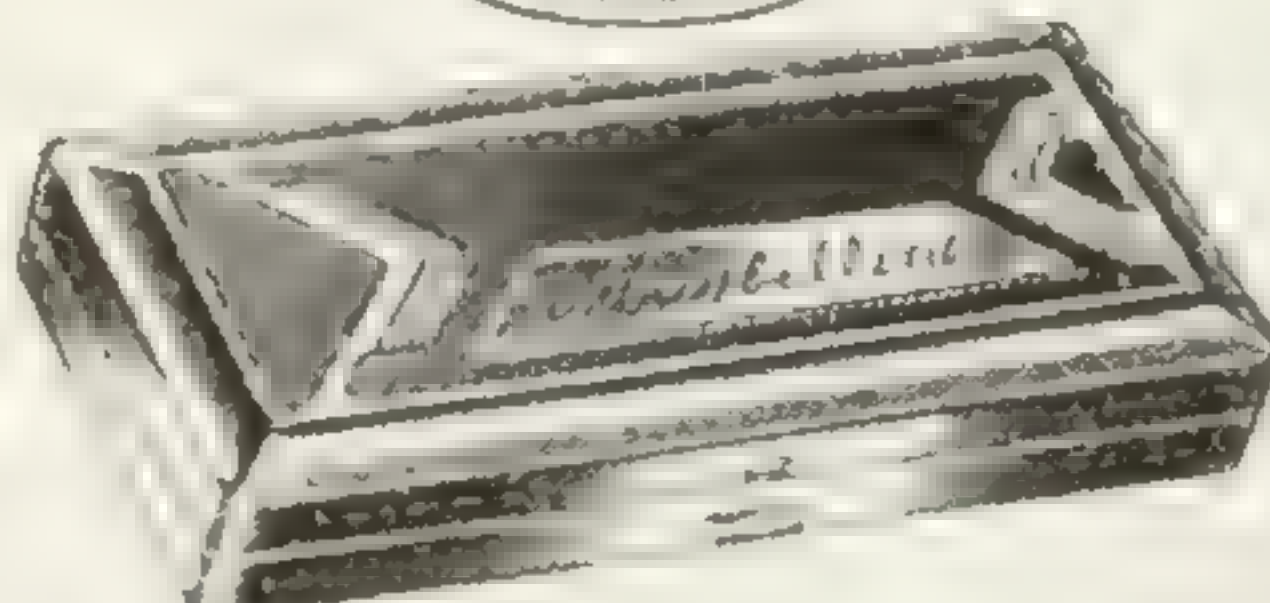
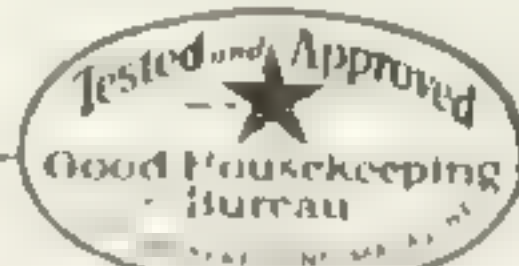
Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.



Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Across the room, husband Frank Ross, Jr., nods approval of her feminine independence.

“It’s hardly fair,” Jean continues, “for women to do the same things at the same hours every day of their lives, while men have new experiences, meet new people every day. I felt that way as a little girl, with two older brothers around the house. It seemed to me that they led adventurous lives, compared with mine. I felt cheated, frustrated. I became a tomboy, in self-defense. I decided that I was going to do things that were exciting, or at least interesting.”

Strangely enough, she didn’t decide—then—that acting might be the answer. She went through grammar school, and into high school, without dreaming a single Thespian dream.

“If I ever thought about acting, I never thought of it as something for *me*. My destiny, as ’twere. I wasn’t a great beauty; I was horribly self-conscious; and the possibility of my ever being able to go to dramatic school was as remote as Kamchatka—wherever that might be.

“No, I didn’t feel the stage or the screen calling little Jean Arthur. And I didn’t waste my time dreaming. I kept both feet on the ground and my head out of the clouds, and tried to decide what career *was* within my reach. I wondered if it might be fun to teach one of the Romance languages, or work in a publisher’s office, or clerk in a gift shop. There were a few other possibilities, too. But I didn’t know which one, above all others, I wanted to do.

“I was still in high school and still trying to decide, when I went to a photographer’s studio one day with a girl friend who was a model. I wasn’t looking for a job; I didn’t fancy myself as a photographic subject. But it seemed that the photographer had more assignments than he had models to pose for them. He said that he could use me. I was scared stiff that he would discover that he hadn’t known what he was saying. But who was I to refuse an unexpected offer of a job that might be interesting?

“So I became a model—and liked it. The work wasn’t difficult, paid five dollars an hour, and varied from day to day. It also had a future. Hollywood talent scouts were becoming model-conscious. I received a movie offer.

“And—I headed for Hollywood, starry-eyed . . . a Cinderella who, by a lucky break, had become a movie actress overnight. The newspapers said so. But it was a typographical error. I had a screen chance, yes; but that didn’t make me an actress. I discovered that very, very painfully.”

Is that an ironic glint in the gray-green Arthur eyes? It is!

“First, I played ingenues and Western heroines; then I played Western heroines and ingenues. That diet of rôles became as monotonous as a diet of spinach. (Those rôles were spinach to me!) And I couldn’t seem to persuade the studio to do anything about it. So I became a free lance player. And found myself still playing ingenues and cowboys’ sweet-hearts.

“The studios wouldn’t trust me with any other kind of rôle, because I had no experience in any other kind. And I didn’t see how I was ever going to acquire any other experience if I couldn’t get any other kind of rôle. It was a vicious circle. I got off the merry-go-round finally by admitting that Hollywood was right: I wasn’t yet an actress. And the day I admitted that was the day when I started to become one.

“I left Hollywood. I went back to New York. After six months, I landed a small rôle in a stage play. And in that rôle, for the first

time in my life, I had to make a characterization believable to a visible audience. When I walked out on that stage, I was completely 'on my own.' I didn't have a director to guide me; I couldn't make a retake if I wasn't convincing in a scene.

"That rôle led to larger ones, completely different. Then leads. Then re-discovery by Hollywood. I had, at last, become an actress."

And from here on in, her movie life will be interesting—no diet of spinach. Her rôles will be varied.

SHE denies that there is any mystic secret behind her new success. She explains it in two words: "Hard work." And if she has any advice, out of her own experience, to give other ambitious girls, it is those same two words, reversed.

If she was self-conscious once, and is self-possessed today, there is no secret to this that can't be explained in one hyphenated word: self-expression.

Her voice, probably her greatest asset, is the same voice that she has always had—rumor notwithstanding. She has simply learned how to use it.

She denies that she has changed in becoming the sensation that she is today, "except as we all change as we mature and develop."

"If I weren't myself, I couldn't live with me," she says. "And I'm sure that Frank wouldn't enjoy life with a chameleon."

Frank asks to be "left out of this story." But that isn't possible.

He is dark, slender, handsome enough to be in films himself. And he has had (and declined) offers.

They were married four years ago in the East, when she entered the theater and where he was in the real estate business. After she returned to Hollywood, they tried long-distance matrimony, with frequent trips back and forth. But life is too short for such an experiment, so Frank has transferred his business interests to California.

TO the acute distress of only-too-willing advisers, Jean relies on the judgment of no one but Frank. He is her best friend, most honest critic, and only manager. She consults him about everything, from clothes to contracts. She may have feminine intuition, she says, but Frank is practically occult.

They are great walkers, when they can walk together. Both swim and both play tennis. Both have the same suppressed desire—a long sea trip. They even read books together. They must be in love.

Jean Arthur has attained the apex of success. She has become A Target for Criticism. A very pretty target—but armored. The criticisms won't "stick," particularly at close range.

CAN ROBERT TAYLOR ESCAPE THE GREAT LOVER CURSE?

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Read this most startling story ever written on the screen's most spectacular success, in March PHOTOPLAY.

On the newsstands February 10th



..IT'S TIME YOU TRIED THEM!

You've only one throat to last you a lifetime. And there's only one cigarette with a touch of "mild menthol" to keep it cool and easy. You and KOOLs ought to get together. First, because it's a magnificent blend, judged on tobacco quality alone. Second, because without spoiling that fine tobacco flavor, the mild menthol makes each puff as stimulating as a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Finally—the coupon on each pack! Save 'em for stunning gifts. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) And there are *extra* coupons with every carton! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Silverware—Oneida Community Par Plate, 26 pieces, for 6...900 coupons



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RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Mary Boland's Poignant Love Secret

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 |

When she was just fifteen she had to go to work. Her father lost his job.

Soon they had to give up their home and this was a bitter blow. The cramped quarters where they moved grated on her every nerve.

"Of course there was a good deal of rebellion in me then," she admits honestly. "Youth is so self-centered. I looked at the others of my age and believed I was cruelly buffeted. No one adored nice clothes more than I, and I could no longer have them. I hated having to count pennies!

"But when tremendous responsibility is put on a girl she's automatically taught self-discipline and frugality. And when you have to scrimp in your 'teens you appreciate what you earn for yourself. Rebellion eventually becomes gratitude for your chances to prove you have merit."

THE man who now owns the *Detroit Free Press* was then running the city's leading stock company, and he was a friend of Mary's father. So she decided to start salvaging the family fortune by acting.

Her father finally agreed to take her to the theater, and thanks to appearing older, and to her self-trained speaking voice, she was allowed to substitute for a player who was leaving. It was a romantic rôle and she presumed she had definitely arrived.

But stock companies weren't like the silent movies, with overnight rises. They kept her on through the summer, and took her to Cincinnati for the winter season. But she was relegated to "fifth woman." Which means that the incidental mothers and grandmothers and aunts in the casts were allotted to her. She couldn't skip the groundwork.

"Mother made all my dresses and my costumes because we had to supply our own," she says when she reminisces. "When I got to Cincinnati I used to lie awake nights worrying how I could squeeze enough money to pay for the next week's costumes. I'd write mother what I was supposed to be, and she'd exercise her judgment. Then I was in perpetual agony for fear the box wouldn't come in time!"

She was sending money home, so she stayed in the poorest room of a shabby but respectable hotel. It cost her a precious dollar a day.

"Out of my second check I budgeted enough, somehow, to fix up my place a little. I bought chintzes, at ten cents a yard, and made slip covers for the chairs and drapes for the window. Mother had given me doilies for the bureau. I made fancy paper lampshades to hide the light globes artistically."

The first major crisis away from home was caused by loneliness.

"Mother visited me one week-end. 'If you are so lonely,' she said, 'why don't you come on home?'"

"But I knew if I gave in I was sunk. I'd have confessed I couldn't stand on my own feet. There are moments, you see, when you have to fight or be licked. After she had gone home I believed I just couldn't stick there. But I did manage to. The dresses always came in the parcel post and gradually I discovered that most of the troubles we anticipate never happen. I slowly realized I had to struggle to be

any sort of an individual, and that I could struggle."

Her meals were what she could cook over a tiny Sterno plate. She found out how to get by with the simplest of utensils.

"In the mornings I read sentimental poetry. I liked it best when the rain beat against my window. Then I'd hope some terrible tragedy would occur to me so I should be a wonderful dramatic actress!"

She was in constant rehearsals the afternoons when there weren't matinees, and the manager of the troupe saw that she reached her hotel



This is the life at Palm Springs (remember it's just plain winter most other places), with the Allan Joneses on the latest thing in scooters

safely after the night performances. Men didn't bother her. She was all young blonde innocence, but she wasn't flirtatious and so she didn't attract the undesirable. She was too engrossed with getting ahead to want to have any dates. Besides, she had no money for party clothes.

A NEW stage director joined the company and when he went to Nashville to reorganize there he took Angela McCall, the ingénue, and Mary Boland. The two women are still dear friends.

Six months in Tennessee and Mary had saved her fare to New York and enough to live on for maybe three weeks. She was not quite seventeen, but she sensed that she had to get to the Great White Way to become an important actress.

Her mother, back in Detroit, carefully designed her a taffeta dress in which to dazzle Broadway. It was her only street dress.

In Nashville they had told her of a Mrs. Martin's boardinghouse, catering to theatrical folks of New York. She located there and the very first day began making the rounds of the casting offices.

At the end of two weeks she was still without a rôle. Then she chanced into Sam Harris's office. Last year she starred for him in the play "Jubilee," and many of her Broadway

hits were under his banner. But she roused his ire first. He was then managing second-grade road companies that presented hectic melodramas.

"You're just the girl I'm looking for!" he exclaimed when she walked in. "I'll give you sixty dollars a week on the road, as ingénue."

She smothered a gasp. This much salary was being offered to her! Ecstatically she picked up the proffered manuscript and clutched it closely as she hurried back to the boardinghouse.

At dinner the old actor who sat next to her strongly advised her to accept the marvelous opportunity. But Mary had already begun to figure the world out for herself. She had dared to leave stock and it would be a fatal side-tracking to play in those second-rate shows.

She summoned up the courage to politely inform Mr. Harris so the following morning.

"There are plenty of girls walking the streets who are prettier and more capable than you!" he shrieked.

BUT she blindly stuck to her stand. A sickening uncertainty seized her when she closed the door of his office. She wasn't sure she was right.

Then after three dreadful days she landed a part in a promising first-class production. There were four weeks of try-outs out of town and she was thrilled; she slaved over every nuance of her characterization. The play folded in Chicago.

There was a sympathetic married couple in the cast who took pity on her. Her fare to New York had been guaranteed, but Mrs. Martin's boardinghouse was beyond her now. These friends in need insisted she return to New York and stay with them until she got another rôle. So she did, sleeping on the couch in their sitting room.

"I was walking towards a casting office when I met the man who was head of the Actors' Society. He told me that Robert Edison was desperate for an ingénue, and I was the type. I ran home and borrowed my new friend's coat and hat and walked ten blocks to the theater where Mr. Edison was. I couldn't afford carfare!

I announced myself and when I was shown in he said wearily that I might as well read the part, too. 'You'll be the fourteenth!'" He didn't let her have the script, she had to go back next day and read it cold. She couldn't fail, and so she didn't.

HER acting struggles climaxed then and there. She was on Broadway, opposite the popular Edison, and next season, at eighteen, she went to England with the play. Then she really had to have an evening gown!

"Mother slaved over a black net triumph. She made a sedate, square neck. After we'd opened in London I had my first exciting date. A distinguished Britisher invited me to supper at the Savoy! I could see mother's masterpiece wasn't stylish enough, and I'd always yearned for pink satin. So I rushed out and bought the satin and took it to a dressmaker who promised to be economical. There were no sleeves and it was décolleté. When I was positive every fold and tuck were correct I courtesied to myself in my mirror.

I was in London society! But woe followed.

When my gallant escort and I were ushered into the magnificent dining salon our waiter tripped and spilled consomme all over my gown! I did what any girl does—endeavored to be nonchalant. I wanted to sob; my evening was ruined. But I tried to pass it off as though I had dozens of such gowns at home.”

Charles Frohman, the Broadway-London theater king of that time, was so entranced with her stage charm that he engaged her to be John Drew's leading woman, replacing Billie Burke. So before she was out of her 'teens she was playing opposite one of the theater's greatest idols. She was his last heroine, for five seasons.

After that it was one success after another. She was set.

Except so far as love was concerned. The family, back in Detroit, was invariably taken care of first. To insure her concentration upon the career that enabled her to make things easier for them, Mary pasted Kipling's adage in the wardrobe trunk that stood in her dressing room. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

It wasn't cried over, this brave motto, until she was twenty-eight.

Then she met *him*, the only man who ever mattered as a man can to a woman. He was seventeen years older than she, a polished, cultured gentleman. In the beginning it was mutual respect; but he had all the qualities of splendid manhood in addition to social rank and similar tastes.

The family kept Mary Boland single. Not by any express interference. But he wanted her to give up the theater and if she stopped

working the weekly checks home would have had to stop. She refused to let him assume any of her responsibilities. Her sister had married and was left a widow with two children; this was another burden she had to help lighten. He pleaded with her, of course. There were anguished moments between them. But Mary wasn't in a position to marry yet. She couldn't—!

And so she learned that a woman doesn't have to have love. There are other things in life.

She attacked her career with renewed vigor and, by accident, evolved into a comedienne. Lynn Fontanne went to Europe, forsaking an hilarious part in "Clarence." The producer was in a dilemma and begged Mary to go to Atlantic City and essay the rôle for the tryout there.

She was so mirth-provoking that she kept on with it for a year and a half. That started her in lighter vein, in the mood in which she has clicked in Hollywood. Although, as I am sure you know, she can still be compelling in straight dramas.

SHE is thoroughly sold on California after spending last winter on Broadway.

When she took her last leave of absence from Paramount she headed East with her party, which included her mother and her mother's companion, her chauffeur and his wife who is her maid, her secretary, and her two dogs.

One week after the play opened her mother died. Within three weeks her chauffeur became so ill she had to put him in a hospital; when he was sufficiently recovered she had to send him West and his wife, too, to look after him.

Her secretary was taken sick and she had to send him back.

Her best friend, meanwhile died. One of the dogs became sick and it, too, had to be shipped to the Coast.

Now she is busy on pictures. She isn't, as you'd suppose, socially inclined. She likes bridge with a couple of chums, and she reads a lot. Lately she's been going over Dickens once more.

IN the storeroom of her mansion, in a far corner, stands the old wardrobe trunk. With its adage, a bit frayed, still pasted on the inside of the lid.

Her father, her sister, and her mother are no longer her problems.

She was poor and now she lives in a beautiful house in Beverly Hills. Its furnishings are exquisite and in the center of the garden she wished for is a gem-like swimming pool sparkling in the California sun.

She has the security she's earned entirely through her own efforts, the affection of the few intimates she's permitted herself to have.

And she has fame—an option on the attention of millions of distant, unknown fans.

She doesn't say anything about falling in love now that she is free of family responsibility.

Mary Boland has plumbed that other kind of love, unfaltering faithfulness to one's family. She says she only did her duty. She says she is happy, probably more so than if she had married.

But she is afraid it may be too late to begin afresh and seek the sort of love she might have had!

Skin Flaky?



WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?



HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

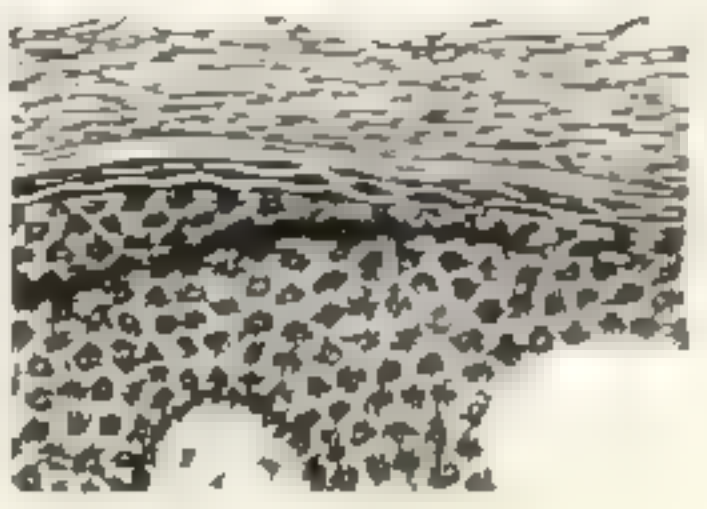
"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!



How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can melt them off!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. 15-VB, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

grown so absurdly minute with the passing of years grow great again. There's nobody but Katharine Hepburn who could convincingly turn into a page of Godey's Lady's Book—fragile and brittle as a pressed flower—and yet alive.

Furthermore, "A Woman Rebels" contains some of the finest photography we've seen.

ESTELLE L. KATZ,
Brockton, Mass.

ruthlessness, and tenderness. By the mere set of this man's jaw can be read every emotion. He is what is known as an Actor!

In this age of Taylors and Gables, Gary's following has increased instead of diminishing; his type of restrained romancing seems to be just as pleasing to the female of the species as the more flamboyant antics of his contemporaries.

From out of the wastes of Montana came this

\$1.00 Prize

New and Nifty

From the millions of fans who keep demanding something new and different—here's a tribute to Martha Raye, that inimitable new laugh personality. She's so unlike any female comedian thus far seen on the screen, that it's a rare treat to watch any of her side-splitting performances.

Maybe she's not pretty, but we can't say that she's not attractive. She's got that certain something that makes you want to see more and more of her luni-antics and hear more of her ultra modern swing voice.

If Martha Raye is included in the cast of a picture, it's well worth seeing.

CONSTANCE HAGLOF,
Brockton, Mass.

\$1.00 Prize

On His Way—

Errol Flynn's performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was arresting, establishing him all the more firmly as a stellar, versatile actor.

He is, I submit, the genuine article—handsome, dashing, charming, and the fortunate possessor of a trumpet clear voice with a pleasing tone. And the fact that he looks and acts like a swashbuckling adventurer and gallant soldier of fortune is, I feel, the secret of his tremendous popularity and appeal. His own hardy adventures and experiences have prepared him for the types of rôles he portrays, and he imparts to them a sparkle and lithesome bounce and a rollicking zest second to none. If, as is written, "vitality is the secret of all greatness," then Errol Flynn, with a merry twinkle in his Irish eyes, is well on his way to winning the topmost honors the screen has to offer.

HOYT MCAFEE,
Forest City, N. C.

Enough Is Enough

After sitting through "Anthony Adverse" and "The Great Ziegfeld" both of which I was tremendously eager to see, I have come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as giving the public far too much for its money. The Ziegfeld show lasted exactly three hours and fifteen minutes, and my party left the theater exhausted and in no mood to appreciate any part of the program except its conclusion. It is humanly impossible to keep audiences sitting so long and keep them under the spell of the picture. You should have heard the sighs, the restless wriggling, the diminution of enthusiasm that marked the audience. Two hours is plenty long enough for any picture.

MRS. E. H. LOTT,
Baton Rouge, La.

Hands Across the Sea

I am the single subscriber to PHOTOPLAY in Timisoara, Roumania. I wait always with eagerness the arrival of the magazine. But alas, very often I must wait a very long time till we have it. We are very far from New York!

The last American film I saw was "The



So you always thought Bob Taylor stood out like a flag, did you? And you were positive "Society Doctor" was his first movie? So did we—but no. Here's America's fever-giver in his honest-to-goodness first rôle, in the late Will Rogers picture "Handy Andy." Hasn't changed so much, has he?

\$1.00 Prize

Franchot a Smoothie

In a movie world of trifling heart-breaking playboys, popular lads about town, and adventurous thrill seeking he-men, Franchot Tone, with his pleasantly soft voice and frank boyish smile, his polished reserved manner, adds a note of sincerity and refinement to every picture in which he appears. He is one actor who can be counted upon to give a smooth flawless performance. Remember for example, "Dangerous," "The King Steps Out" and "Suzy." Here's to Franchot Tone, always the perfect gentleman. May he never disappoint us!

MARION NEWMAN,
Long Beach, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize

A Garland for Gary

For consistency, virile manliness and excellence of performance I nominate Gary Cooper!

This long, lean, lanky cowpuncher has developed into one of the most pleasing and competent performers on the screen; merely by walking across a room he can convey to his audience, anger, happiness, indecision, action

man of silence to bring pleasure to the hearts of the multitude. Fate works many strange things.

THOMAS NATHAN PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 Prize

Short Division

My bouquet is for division among three lovely ladies, whose sincerity, charm and talent have given me many happy movie hours. They are Kay Francis, Frieda Inescort and Gail Patrick.

These three tall, impeccably groomed charm-ers are always dressed distinctively, yet in the most conservative taste. They move with grace, they speak in quiet cultured tones, their scenes are played with feeling, yet with admirable restraint. They are ladies in the truest sense of the word, and somehow they make the Crawfords, Lombards and Harlows, in their dashing costumes, exaggerated make-ups and over-emphasized personalities, seem so many screeching burlesque queens.

Continued success to Kay, Frieda and Gail, exponents of the soft pedal on and off the screen.

MABEL IRENE KELLY,
Edmonton, Canada

Littlest Rebel" with Shirley Temple. I find Miss Temple the most talented and charming little actress in the world. Her acting is so natural and still very educated.

I remember as a child I was delighted when my English Governess went with me to the movies to see Jackie Coogan. For me it was the maximum of pleasure. Now, I must go with my three-year-old little boy to see Shirley. I think he is her smallest admirer. Not only children, but also grownups, are delighted at her charm and loveliness. Awaiting more Shirley Temple pictures.

F. GERGEN.
Timisoara, Roumania

What—No Glamour?

After seeing Ruth Chatterton in several pallid rôles, I had the privilege recently of seeing her current picture "Dodsworth." Which caused me to meditate "why do screen actresses think they must portray saccharine, glamorous women in order to win and keep audiences?"

I find in my screen memories that the clearest etchings are those characterizations which were filmed without benefit of glamour—no stunning wardrobes, no overwhelming party scenes; just true portrayals of difficult or perhaps unattractive characters, dependent solely upon the actor's capability. Consider Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage," Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie," Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night" and Florence Eldridge, who in one magnificently hateful rôle (Queen Elizabeth), made herself unforgettable. Of these Bette was by far the most outstanding.

I had hoped to see Joan Crawford submerged, and Peg emerge in "The Gorgeous Hussy." Alas, the picture should have been called "Gorgeous Joan." Ruth Chatterton has again come into her own as one of the foremost American actresses, thanks to her interpretation of *Dodsworth's* wife.

MARGARET ROEHR,
Topeka, Kan.

Dancing Deities

Not all of us were "Born to Dance" like Eleanor Powell, but we all enjoy watching her intricate routines. And Ruby Keeler, going into her dance, is irresistible. Ushered in by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose glamorous dancing in "The Gay Divorcee" first made Americans dance-conscious, the dancing vogue is sweeping the country. Elaborate chorus effects and solo numbers are high spots in pictures today.

Nearly all the movie newcomers are masters of the dance. It's gotten so that the stars would almost rather have the lead in a swing show than do "Camille" or "Hamlet."

LYSBETH GATES,
Piqua, Ohio.

No Artifice Wanted

Anyone tired of glamorous sophisticated ladies with sweeping lashes, microscopic arched brows, veiled glances and tragic languorous airs? Anyone a bit weary of husky accented tones, or brittle clipped voices? Then turn to a girl who is truly lovely, a girl who is alert with youth, glowing with fresh natural beauty and vibrant with life—Anne Shirley. She needs none of the artifices of the siren—she is entirely captivating as her own spirited self.

MARGARET HAGEN,
Roland, Iowa.

TRY-OUT

CUT! BADLY OFF KEY, MISS. BUT STICK AROUND AND WE MIGHT TRY YOU LATER.

SORRY, MR. DOYLE; I'M JUST TOO MISERABLE TO SING. BUT I JUST KNOW I'LL BE FIT TOMORROW.

IT'S THE TIME OF MONTH, BUT TOMORROW--

THERE'S NO "TOMORROW" IN THE SHOW BUSINESS! THIS MIDOL WILL FIX THOSE PAINS NOW.

YOU SURE STAGED A COME-BACK! WE CAN USE YOU.

OH THANKS! MR. DOYLE, AND THANK YOU, MISS....

AND THANKS TO MIDOL! IT HAS SAVED THE DAY MANY TIMES—FOR MANY WOMEN.

A KNOWING woman no longer gives-in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every

month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

Would you like to enjoy a new freedom? Then try Midol—in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

START A BUSINESS at home

—like J. R. Sammons of Billings, Mont. Started a Fyr-Fyter Dealership in his home a few years ago. MADE PROFITS OVER \$6,900 IN 1935. Business in 1936 will exceed 1935 record. Inspect, Service and Refill all types of Approved Fire Extinguishers. Previous experience unnecessary. We train and advance you to Dealership for complete line of Fyr-Fyter Extinguishers. Schools, stores, homes, auto and truck owners, farmers, warehouses, churches, factories, filling stations, public utilities, etc., are your prospects. Use your home as headquarters. No stock investment required. Real opportunity for men past middle age as well as younger men. Write a letter giving full information about yourself and past work to THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY, Dept. 3-14, Dayton, Ohio.

Use DERMOL

NEW RELIEF FOR PSORIASIS

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

Generous trial size 25c stamps or coin

Dermol has been used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Non-staining. Grateful users report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again after years of suffering with scaly patches. Dermol is backed by a positive agreement to give chronic sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. Beautifully illustrated book on psoriasis and Dermol FREE. Trial bottle and amazing PROOF OF RESULTS 25c to those who send in druggist's name and address. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.

LAKE LABORATORIES
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Her EYES Won Him

CLEAR..MILKY WHITE..LUSTROUS

THOUSANDS CLEAR EYES..In Seconds..New Easy Way

EYES reddened or prominently veined by late hours or over-indulgence—thousands of girls now clear them in seconds. With new scientific EYE-GENE. And what a difference when whites are clear—sparkling white! Money back if it fails. Refreshes, soothes tired eyes like magic. Stainless—safe. Get EYE-GENE at any drug or department store.

EYE-GENE

Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Madcap Love of the Errol Flynnns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

tricks—and of course they met, on a luxury liner America-bound!

The golden legend of the Love of Lili and Errol paints us the picture. We can see Lili in the grand saloon of the ship, surrounded by gaping males in claw-hammer coats. The big Irishman notices her and feels his collar catching fire. Elbowing through the throng, he asks her to dance.

Pulling Trick No. 1 out of her coquette bag, she says, "Come back in five minutes." Flynn didn't like this, but he did. Damita, following her plan of campaign, not new but forever good, probably said, "Oh, I'll see you around!" The old gag worked, as it always does, and Flynn said to himself, "I want that." Lili, still besieged by the hopeful horde, said the same internally. Obviously, it couldn't be long—and of course it wasn't!

ONCE in Hollywood, things began to hot up. Damita, then still raking in the blue chips from the studios, took up her film commitments, while Big Boy reported at Warners under a modest salary agreement. And all this time the terrifying type of forest fire love raged with redoubled violence.

Flynn moved helplessly toward matrimony, fighting every step of the way.

"I'm not the sort of chap who ever should marry," he told his friends—and a few days later the beautiful couple was off, helter-skelter, to Yuma, and the halter which now hitches them in the holy bonds.

It was inevitable that they should scuffle, and they did—almost from the take-off. In fact, war correspondents were regularly assigned to cover the Flynn-Damita front, and while ducking strong adjectives they wired their papers of bitter word-battles in which nothing was hurt but the feelings. During the filming of "The Green Light," Flynn packed his elegant English luggage and beat a strategic retreat, only to come back with his arms open and declarations of devotion on his lips.

His big break came when Robert Donat, the British Wonder Man, defaulted on playing the leading rôle in "Captain Blood," cut and tailored to his measure after "Monte Cristo," and the big red apple fell into the lap of Errol. He swashed and buckled through this showy part while women moaned and swooned all over the Republic, and within a week he was a big shot in pictures. Fame and adulation didn't take Big Stuff's clear eyes off the main chance. He merely told Jack Warner, with a convincing ring, that he now sported a very costly wife, and another figure or two was added to the proper end of his pay-check!

Kismet, all this time, was delivering its usual kicks in the derrière. As Flynn rode high, Damita was chuting the chutes out of the cinema picture. The time arrived when no one called her but the grocer. Hollywood experts opine that this shift of fortunes had nothing to do with the subsequent shindies, tears, rages and partings, but to this notion I significantly touch my long nose and wink sourly. Nobody can tell me that a famed and beauteous film star is going to be cut down to an occasional quickie, while her recently unknown spouse zooms to fortune, without suffering severe lacerations of her proud spirit. Within a month, Flynn was a hot shot and lovely Lili was practically nothing but his

wife. I needn't say that these things are very tough indeed to take—especially for a girl who has received the back-scratching and goose-greasing that fell to the lush lot of Damita for so many years.

But Flynn stayed strictly in character. Rich or poor, dim or famous, he was the same husky Irishman, heading in a straight line for what he wanted. He began building a house on an inaccessible mountain-top, surrounded by wild beasts and birds of the forest. The lock-step



Miriam Hopkins and Director Rouben Mamoulian are a new nightly combine about town since the fair Miriam returned from England

of married life began to grow as unbearable to him as a tight collar on a dance floor.

He hated the routine. He loathed having his days and evenings reduced to a social chart. Scheduled teas, dinners and the usual Hollywood round of free-for-all parties grew to be rank poison. He was nearly always late for dinner, simply because he hated being told that at eight he was doomed to sit down and attack the soup. If ever a man was distinctly not the marrying kind, it was this tall, handsome come-hither from Ulster.

Lili likes the hot spots, the lights, the music, the bubbles in the thin-stemmed glass, the adoring glances. Errol would probably rather be playing dominoes with Capone in Alcatraz than face a constant course of Hollywood night life. And there the poor things are!

Strictly on the record, these two spectacular people don't belong anywhere within dishurling distance of each other. They are oil and water. And yet, when you see them together, so glorious to look at, you can't help feeling that there is something almost miracu-

lously right about this mad, embattled teaming. They are a truly thrilling sight to see, in all their youth and beauty. As a vision of what two human beings can be when the Creator really bears down, they are nothing short of superb. As a married pair they are undoubtedly the leading example of marital madness.

Delectable Damita became what she is at present by a long course of private and semi-public worship. For years she was kept busy clambering from under mountains of costly flowers and saying yes, no and perhaps to a long and glittering line of love-struck swains. Flynn became the independent, non-conforming realist the hard way.

The son of a professor at Queen's University in Belfast, Errol didn't do much with book-learning, and in practically no time the kid was in Tasmania, at the other end of the world. He had the true stout heart and eager spirit of the adventurer. He was all jumbled up with gold and head-hunters in fabulous New Guinea, and took a good, sound rooking from high-pressure finance wolves. He was in the pearl trade in Tahiti, and appears to have been a member of the British Olympic boxing team at Amsterdam in '28. He touched all the bases, and loved it—and if, in a few weeks, he is reported as chasing the wall-eyed oophus in the Gobi Desert, hardly an eyebrow will be lifted. Flynn's like that.

He is probably the most surprised man in the world, even yet, to find himself married to a petted beauty to whom socializing and mass mauling are the very breath of life.

But there it is—the unfathomable chemical reaction commonly called love has this badly-matched, ill-mated couple in a death grip, and it shows no signs of letting go, scream and struggle though they may and do.

What can their future hold but incessant battles and passionate embraces, and perhaps a final, irreparable explosion for a grand finale? I frankly don't know—your guess, and theirs, is as good or better than mine.

It is too much to expect that Lili, the caressed kitten, and Flynn, the clear-eyed adventurer and opportunist, will change so radically that their schemes of life will ultimately meet and blend. How can we hope for that? No—I fear they will continue to be what they are—beautiful, tigerish, proud lovers and haters tossed into each other's arms by snickering Fate. The Great Parting of Nov. 15, 1936, was followed by the Great Reconciliation of Nov. 26—and these things can go on and on, and will.

I only know that here, in the mad mismatching of Lili Damita and Errol Flynn, we find a rare and perfect example of love in the grand manner. No timorous, half-hearted union based on a common liking for badminton, but a full-blooded, ardent love affair, heedless of consequences, in which anything can happen and invariably does.

I dare swear that no good will come of it, at long last. But I also say that we can be very grateful for the Flynn-Damita melange as a spectacle and as a reminder that the race is not yet dying of pernicious anemia. And we can also be thankful, perhaps, noting this weird mingling of hell and heaven, that we take our own romances with a spoonful of salt. Or are you?

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Paramount

HOMESPUN to a degree, and as clean as a new shirt, this offers the overwhelming group who clamor for unsophisticated entertainment its money's worth. It concerns a nature columnist who gets mixed up with killer politicians. When they kidnap him, he is saved by his friends the Boy Scouts. Charles Ruggles and Alice Brady provide the humor.

GREAT GUY—Grand National

A SUBDUED James Cagney returns to the screen in a pepless story of a minor government official who runs afoul of crooked politicians. Mae Clarke as Cagney's doubting sweetheart is pleasing. Edward Brophy and James Burke are mildly amusing. Very average fare lacking briskness, pace and suspense. Cagney fans will be disappointed at Jimmy's lack of cockiness.

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M

FOR a number of reasons, this action-filled murder yarn fails to entertain. Three murders within three days wiping out three members of a millionaire's family leaving only daughter Margaret Lindsay alive to trust in reporter lawyer Bruce Cabot's efforts to save her will give you the idea. No comedy relief, brittle acting, poor dialogue and direction are some of the reasons it's so poor.

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—Melody Pictures

UNPRETENTIOUS comedy played ingratiatingly by Pinky Tomlin as a farm boy who wants to be a songwriter. He comes to New York, is given the run around by a gang of crooks who want his songs. Toby Wing and her brother, Arthur Houseman, aid Pinky to get a better deal. Houseman as a drunken lawyer gives an amusing performance. Trite, but aided considerably by Pinky's inimitable singing.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—GB

A MODERN love story with a New York and London background, this picture is better acted than plotted. It concerns the murder of an unknown derelict in the apartment of a fashionable doctor (Otto Kruger) and his supposed wife (Leonora Corbett). The action goes into reverse and shows the past life of the principals, and the not very convincing reasons for the shooting. The English cast is satisfactory.

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—GB

BASED on Edgar Wallace's "The Northing Tramp," this semi-mystery rattles around at a harum scarum rate; manages to be fairly amusing. It tells of a lass, who, forced to marriage with a village swain, elopes with a tramp. The tramp turns out to have a lurid past, but a golden future as *Lord Quigley* if he can secure a paper proving his inheritance. The honeymooners flee to Canada pursued by their vicious cousin and two gunmen, one of whom is Noah Beery. After escapades which get dizzier and dizzier, *Lord Quigley* gets the paper; he already has the girl.

Constance Cummings is stilted, Hugh Sinclair bored, and acting honors go to James Arnold and Anne Tucker McGuire as bride and bridegroom, for the best scenes in the picture

CRIMINAL LAWYER—RKO-Radio

LEE TRACY as a wise-cracking crooked lawyer who becomes district attorney and takes his job seriously, turns in a convincing and entertaining performance in a rôle that is tailored for him. Margot Grahame as his secretary does nice work, and Eduardo Cianelli as the menacing gambler is outstanding. Good story, clever lines, and plenty of suspense make this picture good entertainment.

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox

THIS exciting air drama overcomes a dragging start uncomplimentary to star, Peter Lorre, gains emotional momentum in a disastrous transatlantic flight and ends in a blaze of acting glory for Brian Donlevy. The plot concerns spy Lorre's efforts to get secret plane blueprints from pilot Donlevy. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck support.

☆ STOLEN HOLIDAY—Warners-First National

CAREFULLY cast as a swank couturière in Paris, Kay Francis wears a different gown in every sequence and forces you to admit in this drama of smart robbery that she is still the best dressed woman on the screen.

Kay as a mannequin in our own Kathleen Howard's gown shop is tricked by Claude Rains, Russian crook, into helping him perpetrate the swindle that sets him on the road to big time mishandling of public funds. Thence the story is taken from the much publicized crash of a combine of pawn shops in France in which the prize scoundrel involved a famous beauty in his downfall. Kay falls in love with Ian Hunter, British diplomat, but marries Rains as a gesture of friendship in a vain attempt to save his reputation.

WAY OUT WEST—Hal Roach—M-G-M

LAUREL and Hardy rollick their way West to deliver a gold mine deed intended for saloon gamin Rosina Lawrence. By mistake they turn it over to dancehall queen, Sharon Lynne, and her bar-owner husband James Finlayson. They avenge their error by slapstick antics that will keep you howling with laughter. The Laurel and Hardy singing and dancing scenes are a riot.

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount

ANOTHER bit of hysteria in the Hollywood epidemic of loony stories set to music. Outside of the imposing list of names there is little to be said of this one. A bright newcomer Ben Blue, steals most of the fun away from George Burns, Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Martha Raye and Mary Boland. Marsh Hunt and Lief Erickson supply the love interest. Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney form a clever team. This should be funnier.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warners

BUILDING steadily in excitement, this vigorous story of rival lumber camps climbs to an explosive climax when the logs belonging to Beverly Robert's camp are deliberately jammed and held by Robert Barrat, owner of a rival camp. Barrat's brother, George Brent, steps in, saves the day, and also wins Miss Roberts for his own. Brent turns in a strong performance as the reformed playboy.

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The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

Young Spence sighed dolefully. Resignation slowed his movements as he crawled out of bed and began to dress.

But not for long. The Tracys were never a clan to surrender easily. One leg encased in trousers, one foot poised, Spencer thought—sniffed twice—and acted. So they were going to do this to him, when *he* hadn't ever done anything to *them*! Tears of fury and melodramatic outrage slid down his cheeks as he yanked on his shoes.

Outside the window of his room the roof slanted down; only a foot or so below the eaves was a screen porch, and then an arbor. With the extra precaution of the guilty, he raised the window, inch by inch. His pants tore with an angry sound as he bumped softly down the first stretch of slate, and for a moment he wasn't sure whether the porch roof would hold him or not. The lattice on the side of the arbor gave way as he clung precariously to it, but a soft flower bed was beneath.

He clambered up, took one last, misty look at his old home, and departed hurriedly.

When, gasping, he finally stopped running, nine blocks were between him and the danger of capture. He had never been so far away—alone—before, and he had never been up and out so early in the morning, either. The parkways and the trees had a freshness not yet eaten away by the hot sun, the air hung moist and still cool above the quiet streets. Beside the curb a horse, left waiting with its wagon, stood in utter depression, its bones arranged in geometric patterns under the tight skin. Spencer thoughtfully pulled up a clump of drying grass and proffered it, clod of earth and all. The horse ate first the grass, then the earth, and hung its head again.

SPENCER walked thoughtfully on.

He had headed South, and if you knew Milwaukee in 1907 you remember that South Side; narrow streets and towering, dirty buildings; saloons on every corner and, in between, houses with shuttered windows, alleys. Squalor.

The section was awake and humming when the young runaway reached it. He was fascinated. The gutters were intriguing, running with things that smelled. Fish and garbage, cooking food (and he was getting hungry), alcohol and beer and "Free Lunch" from under the swinging doors, the odor peculiar to streets over which horses habitually trod.

He met Mousie and Rattie, sons of the most successful saloonkeeper in the neighborhood on a corner. They surveyed him belligerently from under their dirty caps (being of the South Side aristocracy they had caps, and also shoes) and Spencer did not flinch. He put up his small fists.

"Wanna fight?" he said.

Mousie and Rattie consulted. "Aw," Mousie said finally, "we could tear yer back-bone out and roll ya up if we wanted to."

White-faced Spencer stood. "I'll fightcha both at once. I'll send ya runnin' home to mama." His lower lip was an insult.

There was a long silence. "I know where there's a swell barrel to make a fort out of," Rattie said casually. "Back in Donovan's alley."

Spencer put his hands in his pockets. "I'll be the captain," he said.

Hours later the frantic Tracys found him there, in Donovan's alley—grimy, sweaty, indomitable captain of the barrel fort. He was perfectly happy.

They brought him home howling, home to tears and loud discussion and bed-without-supper. He began school the next morning.

But Mousie and Rattie were his friends from that day, unto eternity.

He saw them often. On increasingly periodic afternoons Milwaukee's truant officer—one Mr. Fischer—came to the Tracy door and inquired skeptically of the maid if Master



Lottie Pickford died at her home in Beverly Hills on December 10th of a heart attack. Born in Toronto, Canada, on June 9, 1895, Lottie appeared in vaudeville with Mary in Canada, and later was on the screen in many pictures through the early 1920's. A striking brunette, she was married four times. Gwynne, her only daughter, was adopted by Mary Pickford. Her sister's death leaves Mary the only surviving member of a devoted family. Jack and Mrs. Pickford died some years ago.

Spencer's illness was a serious one; and invariably the maid would reply that Master Spencer was very well, thank you; and invariably Mr. Fischer knew where to go.

On the days when Spencer saw fit to attend class his teachers were wont to sigh longingly for the peaceful times when he played hooky. Of the fat, self-flattening spitball he was indisputably master. He devised a special inkwell and put it in two of the front desks, so that when freshly laundered little girls dipped morning pens a spring released jetting floods of black liquid. His gallery of portraits on textbook margins was the finest in the school.

His grades were the worst. The only runner up in any of these activities was a youngster by the name of Pat O'Brien. At the age of fourteen they met, fought to the death behind the school fence, and with noses dripping shook hands in mutual respect. They've been pals ever since.

With adolescence the usual things happened to Spencer. His voice was ridiculous. He began to shave a year before there was anything to shave, he discovered sex (in the idealistic sense) simultaneously with a little red-haired girl down the street. She thought him magnificent.

They held hands and had ice cream and cake together at parties and were dramatically precise about the future. They had only just

decided on what sort of a house they would have, and how many bright-eyed tousle-haired children, when her temper met his in a blast of young fury and he forswore "wimmen" forever.

SOMEHOW, just before his family moved to Kansas City—following John Tracy's business—he managed to wangle a diploma, ribbon and all, from St. Rosa's parochial school. He brought it home in triumph and announced that henceforth he would earn his own way in the world, now that he was educated.

"No," said his father.

In quiet explanatory tone, first, and eventually in hot fury, Spencer pleaded. "You'll go on to school until you've learned the sort of things that make a gentleman," Mr. Tracy shouted, "and I don't want any more argument from you!" This was his last word, and thereafter Spence growled futilely in his locked room. When they were settled in Kansas City he enrolled at St. Mary's.

Shortly after (the reason would be a repetition here) he left that famous institution and went to Rockhurst, where a good thing happened. He met, there, two other boys who thought they were just as tough as he was.

And they were.

At home he nursed in silence his swollen jaw, his black eye and his loosened tooth, and faced himself for the first time. Tall for sixteen, splendid of shoulder, he looked in the mirror over his dresser and asked of the image there, with infinite scorn, "Who do you think you are?"

He dared to review the past honestly then. The egocentric spirit, the belligerent disposition, the conviction that either his fists or his charming Irish grin would carry him through—these his basic qualities. He had no thought for the sheer imagination or the creditable ingenuity, the personal honesty his activities had sprung from. The procession of his own personality was not a pretty thing to him that night.

He made to himself, during the next hour, two or three promises which he has always kept.

Whimsically John Tracy's home office moved back to Milwaukee, dragging the family with it; and Spencer entered West Side High School there with astonishing good grace. He still hated the requisite discipline, the study, the books—but his original attitude had changed completely.

Meanwhile Europe was explosively out for the hide of that mild man with the incongruously fierce mustaches named Wilhelm, Kaiser of unhappy Germany. In Paris a nervous populace awaited the sudden appearance of Boche Gothas, greeting them with darkness, the mourning of sirens, seeking fingers of light; Loos, Amiens, Jouy were names in American newspaper headlines, and young students, when they had finished with local topics, discussed bitterly the outrages to Belgian babies by ogre-like Huns. Propaganda began early here.

Spencer was seventeen when official America decided to repay Lafayette's call. But the strange mob-inspired excitement didn't hit him entirely for a few months.

Eventually, however, it happened. Bands went by, playing. Young ladies with flushed

cheeks offered a carnation and a kiss to any young man who would enlist, and lines of khaki marched past through the Milwaukee streets, and glamour (synthetic, bought and paid for) was inexorably attached to war. It sounded like the most magnificent circus ever arranged in history and no Tracy had ever been known to miss a good show.

SPENCER left his last class of the day one cloudy December afternoon and caught a trolley that was headed downtown. He had tossed his books under a hedge with the happy thought that he would have no more use for them, now that he was going to substitute travel for education; he had decided on the Marines, you see. Naturally he had not taken the family into his confidence. It would be just like them, he knew, to point out that his age would prohibit enlistment and that a lie was a sinful thing.

"I found the enlistment station next door to the famous old Schlitz hotel," Spencer told me; "an occasional man straggled in and then wandered out again, between two very stiff-necked Marines in uniform on either side of the door. I went up, hesitated a minute, and walked right past—I couldn't get my face in any sort of form."

Fifteen times he approached the little station, and paused, and hurriedly went on down the street. Fifteen times the two uniforms, rigidly at attention, stared through him. Finally, on sheer nerve, he went in.

A courteous attendant asked him questions, gave him a blank to fill out, hovered over him as he scribbled.

"Your age, Tracy?" the attendant said, finally.

With eyes blank Spencer started to say, "Twenty, sir," but after so many years of the habit of honesty, his words seemed to speak independently and for themselves.

"Seventeen—and eight months," they said.

The attendant tore up the enlistment blanks, smiling ruefully.

That evening Spencer sat moodily in his room, eyeing the books which he had retrieved from under the hedge on his way home. Rationalization was a tough project, somehow; the exchange of lessons for cannon fire, Milwaukee for all the world, had been too glamorous and too exciting to forget in a few hours. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself, too, for telling the truth when there were so many noble arguments to sustain the lie.

His mother knocked. "Whatever you're sulking about," her voice said, "I'd advise you to stop now. Pat O'Brien's here to see you."

Pat barged into the room grinning, overbrimming with news. "I've joined the Navy!" he told Spencer.

"You're a better liar than I am, if you did," Spencer said, frowning. He recounted shamefacedly his abortive attempt of the afternoon.

"But you crazy Irish Mug," Pat interrupted, finally, "that was the Marine Service. You're old enough for the Navy!" He shouted down Spencer's delighted yelps. "First the Great Lakes Training Station—and then overseas. Sounds pretty good, hmm?"

Spencer was already clattering down the stairs, for consultation with his parents.

His mother wept, but surprisingly Mr. Tracy patted his son on the back and then flung up the evening papers as a barrier to argument. "Let the boy do this thing if he wants to," he said.

Spencer enlisted, and was accepted, the next day—and two days later left with Pat for Great Lakes, where together they fought the war.

A very few things happened. Spencer got a blister on his heel from too much drilling; he escaped the flu epidemic; and when, six months later, his company was transferred to Norfolk, he went for a cruise on a whale boat in the bay. Most important of all, his friendship with Pat O'Brien was cemented into a lasting entity, never to be broken. Before they could get into it, the war ended and they were mustered out of service. The two boys stood glumly in civilian clothes waiting for the Milwaukee train.

Pat lit a cigarette. "What now, have you any idea?" he asked, shaking the match languidly.

Spencer looked vaguely at the platform. "I hadn't thought of that, exactly," he said. "What—what would you think of our going to New York and becoming actors?"

"Actors?" cried Pat. "Actors? Holy Cow."

Spencer's ambition led him into strange paths. He stared starvation in the face looking for a job as an actor; then he fell in love with the leading lady! Don't miss next month's colorful installment of the star's life story

Secrets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

skating star, soon to be seen in pictures, advocates the addition of a half a pound of rich starch to the bath followed by a vinegar rinse, a half a pint to a tub. We tried it and agreed that it leaves the skin lovely and soft.

There are any number of other secrets that we could tell you—that Virginia Bruce believes that peroxide keeps the nails flexible and unstained, that Jean Harlow is a firm believer in oil treatments for the hair and that her choice is castor oil, that blonde Barbara Pepper keeps her skin light by using a paste of cornmeal and buttermilk—but the most important thing is to notice what soft, clear

skin and white hands our very old ladies have. They realized the value of sweetness and daintiness and femininity as we, who are too preoccupied with jobs and bustle and women's rights, do not. If a woman hasn't these things she has thrown away her greatest claim to charm. Don't forget—It's the extra little bit of effort that pays the dividends.

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Ginger Was Threatened With Death!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

and your mother will be filled so full of holes you will look like a sieve. I have been watching you and your mother all the time. Any attempt to notify the police and we will kill your mother and if you don't believe it, make one slip and we will get her and you both.

"I want bills in 100, 50, and 20 denominations. You will proceed to Long Beach Wednesday night, Dec. 9. You will be followed all the way by two of my men. You will wrap the money in paper and leave it at the Anchorage cafe or beer parlor in Long Beach at 11 p.m. Leave it for John Wilkinson. You will make an attempt to disguise yourself so you will not be known. Warning: No slip OR ELSE —"

J. Edgar Hoover's Los Angeles force of G-men swung into action. No time must be lost. Once before Ginger had received a similar threat. No word of this ever had been made public and nothing ever came of it. But the writer was never caught. But on this occasion not so much as one hint had reached either Ginger or her mother that their lives were in danger. In fact, neither knew of it until the next morning when two thin-lipped men presented themselves at Ginger's dressing room.

"WE will be around for awhile, Miss Rogers," they said. "You are not to worry but a letter threatening you and your mother has been received. We'll try not to get in your way but we'll be around."

She knew one moment of fear when the operatives revealed the details of the note. Not to know where the danger was, when it might confront her, what form it would take, was the worst. And the least—to be pumped full of lead—was none too small.

It might be a jokester with a grim sense of humor, she tried to reason. It might be from someone made desperate by hunger or want. It might be the strange complex of someone angered by imagined hurt or neglect. Whatever it was, it was the work of a maladjusted mind and maladjusted minds can drive people to frightful extremes.

"Try not to worry," the G-men again said. "Just keep in touch with the studio or your home at all times. We'll keep an eye on you."

At no time were the G-men obvious in their care of Ginger but from that moment she was never out of sight of them. When her car drove away from a curb, another followed it a few paces to the rear. Quiet men sat near her when she dined out. Lounging in the shadows of the big rehearsal hall at the studio, where she was rehearsing for "Stepping Toes," her next picture with Fred Astaire, were men who had eyes but for one person, Ginger.

The extortion note was received on November 26th, thirteen days before the stated contact was to be made and the money paid.

Naturally no word of the situation was to leak out. But inevitably the newspapers did learn of it and printed what they knew.

The breaking of the story in the papers altered the entire situation. All concerned felt sure the extortionist would drop all further efforts. Only a fool would continue after being warned that G-men were on the trail.

Ginger frankly was disappointed. She had planned to follow the directions given her in

the note explicitly, to go to the cafe and herself make the contact!

Why? Well, for one thing, there's a lot more than sparkling beauty behind those lovely eyes of hers. There's courage. If by her actions, apparently legitimate, the criminal could be caught, Ginger reasoned, might serve as a deterrent to others with dangerous ideas. And a protection to others who might otherwise suffer. For another, Ginger was willing to face that danger for Hollywood's sake, to let the world know that stars aren't all frightened enough to pay off. She was one who was willing to see it through.

Just as they were all beginning to relax another letter arrived a few days later. This one began with the word WARNING in capital letters and written in red pencil.

"Just to remind you," it read, that you are being watched and you are acting suspicious. If you get too suspicious you will be *taken care of*.

"The \$5000 will be in unmarked bills." (There were further specifications of no markings and no serial numbers to run consecutively.) "You change the date of delivery from Dec. 9 to Dec. 5th at 11 p.m."

"The Anchorage Cafe is down past the navy landing and you had better not forget."

"You had better not be recognized and better not be followed by cops."

"LAST WARNING."

The final warning was also written in red pencil for emphasis. The G-Men prepared to swing into action. But they pointblankly refused to permit Ginger to appear for the rendezvous with her unknown threatener.

Ginger argued but the operatives were adamant. They had systems in catching such criminals, they pointed out, systems in which each person played a highly important part. One slip by an untrained actor (which was quite a blow to Ginger's pride) in the unfolding of the capture drama and all the careful plans would go for naught. Ginger saw the reason of it; ruefully she admitted there could be no retakes on this scene. She withdrew.

She must have given the men watching her a few bad moments, at that, a few nights before the date of the contact. Determined not to be left out of the excitement entirely (as if having a sudden and violent death hanging over her head was not excitement enough) Ginger played detective one night.

It was only fair, she felt, to be allowed to at least see the spot where all the excitement was to take place. And so, without a word to anyone she and Billy Bakewell drove to Long Beach. And smack into a strange experience.

The Anchorage Cafe is a hang-out for sailors and men who earn their living around the wharves. I suppose it is quite all right for what it professes to be but certainly it is no smart cocktail spot or tea dansante. Nor is it well known or easy for a stranger to locate. The result was that Ginger and Billy didn't locate it.

After cruising up and down streets without much success, Ginger spied a sailor strolling up a street with a girl on his arm. If The Anchorage was a favorite gathering place for sailors, this one ought to know its whereabouts. They stopped the car.

"Hey, Sailor!" they called out. "Where's The Anchorage?"

The man stopped, stared a moment and then approached the car. Plainly he was flustered. Carefully he looked Ginger and Billy over, peering into the back of the car before answering.

"Uh—er—uh, it's down that street," he finally said, pointing to a nearby lane. Then he and his girl *ran* from sight.

Ginger has a strong feeling, hunch, premonition—call it what you will—that she spoke that night to the man who had threatened her with death! She had felt from the first, and so told the authorities long before he was captured, that the man they were seeking was a sailor!

How close she was to the truth she probably never will know. The darkness of the night made it impossible for her to identify him by pictures later published and she has never since met him face to face.

Came the night for the contact. Friday, December 4th at 11 p.m. Ginger consoled herself by going to a movie since she was excluded from the actual capture or attempt at capture! Mrs. Rogers rehearsed her play. Neither knew, as a matter of fact, that the extortionist had been captured until ten o'clock the next morning when J. Edgar Hoover released the news in Washington, D.C. simultaneously with word of the boy's signed confession.

AS I said, I must keep faith and not reveal the actual workings of the capture. But it was a clever piece of brainwork and acting!

The writer of the note turned out to be a twenty year old youth, James F. Hall, a sailor attached to the aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Lexington, then in the San Pedro harbor. He is slim, dark, of medium height, and rather good looking. One blot mars the record of his life—a term served at a boys' reformatory.

Since his was a federal offense—using the mails to defraud under threat of death—he was taken before the federal grand jury in Los Angeles. He indicated he would plead guilty and by the time you read this, probably will be behind Federal prison bars. His sentence may be from one to twenty years at the discretion of the judge. So much for his crime and punishment.

What led him to do such a foolhardy, dangerous thing? Probably the strangest reason in history!

Ginger had long been his favorite actress, he said. He had not missed one of her pictures. He had, in fact, "fallen for" her in a big way.

"Since I've been to see all her pictures and paid money for them, why shouldn't she pay me for such adoration?" was his amazing justification for his crime. He added the death threat to the demand for the \$5000, he said, because he figured she would not pay any attention to it otherwise.

He got attention but not only Ginger's. Uncle Sam was interested too and will be for some time, from one to twenty years.

Wisely, Ginger has kept entirely out of the picture since his capture, permitting herself no maudlin sympathy. More important than her natural feeling of sorrow that the criminal turned out to be a youth of twenty is her feeling that the public, which means you and you and you, must be protected from such menace. Therefore she has not sought leniency for the man but is letting the law take its course!

On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"It is all very well for you to do your duty to the fans and get writer's cramp," we remarked as he scribbled his name for us across an old broken-down envelope, "but why are you so cheerful about it?"

Penner positively smirked. "I can't help but remember," he said, "how six or seven years ago, when I was a vaudeville punk and terribly impressed by film stars, I perched myself on a wooden box outside the Carthay Circle and watched the premiere of 'Holiday' with Ann Harding. I saw stars giving autographs and I thought to myself, I wonder if anybody will ever ask Joe Penner to sign his name to something. I didn't have much money then and little prospect. Well, now that people do ask me for my autograph, I guess I can give cheerfully and be glad too."

ABOUT the time that Joe was struggling in third-rate variety rôles Jack Benny, now the big boy of radio, was emerging from vaudeville obscurity and beginning to make a name for himself with his delightfully casual, sly humor, at the Los Angeles Orpheum theater. But he, too, remembers the days when, like Penner, he wasn't making big money, which brings up the story which is getting the most chuckles along Hollywood radio front this month.

It seems that Mary Livingstone (or Mrs. Jack Benny) is enjoying to the hilt the current family prosperity. She has star sapphires and diamonds galore, and she decks herself out for those evening Jello broadcasts like Buckingham Palace. Looks mighty purty, too, we'll admit, even though she takes herself a little big. Well, Mary has been sick this year. She had to have her tonsils out and as a consequence pay a lot of calls at the doctor's office. One day when she walked in for her treatment, and the nurses and attendants didn't snap to attention in the manner in which she thought they should, she launched a few minor histrionics. Her sister, Betty, who had accompanied her, tapped Mary on the shoulder and in *sotto voce*, but clearly audible to all, said: "Tut, tut! Sadie, (Mary's real name) remember Macy's basement!"

Our major casualty of the month was the loss of one of Ginger Rogers' beautiful new brown curls as she was leaving the Lux radio theater. Although fourteen C. B. S. ushers were doing their darnedest to guard her from the overzealous admiration of her adoring fans, some gal with a pair of shears reached way over and snipped a curl right off. A detail of local bluecoats was immediately thereafter delegated to patrol exits and entrances on subsequent occasions.

They needed those cops too, for a most embarrassing thing had occurred at the Robert Taylor broadcast of "Saturday's Children." Two enterprising kids got into the theater ahead of everybody, sneaked up to the gallery and opened the fire escape doors, letting in all their pals and a lot of strangers to the total of about one hundred and fifty. The first the C. B. S. ushers knew of this *coup d'état* was when they were thrown into a dreadful state of confusion by the yelling and screaming and pushing of some one hundred and fifty disappointed and legitimate ticket holders, when the theater doors were closed smack in their faces.

Are Bing Crosby and Bob Burns really

jealous of one another? We don't know for sure, but we wouldn't be surprised if there is some professional rivalry, although on the surface they are fine friends and show each other courtesy and thoughtfulness. They're both pretty nice guys and it would be startling if either one of them was guilty of bad taste in actually quarreling. However, here's the dope which started those jealousy rumors rumbling and reverberating along radio row:

Bing receives something like \$3,500 weekly, which is real dough. Bob gets less than \$1,000 weekly. Now the Burns contribution to the Kraft Music Hall entertainment is practically as important as Bing's. In fact, during Bing's vacation in Honolulu, while Bob was running things, the show stood up and didn't drop a bit in its Crosby rating. It's highly possible that such facts might make Bob wonder if he shouldn't be getting more of a Bing Crosby salary; also they might make Bing, who is a good business man for all his casual don't care ways, realize that he had a more formidable rival in Bob than was absolutely safe.

Along radio row, too, we think that the death of Fay Webb affected and will affect Rudy Vallee far more than people who have followed the newspaper accounts of the terrible matrimonial-legal battle ever realized. It seems that although Rudy fought Fay to the last inch, and although she spared no ammunition on him, that although outwardly they evidenced only violent hatred toward each other, it was—well, just one of those things. They say that hatred is very close kin to what is called love. At any rate, Vallee broke down and cried bitterly when news of the death of his former wife was conveyed to him. And, as you know, he did not broadcast that week.

What's all this about glamorous screen Romeos and beautiful feminine stars taking their shoes off for broadcasts? Right on the stage, too, in front of people. Lots of times, we've gingerly kicked off our number eights underneath the table at a restaurant, or in the darkness of the theater, but don't think we'd ever have the crust to take off our shoes when we're performing in front of people. Well, we must report, it is done and by our best Hollywood people. Boy, page Mrs. Post and let her give a good shudder.

OUR No. 1 Glamour boy, Mr. Robert Taylor, worked in his stocking feet through all his rehearsals for that broadcast with Olivia de Havilland. His explanation: he'd been on his feet all day at the studio and he was tired. I don't think he'd put his shoes on for the big show itself if it hadn't been for Olivia.

That was our first shock. A couple of weeks later, poking around backstage at the Hollywood Hotel preview of "Theodora Goes Wild," with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas, our horrified eyes spied Miss Dunne tripping blithely about in bedroom slippers. They were attractive slippers—pale blue embroidered mules—but they weren't shoes! Her feet hurt too, she said.

Margot Grahame goes them all one better. She gets right out on the stage for the big show in her stocking feet. Says it gives her better balance. Now, if somebody would only go barefooted—!

Miss Dunne is one of our girls who doesn't like radio very well. "It is a strange medium,"

RAW, TENDER NOSE

(and no wonder!)



When Sniffles Start—Use KLEENEX!

• Don't suffer nose torture during colds! Put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex the instant sniffles start! For Kleenex is so soft, so absorbent that irritation is almost impossible. What's more, Kleenex tends to retain germs, and thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

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KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of
Cellucotton (not cotton)

she told me. "It makes me nervous. I much prefer stage or pictures."

Whether or not she likes it, she's pretty good at it, in our opinion. She works with her lines more than anyone we have ever heard rehearse for a broadcast, reading them different ways and trying for different inflections. We also heard her make several very sound script suggestions to Producer Bill Bacher, suggestions which were adopted.

WE used to think that Joan Crawford held the palm for nervousness in front of the microphone, but our candidate now is Fred Astaire. Once he is on the air, he is perfectly calm and collected, but my, oh my, the nervous tantrums he has during rehearsal. He is as temperamental as they come, picking up music and slamming it down on the floor, jumping all over this person and that one. He usually succeeds in getting his cast and crew in a high state of jitters.

Freddie doesn't like autograph collectors and he runs like a wild deer from crowds. Once last month, in his haste to make an exit from the stage and out the side door, before fans could get to him, he knocked over a musician and the musician's stand. That was the day he was in such a hurry that he ran out in his tap shoes, leaving his every-day brogans behind.

In contrast to his orchestra leader, the jovial Mr. Johnny Green who sweeps up to

N. B. C. in a big Packard with chauffeur, Mr. Astaire, (along with Mrs. Astaire who goes everywhere he goes), hides from prying eyes in the back of his station wagon.

Johnny Green, by the way, is making his mark as a *beau gallant* in Hollywood. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor have nothing on Mr. Green when it comes to pickin' 'em. He brings a different girl friend to every broadcast. One night it is Ginger Rogers, another Simone Simon, then there was Wendy Barrie and at last sight, Sylvia Sydney. Johnny plunks them proudly in a front seat and takes his position on the stage where he puts on a fine act, tuning up the orchestra, waving the baton, trying out this instrument or that. He is a good showman as well as a good musical director.

Joan Crawford is getting over some of that microphone fright which used to make life miserable for her. At the broadcast of "Elizabeth the Queen" with Franchot Tone, she was much more at ease than we have ever seen her. True, as a precautionary measure, they pushed a chair up against her knees so they wouldn't wobble too much, but although we watched closely we didn't see a single quiver.

Joan was all done up for the broadcast in a black evening dress with a gold lace trim and she looked pretty darned elegant. She had a couple of gardenias to carry, which had come not from Franchot, but from a clerk at the Western Union telegraph office to whom Joan

had sent two tickets but who at the last minute couldn't get off for the show.

It was practically a French love fest when Adolphe Menjou and Lily Pons took the air in "Conversation Piece," the Noel Coward play. During rehearsals excited French vowels and verbs were being tossed all over the place. Adolphe speaks very good French, of course, and went right into his foreign language number immediately when he met Lily. They hit it off beautifully and were pals from the first, so much so that on the evening of the show, Adolphe showed up with a beautiful armful of flowers which he presented to Lily "in admiration of your charm and talent."

What did the devoted Andre Kostelanetz, Lily's fiance, say? Well, of course, he was very pleased by it, but paid little attention. He was giving his careful attention to Lily's work, sitting up in the control room, listening to the Pons' voice, and signaling her through the glass when to raise, or lower her voice.

You've heard some new rumors about radio moving back from Hollywood to New York? Don't believe 'em. The new N. B. C. building, built just a year ago, and believed at the time large enough to take care of radio expansion for the next ten years, is so filled that important shows, like Shell Chateau, can't get rehearsal rooms half the time. And C. B. S. which is planning an enormous new building, keeps on enlarging its original plans. We're still doing all right here, thank you.

Miss Sex Appeal of '37

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

above Lake Washington that she really got down to cases.

If she wanted to go to college she would have to work. Her folks weren't wealthy. If she worked it meant no sororities, no foolishness, no idle hours of halcyon youth and carefree college life and all that rot. That was okay with Frances—okay if there was something in college worth the rattle.

There was. It was a little intimate theater, a penthouse off the quad, and competent dramatic instruction. She could major in drama and become an actress. And the minute she found this out and knew what she wanted, she went after it with a drive and singleness of purpose which is nothing short of amazing—for itself as well as its results.

Phyllis Loughton, her dramatic coach, says, "There isn't one ounce of luck to Frances Farmer or her success. Nothing but ambition, direction, vitality, and reality."

Frances says, "I'm really in a hurry. What time is it?"

SHE handled five jobs at one time at Washington. Besides her school work, which was a full course, she did a secretarial stint for the government's FSEP. She played perpetually in a stage play; she did advertising skits for the radio. And on week ends she swung a flashlight up and down the aisles of the Paramount Theater rigged out as an usherette.

Some of these things Frances didn't enjoy. But she needed the money. In the summers she "hashed" up at Mount Rainier National Park, dropping her tray every now and then to sing a song for the cash customers. One summer she saved up a little stake and took a trip to Hollywood.

What did she do there? See the sights? planned to

No. She spent her time in a playlet over in Pasadena. Of course the money ran out and Frances headed for home—and another job.

"Mixing shampoo in a soap factory," said Frances. "Could you tell me the time?"

This dossier of drudgery I toss at you, not particularly to prove that Work Will Win, or to substantiate any Horatio Algerish maxim. Frances is not the wheel-horse type, in spite of the fact that a tremendous capacity for work is part and parcel of her success.

Her idea was simply: you can get what you want if you want it. She worked because she knew what she wanted. And that was the way to get it.

Then soon she wanted some things more. She wanted New York. She wanted Opportunity.

But how?

She was playing the lead in "Alien Corn" when the way appeared. A very startling way indeed, but as young as she was, twenty-one, Frances had already learned that Opportunity doesn't always show up decked out in the height of approved fashion.

There was a publication in Seattle vigorously titled, "The Voice of Action." Her father called it "The Yell of the Wild." Seattle, since I. W. W. days, has been a radical hotbed. The V. of A. was much more than pink. It was running a subscription contest. The prize was a free trip to Moscow and the winner was to represent the paper at the May Day celebration of Soviet Russia, returning through Europe and home by way of New York.

New York!

You're right. Frances copped the contest. She peddled subscriptions to all her pals at the University and took the ticket.

You can imagine the reaction. If you can't

I'll tell you: A whole lot of people were extremely shocked and Frances Farmer, who by this time was fairly prominent around her local diggings, suddenly became the Horrible Example for the alarmists who were crying: "Communism is polluting our schools." At that time, too, the cry was loud and lusty. One of Seattle's leading journals was, in fact, making a pretty rabid issue of it.

SO there she was, disgracing her fond teachers, making her school a lovely bull's-eye for the scare shouters. There she was, winner of a propaganda spreading contest, the accredited delegate to a Russian Red Moscow May Day!

Yes, and there she was with a ticket (third class) in her purse which would eventually take her to New York.

"You can see Russia two ways," they told her when she sailed, "the right way and the wrong way. We hope you see it the right way."

The way Frances saw it was the way to a career.

She stood in the Red Square in Moscow—they don't let you sit down—all May Day, packed among thousands of milling "comrades," and she saw the sights, the Moscow Art Theater, Leningrad, Paris, London, famous plays and famous places—but the best sight of all was New York harbor.

A nice time, too, for a stage struck girl to land in Manhattan—in early summer, with Broadway as dead as the Liberty League. A young doctor on the boat coming across—"We were about the only two white people in third class," Frances explained carefully—had a friend who moved in theatrical circles.

The friend, very wisely, hauled Frances—

not on futile visits to stage booking offices—but to the Paramount office in New York. It took Paramount all summer to make up its collective mind, and when it finally did, a job—even in Hollywood—looked pretty good to the girl who hadn't been eating with too much regularity.

Still she boarded the train with dark misgivings, assured by typical New York counsel that she would sit around and slowly succumb to artistic dry rot. How could you learn anything in Hollywood where nobody knows anything? Even a paternal traveler on the train was concerned about her—but in a different way.

"Here's what you do," he cautioned. "Before you go to those wild parties out there, drink a glass of olive oil. That'll keep you sober and—no one will take advantage of you!"

Oddly enough, neither of these problems has caused Frances Farmer to lie awake nights. The closest she came to a wild party was the night horrified neighbors responded *en masse* to shrieks and imprecations piercing her apartment walls. But she was only rehearsing a part.

AND as for sitting around with her hands in her lap and disintegrating—

"I haven't had time to worry about that," admitted Frances. "What does your watch say?"

In one year she has established what is probably an all time record for going after things and getting them done.

Six months of it she spent as the prize pupil of Phyllis Loughton's Paramount coaching school.

They used Frances for most of the picture tests. She was usually better than the actors they tested. She could take a part home at night and have it perfect in the morning—no matter how many other things she had on tap. While she was playing in "Rhythm on the Range," her first screen rôle of any size, she spent all her off days learning five other parts. Two of them were Shakespeare!

Desperately Miss Loughton searched among her charges for someone to match this terrific Farmer girl in force and vitality. Put her with an ordinary foil and she would bless him with the best inferiority complex you ever saw. Paramount had signed a young giant named Leif Erickson, who used to canary in a rich baritone with Ted Fiorito's dance band. He seemed to measure up. She teamed them in rehearsals, not dreaming what a philtre she was brewing.

They got along so well together that one day they drove over to Yuma to make it a permanent working arrangement. Which is just what I mean—*working* arrangement.

A friend of mine who also toils at Paramount lived across from the newlyweds for a while. He would see them emoting all day long at the studio, come home at night and hear them keeping it up right through dinner and far into the night. And every night.

As you can imagine, it soon became rather a

problem for the young Ericksons to live in an apartment, especially since Frances had a weakness for dogs, anathema to apartment house managers. Sooner or later a smuggled pup would yelp, or an uprising of cliff dwellers with nerves throbbing from nocturnal dramatics would forget themselves.

So now Frances and her spouse hold forth in a tiny two-room house, hooked to the steep slopes of Laurel canyon, where they can emote all night, if they want to, and the dogs can chase chipmunks and be individualists like their mistress, without, of course, being called eccentric.

FRANCES FARMER has earned this doubtful reputation, I think, entirely because she is too busy and too intent to go for any foolishness. She wouldn't pose for pictures of her fair white limbs, and when they tried to get her to indorse Krispy-Krunchies she rose up in her wrath and said she would stand on her merits as an actress or she wouldn't stand at all, something a little—er—unusual coming from a young stock company brat nobody had ever heard of.

Then, too, she begged off from parties, saying she didn't have an evening dress (whoever heard of an actress without an evening dress?) and took her relaxation driving off into the Mojave Desert with Leif in a motorcycle and sidecar to sleep under the stars.

The only time, in fact, that she approached the approved behavior norm for contract cuties was when she let it be known she was in the market for an automobile.

One of the publicity boys, thinking it was about time, asked what she wanted, a Packard, Buick, Chrysler, or what?

"I don't care," Frances replied. "Just so it's not over seventy-five dollars."

It may be, of course, that Frances Farmer will eventually get all the work out of her system, or have a collapse or in some manner gravitate to the level of a normal actress, which will let her loosen up and whoop it. It may be that she will relax now that they shout her name.

BUT I don't think so. Not yet awhile, anyway. For Frances has an ambition. And an ambition with the Farmer is as a thousand devils prodding with red-hot barbs.

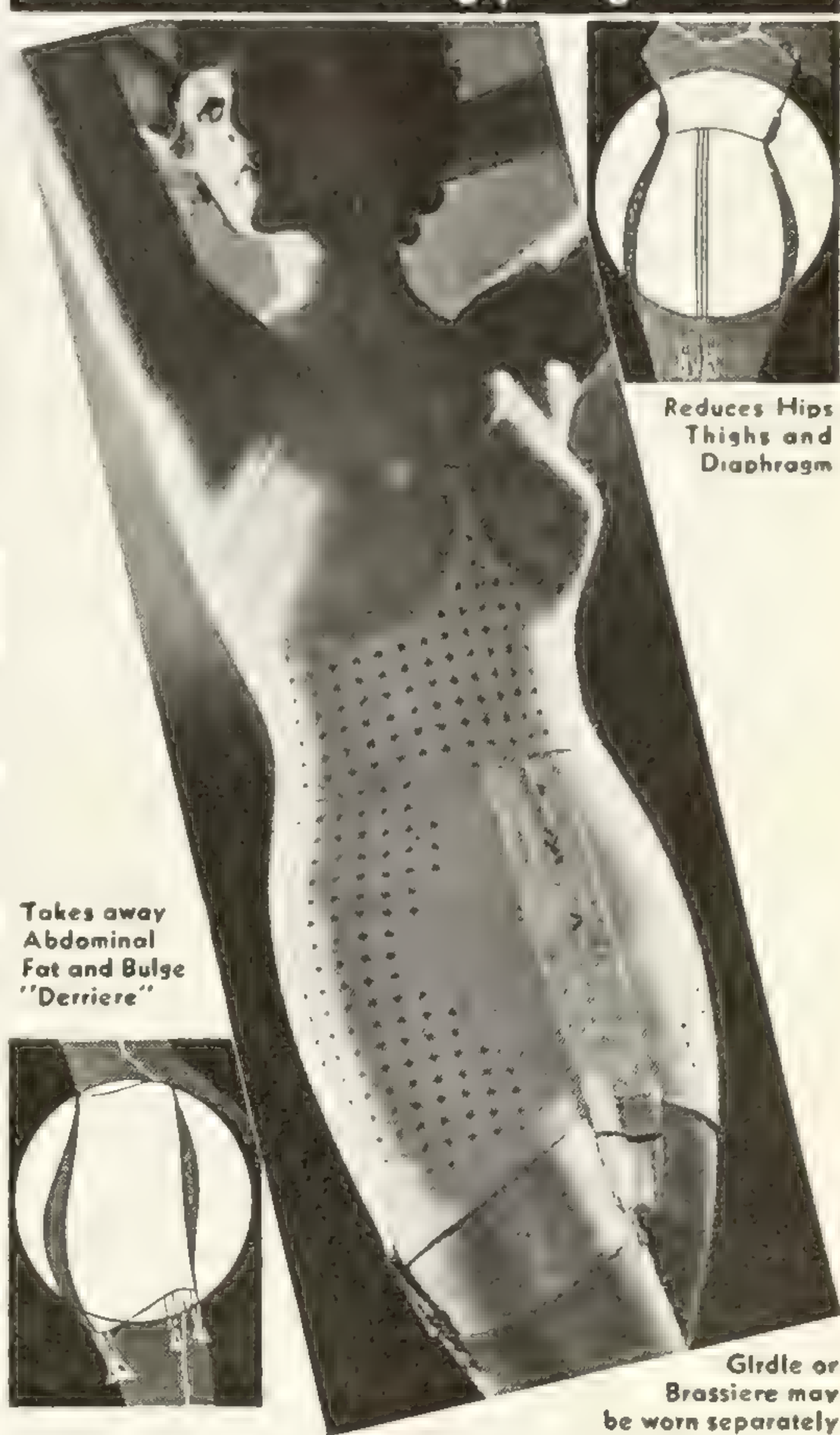
"I will never be satisfied," said Frances firmly, "until I'm a success on the stage. And now I really must go to work. I'm *very* late. What time did you say it was?"

And as she stalked off to rehearsals with the fire of "Excelsior!" in her hazel eyes I couldn't help but ponder that if the Washington Wonder wished to be a success on the stage she most certainly would be a success on the stage, or anywhere else for that matter.

I remembered some guys who had similar ideas about getting what they wanted by working for it, some guys named Rockefeller and Carnegie and Edison—and some gals, too, named Pavlowa and Bernhardt and Curie.

So I tagged the impatient Farmer as a cinch for the limit—if somebody will only tell her the time.

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THE STRANGEST LOVE TRIANGLE IN HOLLYWOOD

It concerns three stars, all in love, but not one of them happy; one never married, one—but read the story for yourself in the March PHOTOPLAY on sale February 10th.

The Exciting Story of Margaret Sullavan's Marriage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

they were in love—Leland was the person who got her her first chance in pictures, forced a company to give her a trial which turned out to be “Bill of Divorcement” and made her a star.

Katharine's peculiar and very honest shyness and her fear of publicity, which actually makes her unable to work, set Leland as a shield between her and the public. From that grew their romance—and with that it died. For Katharine Hepburn is about as helpless, concerning everything else in life as an efficient, lioness. She is wrapt up in her career and Leland was in a funny spot.

He had known so many beautiful and glamorous women that he had to have glamour to attract him originally. He also wanted—in his own heart—a woman who loved a home, and children, and the quiet things he

loves. Books and music and dinner at home away from work. But he couldn't have fallen in love with a woman without glamour—and stage glamour at that—any more than he could have eaten a head of lettuce without good French dressing.

SO—he found Margaret Sullavan, who had both these sides to her nature. Margaret, who just bought a farm in New Jersey, and wants babies, and loves her work, but not as of first importance. And Margaret has found the man who will handle her career, take care of all the things that need taking care of, be delighted with her success and help her in it as no other man could, but who loves her best as a woman, the woman who can forget her work when they are together and remember that she is also his wife.

I think the romance grew from friendship during the long days of rehearsals and out of town tryouts for “Stage Door.” It ripened from friendship into real love, that had stood the test of hard work together, difficult hours, long hard days, sleepless nights and nervous tension that often destroy all kinds of love and friendship and even partnerships. Theirs grew, and plants that grow in such soil are sturdy and beautiful and go on bearing blossoms through the years.

I wish them much happiness and many years of the life they are planning, in the big New York apartment, in the Hollywood house on the hill, and in the farm down in New Jersey. I think they would love to know you wish them happiness, too.

It's so nice to see people happy, isn't it?

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

ROBERT TAYLOR DEPARTMENT:

TWO years ago when Robert Taylor was just another juvenile on the M-G-M lot, a member of the publicity department set out to ask the unimportant Taylor a question.

“What type of girl do you admire most?” he was asked.

He didn't hesitate. “A sophisticated woman,” he said. “A woman who dresses in black, has been everywhere and knows everything.”

Two years later it happened the same question arose.

This is his answer now. “An honest, down to earth girl who is unspoiled by the world and isn't afraid to be real with herself and everyone else.”

CAN it be, Hollywood wonders, that Tyrone Power is experiencing in real life the exact situation he played on the screen in “Lloyds of London?”

You see, Tyrone's big moment off screen is Sonja Henie, the champion ice skater. Every day the two lunch together in a cozy corner of the studio dining room. And then like a blast from the blue came the report that Miss Henie had a husband in Paris, only Tyrone didn't know it.

On the screen Tyrone falls in love with Madeleine Carroll without knowing she's married.

Will the actor, if the report is true, react in real life the way he did in reel life?

WE spotted Adolphe Menjou and his lovely wife, Verce Teasdale, lunching at the Vendôme and hastened over to their table for a chat. “How about a little story about the new baby?” we asked.

“No,” Adolphe said, vehemently.

“Why, Mr. Menjou,” we protested, “this is the first time you have let us down.”

He grinned. “It's the first time I've had a baby, too.”

“But you can tell about its name,” Verce put in. “You see we wanted to choose some-planned to would go well with Menjou. We

tried everything from John Menjou to Tom Menjou but nothing sounded just right. Both of us went about muttering names to ourselves until the servants were convinced we were mad. Finally one day the strangest thing happened. The very name occurred to me and just as I reached the phone to tell the good news to Adolphe, the phone rang. It was Adolphe, all excited. ‘I have the name, I have the name,’ he shouted. ‘No, no,’ I have it,’ I protested. “And then both at the same time we screamed at each other, ‘PETER.’ Strangely enough we had both hit on the name at the same instant.”

So the baby is Peter Menjou, as you probably gathered.

IN SPITE of the laughs it has furnished, it looks as if the Barrymore-Barrie marriage is going to work out. And from someone who is definitely on the inside, we gather these reasons why.

When John indulged in his favorite rum while living with Dolores Costello Barrymore, there was considerable weeping and protesting on the wife's part which only added fuel to the fire. John simply drowned the scoldings in more rum.

When John now feels impelled to partake of a dash of spirits, the new Mrs. Barrymore, instead of tears and protests, drinks right along. It usually ends with the second high-ball.

There are no tears, no scoldings from the present wife. Possessing a rather hard, business-like attitude toward her husband's career, Elaine Barrymore has done a great deal towards setting her temperamental husband on the straight path. In fact, even the royal family are showing signs of relenting as the marriage gains in stability founded on firmness. A wife's firmness, don't forget.

THIS is the thing that keeps Hollywood the town of enchanting contradiction and makes it the most unexplainable spot in the world.

Take one particular Tuesday evening in Hollywood, for instance.

At the Cocoanut Grove:

Lights, music, champagne, movie stars, a Joan Bennett surprise party, a director and a blonde actress breaking their hearts for a love they can't have.

On a Laurel Canyon hillside:

A barbecue, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Sandra, his wife, hot sizzling steaks, stars overhead, old-time songs, new-time stories and mustard.

In the overflow meeting for a religious lecture:

Director Frank Capra, Ginger Rogers and her mother, Sid Grauman, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

THIS concerns Robert and his gorgeous locks.

In studying pictures of Bob back in Beatrice, Nebraska, and Bob in Hollywood, California, we discovered his hair once grew in an altogether different manner back home in Nebraska and we set out to find out why and how and when.

This is what we unearthed. The studio deliberately planned that new and devastating hairline for Bobbie by having a beauty expert set to and calmly pluck out his front locks a hair at a time. Ouch!

But what we wondered was, did the lady plucker resist the impulse to murmur “He loves me, he loves me not” as she plucked and if so how did it finally turn out. He loves me not, I'll bet a penny.

THERE'S an interesting story about Joan Crawford's new and very becoming hairdress that she wears in “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.” Joan was down at Palm Springs for a rest, but being such an active person she got bored doing nothing. She dropped in a beauty shop to have her hair washed.

“I'm sick of the way I look,” Joan muttered.

“Why not cut your hair shorter and curl it around your face?” suggested the girl attendant.

“Okay,” said Joan.

The result is simply grand!

Stop Having the Blues

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

run-down conditions follow. That's when they come to me for help. And that's when I start talking turkey. You think you have your troubles? Listen, darlings, forget it and step out with life.

LOOK at those who have been big stars. Ruth Chatterton for instance. Don't you think that poor Ruthie got blue and depressed when they no longer cast her as a number one glamour girl. Mother rôles don't usually draw the fat salary checks as do the hotchas. Nothing makes an actor or actress more depressed than less money.

How do you think Ruth felt when Simone Simon (pronounced . . . oh, well what's the difference) came along and pouted her way to top billing in "Girl's Dormitory"? How would you feel?

But did Ruth call it quits . . . never. She went right ahead and appeared in "Dods-worth" and how she triumphed. You can take inspiration from Ruth. If you lose a job, or if one that you've just completed hasn't turned out so well, don't fret about it. Tackle something else immediately. If you can't get a job keep busy somehow. Keep your mind busy with new ideas, new adventure and in that way you'll soon forget the bitterness of the last setback.

Don't you think that Gloria Swanson ever gets blue over her matrimonial ventures and the present "nothingness" of her career? I think she must. She's only human. But does Gloria give up?

No. Even now, when the man she really wants is not free, and that's a depressing situation for any girl. Take inspiration from Gloria, too, if your blues come from your tangled heart affairs.

Whether it's with a man or with a job, don't sit around and trust to chance to bring you success.

Luck is just another word for work. Nobody has much luck who doesn't put forth some kind of effort. You can sit until you get wrinkles and that's *all* you'll get. The Phantom Lady Luck isn't going to drop everything and run to you alone out of a hundred million and hand you what you want most in the world.

No sir, babies, you've got to hop to it yourself. You can get what you want if you want it badly enough to refuse to be licked. That goes for the blues, too. You can cure them if you *want* to, but not by just "wishing I were a gay person like Rosie." How to do it?

Well, let's start on the inside and work our way out.

Melancholia, morbidness and the blues are usually caused by some physical ailment. When that gets out of control, your mind is affected. If you're in a dark blue gloom, look to your health. Let me ask you one question.

HOW'S your liver? You always have that tired feeling, don't you? A little headachy, maybe. You're weak and at best you're a good pain in the neck to yourself. Often you don't feel like eating, your complexion turns a bilious yellow and one look in the mirror and it's too bad.

When the poor old liver is sluggish, the backwash of bile is pushed into your whole system. You're bound to feel soggy and have that hangdog, droopy expression. With your



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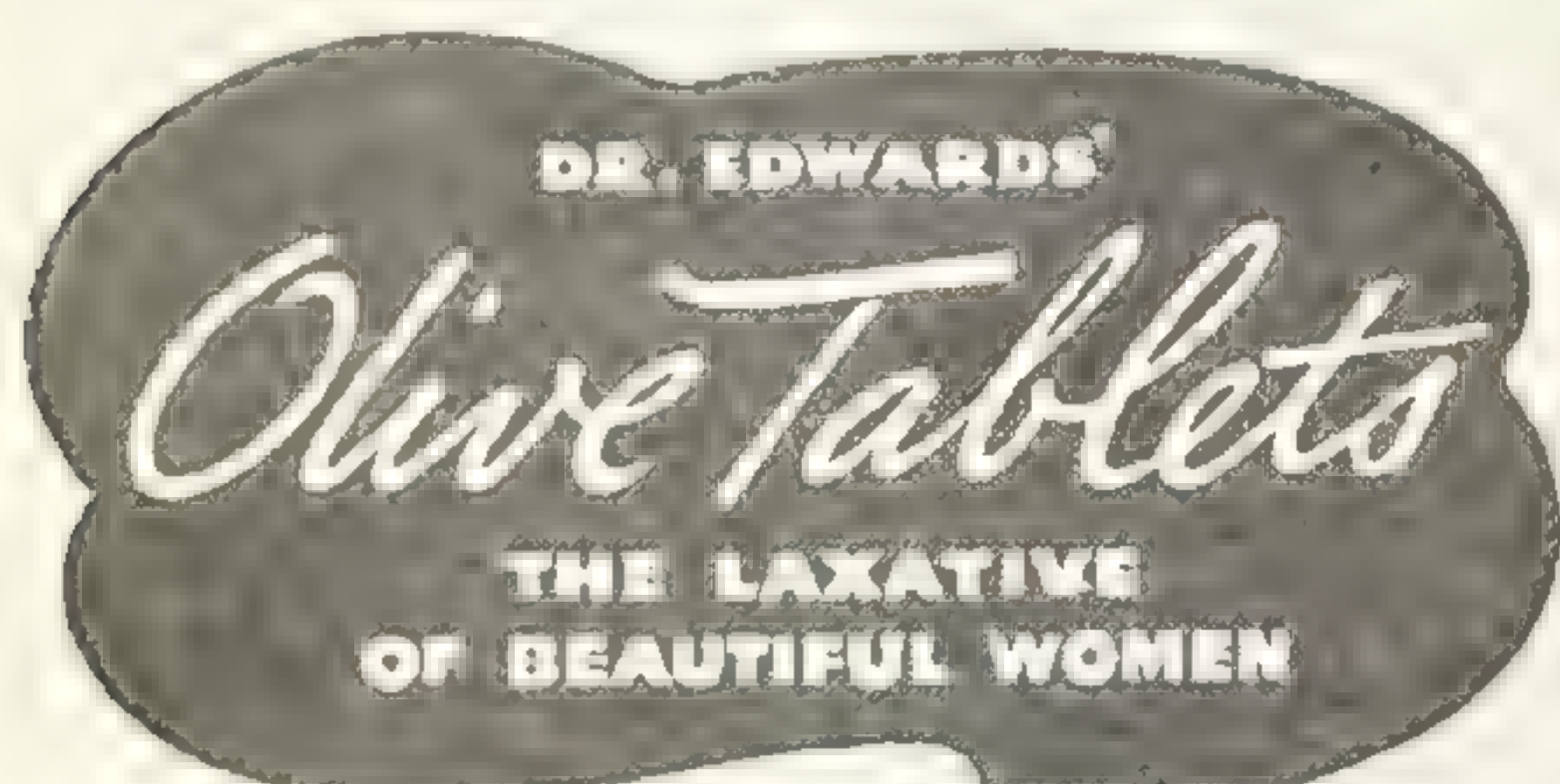
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mind and body in such a state the blues have no opposition in creeping up on you, and they lose no time in doing it. Well, we won't waste any time either.

How about a little workout to stir up that green bile, chase away that blue gloom and give you that rosy, healthy outlook on life that is so priceless? Sounds like a symphony in color, doesn't it? Well, start it and here's the first movement.

STAND with feet slightly apart. Arms hanging naturally at the sides. But stand up straight, will you? None of this saggy business and no slumping. Now put the palm of the left hand on your right side just under the lower right rib. This hand doesn't do anything really, but I want it there so you can feel the pull as you continue with the exercise. That pull is important.

Now with a rather quick movement, raise the right arm high over head, reaching and stretching for all you're worth, as if you were trying to touch the ceiling. Don't go up on your toes. Just stretch. Keep your body facing forward and without twisting or turning the body, bend backward as far as you can without losing your balance. Sag at the knees slightly as you do this. What's the matter with you? Go on, baby, bend. You won't crack. Keep that right arm outstretched and continue to reach upward all the time you're bending backward. Feel that pull on the right side? Good! That means you're doing it correctly and getting the benefit out of it.

That finishes the second movement. Now from this point, bend forward. Not exactly forward but slightly to the side. Always stretch out with that right arm. Bend so that the top of your right hip bone is digging in under the lower right rib. Come back to first position and repeat this exercise at least ten times. Don't stop between the different positions, but make it one continuous movement. And stretch, do you hear? This will stir up that liver, increase the activity of the gall bladder, and you'll raise yourself in your own estimation a hundred percent. Take it from me, that's the first step in overcoming the blues.

WHAT you eat has more to do with your personality than clothes, claims to beauty or the cash in your pocket.

Last month I discussed the value of eating for allure. Allure that means sparkle, charm and enthusiasm. There is nothing alluring about despondency, morbidness or being a weak sister. You've got to have strength to be gay and you must create that energy through proper and nourishing foods.

Some time ago I gave you a sound workable diet, a good galloping energy builder. You'd better get it again. It will keep your system running smoothly and at the same time help you to reduce.

Indigestion can cause you to be despondent and discontented. People who have indigestion are often afraid to eat because they think they might get another spell. They work themselves into a froth selling themselves the idea that since they can't eat they won't live long. Then they worry and drag themselves down over that thought. Listen darlings snap out of it.

Stop such nonsense. You're darned right you won't live long if you don't eat, but food itself is not poison. That's not what's causing the trouble.

It's the trick and fancy concoctions you mix up that do the dirty work. You stuff yourself

on one particular food that you "just simply adore." Or you'll gulp your food and take your gulps on the run, washing down the mashed potatoes and starchy pies with a couple of glasses of ice-cold water. You finish off with a cup or two or three of steaming hot coffee. Your poor old stomach doesn't know what's coming next. It gets all set to handle winter sports when the ice appears and then you pull a fast one and drench it with hot coffee. No wonder your digestive system gets the jitters. Finally it gives up in disgust and just turns over.

Then you *are* in trouble. You often feel like vomiting.

If this happens to you, don't start worrying over that and don't be alarmed. Just go through with it as calmly as possible. It's Nature performing her duty in her own way. Getting rid of undigested food will give you relief.

The retching and straining that you may experience will stir up your liver and throw off the thick bile just as dust flies when you beat a carpet.

Use your common sense about these unpleasant disturbances. Don't be afraid of what happens. Fear is a poison that is deadly for mind as well as body. It not only fills you with depression but disturbs your entire nervous system and makes you weak physically.

Imaginations work overtime. Sick people who fear the worst are often taken at their word. Sick people who think health and recovery are also taken at their word. Just remember there are thousands that are much worse off than you. As an example, take poor little children, crippled and confined in hospitals all over the country. When you get to thinking that life is picking on you and that others have all the luck, just go to one of those hospitals and if the smiles on those little faces and the ring of their laughter don't make you ashamed of yourself, then all my talking or anybody else's won't do a bit of good.

AN occasional touch of the blues is part of life. We are supposed to feel a little down once in a while in order to be able to appreciate the value of a gay smile.

You must have something different to make comparisons.

Remove any false ideas about the condition of your body.

Above all, don't consider fat as a lingering sickness. It isn't. It's just lingering laziness in most cases. But, babies, fat *can* make you sick. Not only by handicapping the normal functioning of the organs, but sick at the sight of yourself. You know that, do you? Well, what are you waiting for? Get rid of it and you'll get rid of most of your blues along with it. Be sure you do it safely and sanely. By right eating, right exercising and by using common sense and restraint about your mode of living. So come on, children, drop your blues.

Would you like to know how Madame Sylvia knows your figure should look? Write to me and I'll send you a complete chart for your figure. There's no charge, just another PHOTOPLAY service to it's readers. Address: Madame Sylvia, c/o Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Enclose a self addressed stamped envelope for your reply.

Fashion Letter for February

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

and the full flowing skirt is cut like huge petals. A little hip tunic carries out the petal motif also. Flesh-colored chiffon flowers make a necklace round the throat.

All three girls wear chiffon and Eleanore Whitney's is in apricot over matching crêpe roma. The bodice drapes gracefully and the sleeves are entirely made of apricot chiffon flowers. Bracelets of these flowers give a romantic touch to Eleanore's wrists.

Olympe's gown is of pale chartreuse chiffon, belted with jade green violets and made on Empire lines. These three girls, grouped together, suggest the youth and charm of the "Three Graces."

If you are a college girl and want a spring costume, watch for the ones these girls wear in this same picture. Marsha's belongs in the afternoon category and is of lightweight gray tweed. Revers of gray fox sweep back over the shoulders and the peplum is made of the same fur. Two deep pockets are concealed in the fur.

Eleanore's outfit, worn in the same scene, is of lightweight wool in beige. It has a demure simplicity which is stressed by the "Maid of Salem" collar and cuff set made of the material and edged in sable. Dark brown accessories, hat, gloves, and shoes are important accents.

For Olympe, Edith Head chooses a gray woolen dress and added piqué collar and cuffs. For travelling, Olympe wears a swagger coat of gray tweed over this.

We looked at the hats which Travis Banton designed and Lily Daché made for Carole Lombard to wear in "Swing High, Swing Low."

Travis is tired of exaggerated height in hats and has designed great swirls of black felt, cut into unexpected curves in their wide brims. There was one which showed some height: a small velvet turban with great silk flowers in flesh, palest apricot, and deeper combining shades massed on one side of it. A trailing diaphanous veil covered it with one end of the mesh hanging down a yard or so. I can just imagine how Carole will swathe that wisp round her lovely blonde head. With her enormous chic she can wear clothes and hats which verge on the "goofy" but her distinction overtops them and keeps their impertinence in place.

TRAVIS BANTON uses a new waistline he has created in many of his new designs. For example, I saw a frock of pale blue flat crêpe which will be worn by Carole in this same picture. The top of the dress is simple and has a large flat bow of the material under the chin. The waistline is raised to just under the bust and then a narrow belt is added at the natural waistline. The effect is extremely slenderizing.

For Carole's private wardrobe Travis made a simple black kasha dress and trimmed it with silver zippers. He had a jeweler make Carole's initials in silver to replace the little tags ordinarily seen. This dangles at the throat, and tops the front zipper. Metal fastenings to match, close the horizontal pockets on the blouse and are repeated on the huge pockets of the top coat which goes with this dress.

New scarf ideas are always good. Claudette

Colbert uses brilliant chiffon handkerchiefs to twist round her neck with her tailored suits. They are generous in size. You could take two, or even three, to form some charming color combination and twist them into delightful vivid or pastel circles. With a velvet afternoon suit of black a little scarf of gold metal cloth, in as brilliant a weave as possible, is enormously smart.

As black is of paramount importance this season endless accessory combinations may be made with it, one better than the other. But don't overdo them. Just a dash of singing green at the throat and in the suède of the gloves is better than the old idea of a green hat as the sole color pickup.

AND while we are talking about gloves, do use care in selecting them. There are so many admirable ones on the market this year, gloves with amazing new ideas combining chic and drama. But by the same token there are a lot of horrors about too. Gloves with too fancy gauntlets, too elaborate trims added to them, and nothing can take away the distinction from the grooming of a perfectly dressed girl more easily than the addition of circus gloves. At a recent tea, a friend of mine, a famous woman, looked adorable in a black velvet suit, a clever high twisted hat and a blue satin blouse; but she had gone wild on her white gauntleted kid gloves and selected a pair which were just silly with pale blue embroidery, thereby losing all the richness of her carefully planned costume.

Leave off, rather than add, is still a golden rule in ornament when it comes to gloves and shoes.

I am glad we were able to find a fabric turban for you and photograph it on Claire Trevor. These little trifles pack so easily and go with so many types of clothes that they are almost essential. For evenings at the movies, for cocktail parties, for formal afternoon frocks and for restaurant dining they are indispensable. A good idea is to have them in several colorings so as to go with different clothes.

The off-the-face hat in felt, shown on the same page, is a hat of many uses also. If found becoming, I think you should grab this in several shades also, for it is in perfect taste and youthful at the same time.

SOME girls have thought that prints belong definitely in the summer category of clothes, but I strongly disagree. Under a winter coat, or a fur one, there is nothing so gay and amusing as a print silk dress, not too light in coloring. Off the icy streets after a long day, snug at home, relaxed and ready for amusement, a print will help that mood and pick you up wonderfully. Why must we be so conventional and confine materials to certain seasons? Break away from stodginess and break out into a flower-run frock and see if your friends don't tell you how happy you look. Just as gay flowers help a stuffy, curtain-enclosed winter room so they will help your somber winter wardrobe. And when first spring days do come you will have something to start the season with.

Look at the photographs of Dorothy Lamour on pages 68 and 69 and bring a dash of California sunshine into your picture with some of these frocks.



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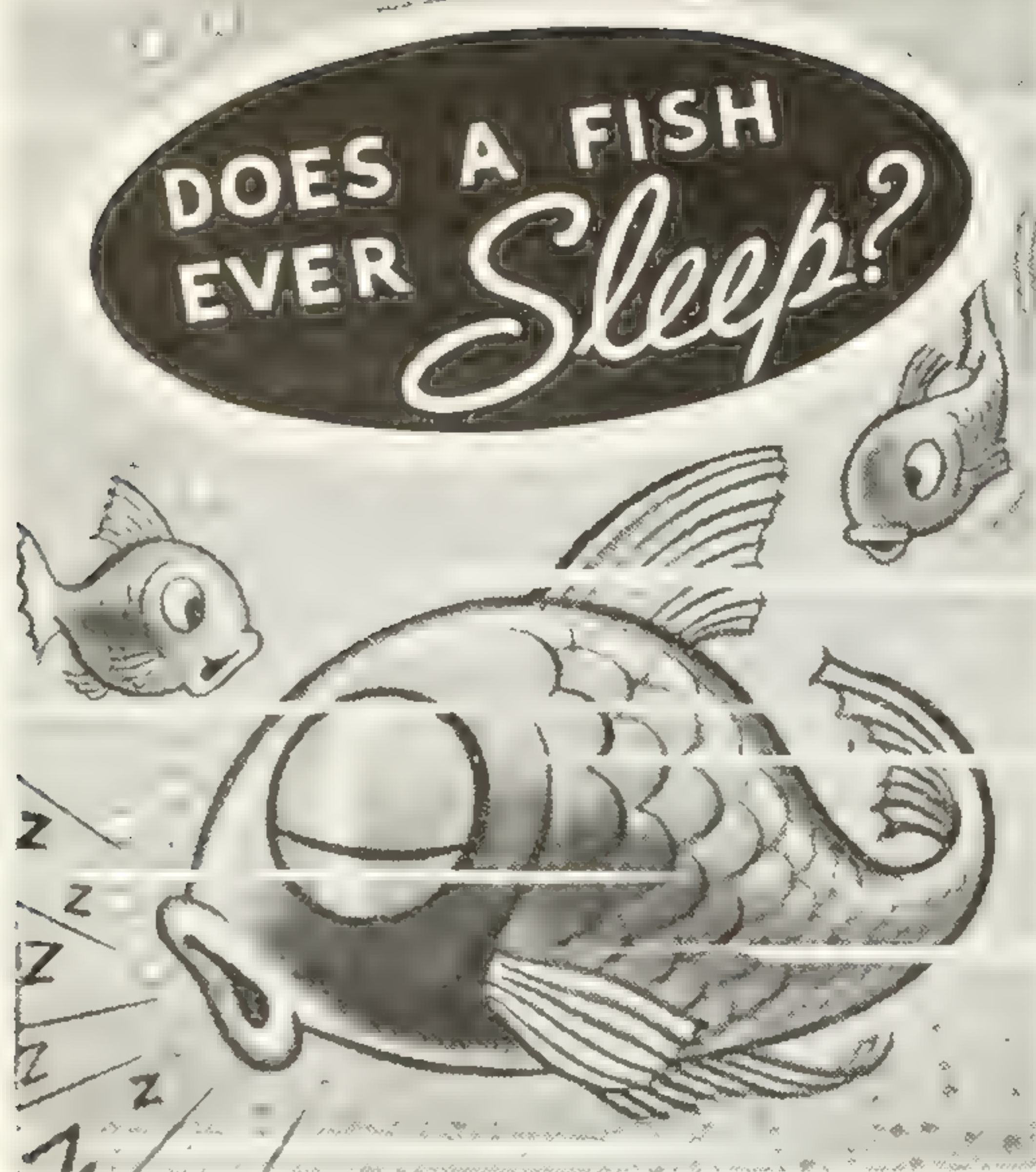


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(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson. Pub., A. L. Burt Co.)

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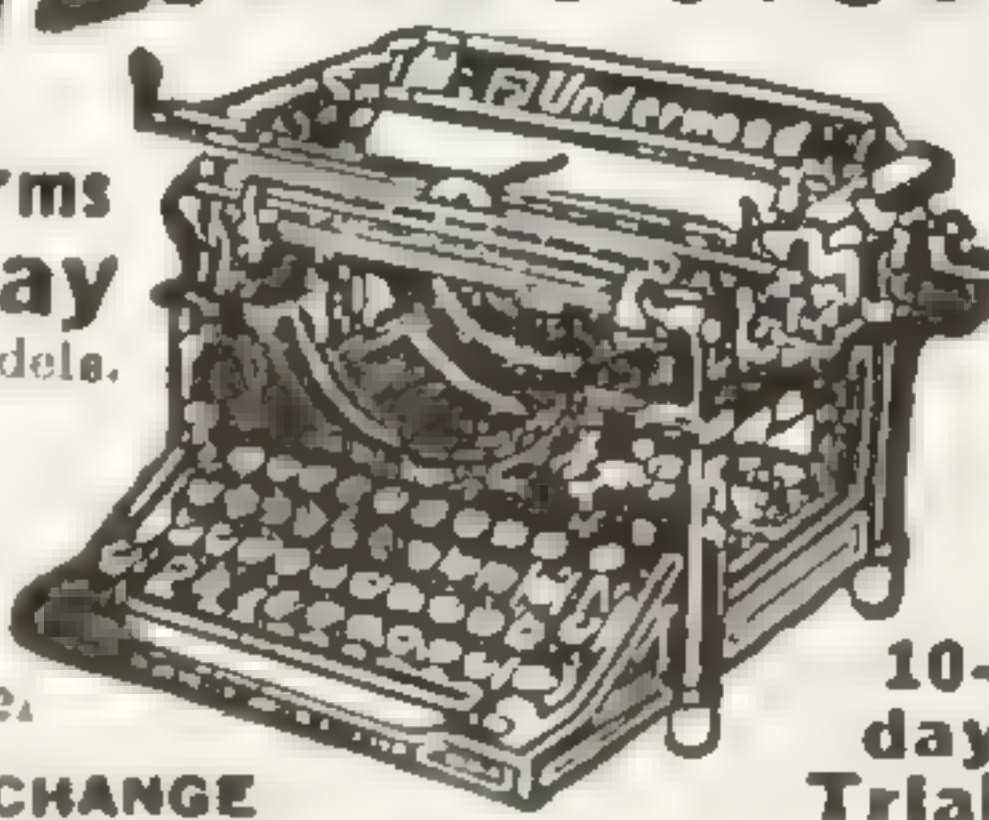
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not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does
not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair
when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

What Not to Do On a Date

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

MARY (*With studied calm*): That's perfectly all right.

Y.C.: All I have to ask you is what you don't do when you're out on a date.

MARY (*Wildly to the agent*): I positively refuse to talk!

AGENT: I don't know whether I ought to allow this.

Y.C.: It's just advice to the reader on how to make a successful evening.

MARY (*Enlightened*): Well, it depends on whether her intentions are honorable or not. If they're honorable, she'll take her mother along and what's the use of going on? If they're not—the first rule is, don't have any chaperon. The minute you insist on mother coming the man will think your object is matrimony and then there's nothing doing.

AGENT: I don't know whether I ought to allow . . .

Y.C.: Aren't you a little mixed up, Mary?

MARY (*Complacently*): Not in the least. Now as for what not to do with the three basic types of men . . .

Y.C.: Three, Mary?

MARY: The outdoors man, the social man, and the intellectual man. With each, always remember this: you can't compete with any man on his own ground—so pretend that you're his type, but that you're having a reaction to it just now.

AGENT: I don't know whether I ought to . . .

Y.C.: That might not always work, Mary.

MARY: It does. I know. The outdoor fellow is usually bored with boars, and the shooting of them. The social person is amused by letting down his white ties and running sack races. The intellectual is tired of treatises. Listen—I had a first date with an explorer and hunter one evening. So I went off the glamour standard. I wiped off the makeup, I removed the nail polish, I put on tweeds and flat heels. I ran up an artificial tan—I looked like a female Teddy Roosevelt. I found out about guns. But he'd just come from a Mango swamp and he wanted beauty and glitter and small talk. I was a terrific flop.

AGENT: I don't know whether . . .

MARY: Also when the invitation you've accepted turns out to be a mistake, don't make definite excuses to get home early. Don't pull the headache gag. Just look washed-up and tired, and say, "I'd like to go home now." If you're definite he'll think you're lying—if you're vague he'll make up a good enough excuse for himself, suited to his own vanity.

AGENT: I don't . . .

Y.C.: Neither do I.

MARY: Swell.

The scene fades into the close interior of a telephone booth, where Your Correspondent sits dropping coins into the little slots and arguing heatedly with Central. Eventually the voice of Glenda Farrell answers.

Y.C.: Glenda darling, what is it you don't do on a date?

GLENDIA (*Angrily*): You get me away from listening to the Cal-Stanford game to insult me?

Y.C. (*Wearily*): Just rules for the average goer-out-on-a-date, from Hollywood's most popular gal.

GLENDIA (*On a pleased note*): Well, she must never be on time. That's fatal. Any girl who

is sitting ready with her hat on when the fellow arrives gives the impression that she almost never goes out and isn't going to miss a minute of this opportunity, you bet.

Y.C.: As one of the great army of suffering males, I protest that that's a dirty trick in anybody's language.

GLENDIA: Not in the language of the smart girl. She's got to keep him waiting at least fifteen minutes. On the other hand she shouldn't ever talk to him about any other man. She should act as if he's the only man in existence, at least so far as she knows. Anyway she shouldn't talk too much about anything. Give him a chance to get in a word or two once in a while.

Y.C.: None of you babes seem to agree.

GLENDIA (*Testily*): None of us babes are the same, if that's what you mean. (*There is a pause.*) On that talking thing—don't discuss career, especially your own! Let him tell you about his business or his career. All men like to feel they're the important one and what they have to say is most worth listening to.

Y.C. (*With great sorrow*): I'll tell 'em, Glenda.

GLENDIA: Also this: if the guy's an alleged wit, don't you dare top him, ever. He'll hate it. I know. I live with a bunch of cousins who all think they're the world's fanciest comics—and no matter how much I want to, I never let 'em know I'm cleverer than they are. Just to keep peace.

Y.C.: A collection should be taken up for you, Glenda.

GLENDIA: One or two other things . . . Don't criticize him about anything. Don't stay too late, so that the evening begins to pall, don't thank him for a lovely time or he'll think you've never had one before, don't—My gosh, California's making a touchdown!

Y.C.: Quick! Take the phone over to the loudspeaker!

It is much later. California has won, Your Correspondent has dropped \$2.05 in the pay telephone, and has made his way through the afternoon traffic to the RKO lot. He walks onto a set where a company is shooting. Anne Shirley, in make-up, is studying her script in a corner.

Y.C. (*With great caution*): Now don't mistake my meaning, Anne. I'm trying to find out—(he explains at length).

ANNE (*Smiling sweetly*): Why sure. Golly, I could write a book!

Y.C. (*Sinking relievedly into a camp chair*): I bet you could. Oh Electra! Oh Ingenua! Write it now, Anne.

ANNE: Number One—if you're going out with a quiet boy, don't let him take you to a noisy, crowded place where a lot of your friends will come up and monopolize your time. I mean places like the Clover Club or the Troc. Tell him you'd like to have dinner in some silent, forgotten tavern—with firelight flickering on the damask and music playing unobtrusively. (*Her eyes are impossible.*) And afterward you can drive along the coast, or go dancing in a little club where the band is hot and sweet, and the lights discreet.

Y.C.: Poetry, yet.

ANNE: Don't ever overdress. If you're in doubt, then be informal. It's better to appear at a formal dinner in a suit than to be the only person at a party in evening clothes. If your date sends you a corsage, wear it even though

you don't want to. You may not like the color, it may not look well on your dress—but it's the simplest courtesy to wear his flowers when he's been nice enough to buy them for you.

Y.C.: You're a nice girl, Anne.

ANNE: Sometimes I think so, too. Well, and you should concede to his judgment in small things like the shade of your nail polish or the way you do your hair. If he doesn't like perfume don't try to convince him of its merits — just lay off perfume.

Y.C.: Look, I don't believe this.

ANNE: Don't chew gum. There isn't a girl in the world who can afford to mangle a stick of chicle when she's out in public.

In choosing where to go, if he knows the town, let him make all decisions. If he's shy and inexperienced, make practical suggestions. And then there's the subject of money—sometimes you can embarrass the boy by being too considerate. He'll think you're insulting his ability to make a decent income. Also you can't afford to be too expensive—make up your mind about how much you think he should spend, and then manage to keep the evening down to that sum without letting him know.

Y.C.: If it weren't for the fact that you are all sewed up with Owen Davis, Jr. . . .

ANNE: Oh, that reminds me. You should

always be on time. Always. I found that out once when—well, I was stopping with some friends and Owen was to pick me up at their house. I wasn't ready when he arrived, because I wanted to make a grand entrance and be utterly gorgeous, so I left him sitting stiffly in their living room for half an hour while I put on a special face and everything. He didn't know these friends of mine—they didn't have anything to say to each other—and by the time I was ready for my entrance he was so uncomfortable and bored he didn't even see me. It colored the whole evening.

Y.C. (Quite overcome): Oh Gosh. Oh Gosh.

A voice from the set calls, "We're ready for you now, Miss Shirley!"

Your Correspondent goes dreamily out into the twilight, gets into his car, drives vaguely to his office. There he picks up the phone, dials a number, listens.

Y.C.: I'm sorry but I have to break our date for tonight. (Pause) I have to work. I have to write a story about what not to do on a date. (Pause) Well, you don't have to act that way about it. (Pause) Oh well, if that's . . . (He listens, eyebrows raised, then hangs up. He sits down at his desk and stares intently at his typewriter. The typewriter stares inscrutably back, with all its keys.)

CURTAIN

The Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDINGS

Jack Moss, business manager of Gary Cooper, married Louise Stuart, actress, at Riverside, California, Nov. 26.

Kay Hughes, actress, and Durward Graybill Metro portrait photographer married at St. James Episcopal Church, Hollywood, November 28.

DIVORCE

Mrs. Oliver Hardy filed a \$2500 monthly separate maintenance suit against comedian Oliver Hardy.

Lola Lane filed divorce papers against director Alexander Hall.

Bessie Love, former screen star, granted divorce from broker Wm. B. Hawks.

The Earl and Countess of Warwick (he's now "Michael Brook" for Metro and Rose Lady Warwick is a frequent Hollywood visitor) start divorce proceedings.

Pat Wing, former actress, granted divorce from wealthy W. H. Perry of Bakersfield, California.

GONE

June Caprice, star of silent pictures, November 9th of heart attack.

John Bowers, actor, in ocean suicide at Malibu Beach, California.

Fay Webb, actress and ex-wife of Rudy Vallee, following an abdominal operation, November 18th, in Hollywood.

Lottie Pickford, sister of Mary Pickford, from heart attack.

SPARKINGS

Muriel Evans and Marshall Worcester. New York stock broker.

Toby Wing announced her engagement to Pinky Tomlin.

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers say they will wed in Spring.

Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz—as always.

Virginia Field and Prince Constantin of Lichtenstein romancing.

Lina Basquette and wooer Henry Mollison take same boat for English holiday.

Bud Schulberg, son of B. P. Schulberg, producer, and Virginia Ray, dancer, will be married by the time you read this.

LEGAL

Joe Penner sued by Beverly Hills landlord for \$3315.25, who claims he did that damage to furniture.

Ann Harding given court permission to keep her daughter in London for another six months.

Buster Keaton seeking reduction of his monthly alimony payments to Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton from \$300 to \$100 a month.

Mrs. Mae Laurel asking court for separate maintenance of \$1000 a month as common-law wife of Stan Laurel, comedian.

Janet Beecher filed a \$20,000 damage suit against John Zandt, Ltd., agents, claiming they failed to exercise diligence to find her work.

Edith Fellowes, thirteen-year-old actress, sued for \$228.50 by U.S. Credit Bureau, who claims this amount is due Lawlor Professional School for tuition.

Edmund Lowe and Sonja Henie both arrested for speeding, drawing \$5 fines.

Irene Dunne adopted an eleven-months-old baby girl, Mary Frances, in New York.

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I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO—TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY.

I'LL PUT YOU WISE I ALKALIZE, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.

HEADACHE

SOUR STOMACH

COLDS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

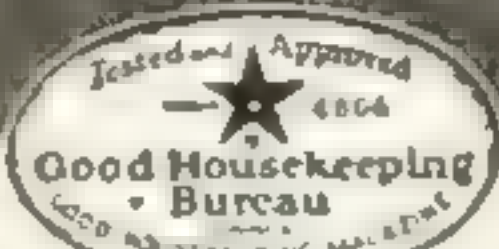
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Casts of Current Pictures

"AFTER THE THIN MAN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Nick Charles, William Powell; Nora, Myrna Loy; David, James Stewart; Selma, Elissa Landi; "Dancer," Joseph Calleia; Aunt Katherine, Jessie Ralph; Robert, Alan Marshall; Casper, Teddy Hart; Abrams, Sam Levene; Polly, Dorothy McNulty; Lum Kee, William Law; Dr. Kammer, George Zucco; Phil, Paul Fix.

"BANJO ON MY KNEE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX. Based on a novel by Harry Hamilton. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Pearl, Barbara Stanwyck; Ernie Holley, Joel McCrea; Grandma, Helen Westley; Buddy, Buddy Ebsen; Newt Holley, Walter Brennan; Warfield Scott, Walter Catlett; Chick Bean, Anthony Martin; Leola Long, Katherine de Mille; Slade, Victor Kilian; Ruby, Minna Gombell; Judge Tope, Spencer Charters; Choir, The Hall Johnson Choir; Jules, George Humbert; Gurtha, Hilda Vaughn; Hattie, Cecil Weston; Eph, Louis Mason.

"BELOVED ENEMY"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by John Balderston, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney. Directed by H. C. Potter. The cast: Helen Drummond, Merle Oberon; Dennis Riordan, Brian Aherne; Cathleen, Karen Morley; O'Rourke, Jerome Cowan; Gerald Preston, David Niven; Lord Athleigh, Henry Stephenson; Burke, Donald Crisp; Jerry, Ra Hould; Ryan, Granville Bates; Rooney, P. J. Kelly; Connor, Leo McCabe; Callahan, Pat O'Malley; Casey, Jack Mulhall; Colonel Loder, Claude King; Thornton, Wyndham Standing; Perrins, Robert Strange; Crump, Lionel Pape; Hall, John Burton; Hawkins, Layland Hodgson; Alroyd, David Torrence; O'Brien, Theodore Von Eltz.

"COME CLOSER, FOLKS"—COLUMBIA.—From a story by Aben Kandel. Screen play by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Directed by D. Ross Lederer. The cast: Jim Keene, James Dunn; Peggy Woods, Marian Marsh; Mae, Wynne Gibson; Herman, Herman Bing; Rudolph, George McKay; Elmer Woods, Gene Lockhart; Pitchman, John Gallaudet; Pitchman, Gene Morgan; Mr. Houston, Wallis Clark.

"CONFLICT"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Jack London. Screen play by Charles Logue and Walter Weems. Directed by David Howard. The cast: Pat, John Wayne; Maude, Jean Rogers; Tommy, Tommy Bupp; Spider, Eddie Borden; Sam, Frank Sheridan; Carrigan, Ward Bond; Ma Blake, Margaret Mann; Kelly, Harry Wood; City Editor, Bryant Washburn; Malone, Frank Hagney.

"CRACK-UP"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From an original story by John Goodrich. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Sam Mintz. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Colonel Gimpy, Peter Lorre; Ace Martin, Brian Donlevy; Ruth Franklin, Helen Wood; John P. Fleming, Ralph Morgan; Joe Randall, Thomas Beck; Mrs. Fleming, Kay Linaker; Sidney Grant, Lester Matthews; Operative No. 30, Earl Foxe; Operative No. 77, J. Carroll Naish; Operative No. 16, Gloria Roy; Alfred Kruxton, Oscar Apfel; Daniel D. Harrington, Paul Stanton; Major White, Howard Hickman.

"CRIMINAL LAWYER"—RKO-RADIO.—From an original story by Louis Stevens. Screen play by G. V. Atwater and Thomas Lennon. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Barry Brandon, Lee Tracy; Madge Carter, Margot Grahame; Larkin, Eduardo Ciannelli; Betty Walker, Betty Lawford; Tony Bandini, Erik Rhodes; William Walker, Frank M. Thomas; Woman Judge, Claire McDowell; Mitsu, Otto Yamaoka; Assistant D. A., Wilfred Lucas; Jack Doremus, Francis McDonald; D. A. Hopkins, William Stack; Witness, Ken Thompson; Prosecutors, John Marston and Hooper Atchley; Judge, William Williams; Reporters, Jerry Fletcher and Bob Freeman; Clerk of Court, Walter Downing; Bailiff, Herrick Herrick; Hennessy, Guy Usher; Henchmen, Brooks Benedict and Gladden James; House Manager, Ted Thompson; Secretary to District Attorney, Ed Price.

"ELLIS ISLAND"—INVINCIBLE.—Original screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Phil Rosin. The cast: Gary Curtis, Donald Cook; Betty Parker, Peggy Shannon; Dude, Jack LaRue; Adele, Joyce Compton; Solo, Bradley Page; Kip, Johnny Arthur; Kedrick, George Rosener; Nails, Maurice Black; Turk, Matty Fain; Moxey, Monte Vandergrift; Commissioner Carson, Captain E. H. Calvert; Peter James, Bryant Washburn; Murdock, Robert Frazer; Huston, Lew Kelly; Polacek, Michael Visaroff; Bugs, Riccardo Mandia; Urchin, Jerry Tucker; Lonelli, Harry Semels; Collins, Frank LaRue; Zatto, Angostino Borgato; Service Station Attendant, Ralph Peters; Mathews, Forest Taylor.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff and Tom Reed. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Rosmer Peek, Dick Powell; Genevieve Larkin, Glenda Farrell; Boop Oglethorpe, Lee Dixon; Hugo, Charles D. Brown; Irene, Irene Ware; Dr. MacDuffy, Olin Howland; Dr. Warshof, Paul Irving; Chairman, Joseph Crehan; Norma Perry, Joan Blondell; J. J. Hobart, Victor Moore; Marty Wethered, Osgood Perkins; Sally, Rosaline Marquis; Andy Callahan, William Davidson; Dr. Bell, Charles Halton; Dr. Henry, Harry C. Bradley; Lucille Bailey, Susan Fleming.

"GREAT GUY"—GRAND NATIONAL.—From an original story by James Edward Grant. Screen play by Henry McCarthy, Harry Ruskin and Horace McCoy. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: Johnny Caze, James Cagney; Janet Henry, Mae Clark; Pat Haley, James Burke; Pete Reilly, Edward Brophy; Canning, Henry Kolker; Hazel, Bernadene Hayes; Hanlon, Edward McNamara; Cavanaugh, Robert Gleckler; Burton, Joe Sawyer; Al, Edward Gargan; Tim, Matty Fain; Mrs. Ogilvie, Mary Gordon; Joel Green, Wallis Clark; Mayor, Douglass Wood.

"HAPPY GO LUCKY"—REPUBLIC.—From the original story by Eric Taylor. Screen play by Raymond Schrock and Olive Cooper. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The cast: "Hap Cole" and Bill Lyons, Phil Regan; Mary Gorham, Evelyn Venable; Charles Gorham, Jed Prouty; Charlie Davis, William Newell; Bennet, Jonathan Hale; U. S. Consul Brown, Harlan Briggs; Matzdorf, Stanley Andrews; Colonel Wallis, Claude King; Al, Carleton Young; Porozzi, Karl Hackett; Joe, Guy Kingsford; Doctor, Howard Hickman; Coolie, Willie Fung.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY"—GB.—From the play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory. Screen play by Dudley Leslie and Marjorie Jeans. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Dr. Norton, Otto Kruger; Helen, Leonora Corbett; Dr. Pryor, Francis Lister; Vera, Aileen Marson; Lloyd, Lawrence Anderson; Sir George Parker, Eric Stanley; Inspector Webster, Charles Mortimer; President of Council, Hubert Harben; Lady Annesley, Iris Hoey; Lingard, James Carew; Member of Council, Jimmy Godden; District Attorney, Hartley Power.

"LLOYDS OF LONDON"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Curtis Kenyon. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Walter Ferris. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Jonathan Blake (as a boy), Freddie Bartholomew; Lady Elizabeth, Madeleine Carroll; John Julius Angerssein, Sir Guy Standing; Jonathan Blake, Tyrone Power, Jr.; Old "O," C. Aubrey Smith; Polly, Virginia Field; Horatio Nelson, Douglas Scott; Lord Everett Stacy, George Sanders; Brook Watson, J. M. Kerrigan; Widow Blake, Una O'Connor; Percival Polls, Forrester Harvey; Sir Gavin Gore, Gavin Muir; Magistrate, E. E. Clive; Jukes, Miles Mander; Hawkins, Montagu Love; Lord Nelson, John Burton; First Captain, Arthur Hohl; Lord Drayton, Robert Greig; Captain Suckling, Lumsden Hare; Smutt, Will Stanton; Reverend Nelson, Murray Kinnell; Innkeeper, Billy Bevan; Servant Girl, Elsa Buchanan; French Lieutenant, Georges Renevan; Second Captain, Reginald Barlow; Lady Markham, May Beatty; Captain Hardy, Lester Matthews; Sir Thomas Lawrence, Vernon Steele; Joshua Lamb, Barlowe Borland; Prince of Wales, Hugh Huntley; Willoughby, Charles Crocker King; Old Man, Ivan Simpson; Spokesman, Holmes Herbert; Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Pogue; Dr. Sam Johnson, Yorke Sherwood.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by John Francis Larkin. Screen play by Dore Shary. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Orville, Charlie Ruggles; Melba, Alice Brady; Crane, Lyle Talbot; Cruger, Jack LaRue; Sparrow, Benny Baker; Bob, Frankie Darrow; Jeeper, Robert Baldwin.

"MORE THAN A SECRETARY"—COLUMBIA.—From the original story by Matt Taylor. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Lynn Stirling. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Carol Baldwin, Jean Arthur; Fred Gilbert, George Brent; Ernest, Lionel Stander; Helen Davis, Ruth Donnelly; Bill Houston, Reginald Denny; Maizie West, Dorothea Kent; Mr. Crosby, Charles Halton; Enid, Geraldine Hall.

"RACING LADY"—RKO-RADIO.—From a story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: Ruth Martin, Ann Dvorak; Tom Martin, Harry Carey; Steve Wendall, Smith Ballew; Bradford, Frank M. Thomas; The Judge, Berton Churchill; The Warbler, Ray Mayer; Lewis, Harry Jans; Abby, Hattie McDaniels; Brass, Willie Best; Johnny, Alex Hill; Joe, Lew Payton; Rube, Bill Wolfe; Jockey, Bobby Tanzel.

"SINNERS TAKE ALL"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Whitman Chambers. Screen play by Leonard Lee and Walter Wise. Directed by Errol Taggart. The cast: Ernie, Bruce Cabot; Lorraine, Margaret Lindsay; Penny, Joseph Calleia; Mackelvie, Stanley Ridges; Alicia, Vivienne Osborne; Aaron, Charley Grapewin; Royce, Edward Pawley; Stephen, George Lynn; David, Theodore Von Eltz; Shirley, Eadie Adams; Bascomb, George Zucco; Reporter, Dorothy Kilgallen.

"SMART BLONDE"—WARNERS.—From a story by Frederick Nobel. Screen play by Don Ryan and Kenneth Gamet. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: Torchy Blane, Glenda Farrell; Steve McBride, Barton MacLane; Dolly Ireland, Winifred Shaw; Tom Carney, Craig Reynolds; Filz Mularkey, Addison Richards; Marcia Friel, Charlotte Winters; Dixie, Jane Wyman; Lewis Friel, David Carlyle; "Tiny" Torgensen, Joseph Crehan; Cahagan, Tom Kennedy; Blyfuss, John Sheehan; Chuck Cannon, Max Wagner; Pickney Sax, George Lloyd.

"STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON"—GB.—From a story by Julian Houston. Screen play by Sydney Gilliat and Bryan Wallace. Directed by Albert De Courville. The cast: *October Jones*, Constance Cummings; *Lord Elliot Quigley*, Hugh Sinclair; *Redbeard*, Noah Beery; *Elfrida*, Beatrix Lehmann; *Lenny*, David Burns; *Sam Wasser*, Butler Hixon; *Uncle Elmer*, Maurice Freeman; *Bridegroom*, James Arnold; *Bride*, Anne Tucker McGuire; *Sir Gregory*, Edmond Breon.

"THAT GIRL FROM PARIS"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a story by W. Carey Wonderly. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, Dorothy Yost and Harold Kusell. Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: *Killi*, Lily Pons; *Windy*, Gene Raymond; *Whammo*, Jack Oakie; *Hammacher*, Herman Bing; *Claire*, Lucille Ball; *Butch*, Mischa Auer; *Laughing Boy*, Frank Jenks; *Coal Room Girl*, Patricia Wilder; *Reporter*, Vinton Haworth; *Immigration Officer*, Willard Robertson; *Paul Del'ry*, Gregory Gaye; *Uncle Ferdinand Gottschalk*, Marie, Rafaela Ottiano; *Purser*, Harry Jans; *Ship's Captain*, Landers Stevens; *Photographer*, Edward Price; *Justice of Peace*, Alec Craig.

"COLLEGE HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by J. P. McEvoy, Harlan Ware, Jay Gorney and Henry Myers. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Harlan Thompson. The cast: *J. Davis Bowster*, Jack Benny; *George Hymen*, George Burns; *Aphrodysia*, Gracie Allen; *Carola Gaye*, Mary Boland; *Babe Schloggenheimer*, Martha Raye; *Sylvia Smith*, Marsha Hunt; *Eleanor Wayne*, Eleanore Whitney; *Dick Winters*, Lief Erikson; *Johnny Jones*, Johnny Downs; *Felice L'Hammendien*, Olympe Bradna; *Barry*, Louis DaPrun; *Stage Hand*, Ben Blue; *Professor Dove*, Etienne Girardot; *Judge Benl*, Richard Carle; *1st Director*, Darwin Rudd; *2nd Director*, Kenneth Hunter; *Miss Elkins*, Nora Cecil; *Mama Schloggenheimer*, Margaret Seddon; *Porter*, Snowflake Toones; *1st Student*, Jack Chapin; *2nd Student*, Nick Lukats; *3rd Student*, Kay Griffith; *4th Student*, Priscilla Lawson; *5th Student*, Terry Ray; *6th Student*, Gail Sheridan.

"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"—WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL.—From a story by James Oliver Curwood. Screen play by Norman R. Raine and William Jacobs. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Steve Russell*, George Brent; *Jo Barton*, Beverly Roberts; *Jefferson Russell*, Robert Barrat; *Bjorn Skalka*, Alan Hale; *Bullhead*, Barton MacLane; *Turpentine*, Vic Potel; *Tim O'Toole*, Pat Moriarty; *Plug Hat*, Billy Bevan; *Gander Hopkins*, Roscoe Ates; *Kewpie*, Bert Roach; *Jordan*, Joseph Crehan; *Barnes*, Harry Hayden; *Ole Oleson*, El Brendel; *Doyle*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Grace Moran*, Susan Fleming; *Gaskett*, Addison Richards; *Red Munro*, Joseph King; *Gus*, Max Wagner; *Miss Flint*, Mary Treen.

"STOLEN HOLIDAY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Nicole Picot*, Kay Francis; *Stefan Orloff*, Claude Rains; *Anthony Wayne*, Ian Hunter; *Anatole*, Alexander D'Arcy; *Suzanne*, Alison Skipworth; *Francis Chalon*, Walter Kingstord; *LeGrande*, Charles Halton; *Ranier*, Frank Reicher; *Dupont*, Frank Conroy; *Helen Tuttle*, Betty Lawford; *Madame Jeanne*, Kathleen Howard; *Prefect of Police*, Robert Strange; *Monsieur Borel*, Wedgwood Nowel.

"WAY OUT WEST"—HAL ROACH STUDIO.—Original story by Jack Jevne and Charles Rogers. Screen play by Charles Rogers, Felix Adler and James

Parrott. Directed by James Horne. The cast: *Laurel and Hardy*, Themselves; *Lola*, Sharon Lynne; *Mary Roberts*, Rosina Lawrence; *Mickey Finn*, James Finlayson; *Sheriff*, Tiny Sanford; *Sheriff's Wife*, Ethel Sykes; *Gay Nineties Quartette*, Avalon Boys.

"THE GREAT O'MALLEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gerald F. Beaumont. Screen play by Mary McCall Jr. and Martin Mooney. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *James O'Malley*, Pat O'Brian; *John T. Phillips*, Humphrey Bogart; *Barbara Phillips*, Sybil Jason; *Judy Nolan*, Ann Sheridan; *Police Capt. Cromwell*, Donald Crisp; *Mrs. Phillips*, Frieda Inescort; *Mrs. O'Malley*, Mary Gordon; *Pinky Holden*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Tubby*, Delmar Watson; *Mrs. Faherty*, Mabel Colcord; *Father Patrick*, Frank Sheridan; *Miss Taylor*, Lillian Harmer; *Dr. Larson*, Frank Reicher; *Doctor*, Gordon Hart; *Attorney for Defense*, Henry O'Neill; *Motorist*, Craig Reynolds.

"THE PLAINSMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a book by Frank J. Wiltach. Screen play by Waldemar Young, Harold Lamb and Lynn Riggs. Directed by Cecil B. de Mille. The cast: *Wild Bill Hickok*, Gary Cooper; *Calamity Jane*, Jean Arthur; *Buffalo Bill*, Cody, James Ellison; *Louisa Cody*, Helen Burgess; *John Lattimer*, Charles Bickford; *Jack McCall*, Porter Hall; *Yellow Hand*, Robert Barratt; *Painted Horse*, Bruce Cabot; *General George A. Custer*, John Miljan; *Abraham Lincoln*, Frank McGlyn; *Van Ellyn*, Granville Bates; *Young Trooper*, Frank Albertson; *Captain Wood*, Purnell Pratt; *Jake*, Fred Kohler; *Breezy*, George Hayes; *Sergeant McGinnis*, Pat Moriarty; *Tony*, the Barber, Charles Judels; *Quartermaster Sergeant*, Harry Woods; *A River Gambler*, Stanley Andrews; *Boy on the Dock*, Sherwood Bailey; *General Merrill*, George MacQuarrie; *A Courier from Custer*, Edgar Deering; *Stanton*, Sec'y of War, Edwin Maxwell; *Purser of the Lizzie Gill*, Bruce Warren.

"THREE SMART GIRLS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Adele Comandini. Directed by Henry Koster. The cast: *Donna Lyons*, Binnie Barnes; *Mrs. Lyons*, Alice Brady; *Lord Michael Stuart*, Ray Milland; *Judson Craig*, Charles Winninger; *Count Arisid*, Mischa Auer; *Joan*, Nan Grey; *Kay*, Barbara Read; *"Penny"*, Deanna Durbin; *Binns*, Ernest Cossart; *Wilbur Lamb*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Bill Evans*, John King; *Trudel*, Lucile Watson; *Dorothy Craig*, Nella Walker.

"WHITE HUNTER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Gene Markey. Screen play by Sam Duncan and Kenneth Earl. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Captain Clark Rulledge*, Warner Baxter; *Toni Verek*, June Lang; *Helen Verek*, Gail Patrick; *Aunt Frederika*, Alison Skipworth; *Michael Verek*, Wilfrid Lawson; *Valentine Ponsonby-Smith*, George Hassell; *Abdi*, Ernest Whitman; *Pembroke*, Forrester Harvey; *Wong*, Willie Fung; *Barton*, Olaf Hytton; *Ali*, Ralph Cooper; *Harry*, Will Stanton.

"WITH LOVE AND KISSES"—MELODY PICTURES.—Based on a story by Al Martin and Sherman L. Lowe. Screen play by Sherman L. Lowe. Directed by Les Goodwins. The cast: *Speck Higgins*, Pinky Tomlin; *Barbara Holbrook*, Toby Wing; *Don Gray*, Kane Richmond; *Gilbert Holbrook*, Arthur Houseman; *Flash Henderson*, Russell Hopton; *Song Writers*, Jerry Bergen and Billy Gray; *Butch*, Fuzzy Knight; *Draper*, Kenneth Thomson; *Joe*, G. Pat Collins; *Buller*, Olaf Hytten; *Red*, Jack Ingram; *Red Star Sisters*, The Peters Sisters.

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Evening Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

to rescue entombed miners. Barton MacLane proves himself both a hero and a good actor. Jean Muir is his daughter. Entertainment with a punch. (Nov.)

★ **EAST MEETS WEST**—B.G.—George Arliss, brilliant as the potentate who outwits the diplomats of two countries, prevents revolution among his people and rescues his son from a sordid love affair. Clever dialogue and a splendid cast. (Dec.)

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount.—You might find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a radio artist who inherits the guardianship of a spoiled brat. John Howard, Marsha Hunt and Richard Carle are satisfactory, but Alfalfa Switzer's singing is the high spot. (Jan.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Universal.—A superior type Western with Buck Jones buying a cattle ranch, turning it into a resort for dudes. The old feud between cattle and sheep men furnishes the plot. Picturesque scenery. (Dec.)

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER—G.B.—Trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue tax one's credulity in this story of Constance Bennett's attempts to help an escaped English officer out of Germany. Oscar Homolka splendid as usual. Disappointing. (Nov.)

15 MAIDEN LANE—20th Century-Fox.—Abounding in robberies and murders this is draped around the information of how stolen jewels are recut for selling. Cesar Romero is a cool crook; Claire Trevor a detective. Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthew and Robert McWade help keep it moving. (Dec.)

FLYING HOSTESS—Universal.—You'll enjoy this exciting picture dedicated to the "angels of the airways." Judith Barrett is the graduate nurse who takes to the clouds, saves her ship. Bill Gargan, Andy Devine, William Hall and Astrid Allwyn are nice support. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—Warners-First National.—Never a dull moment in this hokum story of murder in a transcontinental plane taken over by a Public Enemy. Howard Phillips, Warren Hull and John Litel turn in good performances. Jean Muir is charming. (Jan.)

★ **GARDEN OF ALLAH**—Selznick - International-United Artists.—The well-known story of two people's attempts to reconcile religion and love. Incredibly beautiful in color and technique and recommended for that reason. Charles Boyer, as the monk, is superb; Marlene Dietrich more masklike than ever. (Jan.)

★ **GENERAL SPANKY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—The "Gang's" first full-length picture. Spanky, Buckwheat, and Alfalfa Switzer divide honors as members of a kid army during the Civil War. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Lawrence add a romantic note. Lots of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **GO WEST, YOUNG MAN**—Paramount.—Mae West has toned down her robust technique and you'll like her as a dumb movie star stranded in a country boardinghouse. There is a strong supporting cast including Randolph Scott, Warren William, Alice Brady, Isabel Jewell and Elizabeth Patterson. (Jan.)

HIDEWAY GIRL—Paramount.—A fast comedy mystery with several original twists and Martha Raye at her howling best. Shirley Ross is the object of Robert Cummings's dubious interest against a background of dallying and drinking on yachts. (Jan.)

ISLE OF FURY—Warners.—The old story of two men and a girl in the South Sea pearl fisheries, confused by murders and rescues. Donald Woods lifeless; Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay deserve better. Dull. (Nov.)

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—Invincible.—Innocuous and rather amusing murder mystery. Reginald Denny is the unwilling author who is beleaguered into solving the murder of two producers. Jack LaRue helps out. (Nov.)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—20th Century-Fox.—An honest-to-gosh Zane Greyer, with Alan Dinehart as the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine. Robert Kent is the Mountie who gets the man, the mine, and the girl. Junior will bite his nails. (Nov.)

★ **LADIES IN LOVE**—20th Century-Fox.—Slow-moving with Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Loretta Young each having a romance in Budapest. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Alan Mowbray are the men. Recommended for cast and production. (Dec.)

★ **LIBELED LADY**—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow topping their own previous vivid performances in a highly original farce built around Bill's efforts to compromise Myrna who has sued Spencer's paper for libel. A wow. (Dec.)

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Universal.—A mild mystery tale of a rich dame who commits suicide when blackmailers fail to return letters written to

Ralph Forbes. Detective C. Henry Gordon brings the crooks to heel. Polly Rowles, Walter Coy, Hobart Cavanaugh and others rise above mediocre material. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE ON THE RUN**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in a deliciously amusing comedy. All about a bride who leaves her fiancé at the church, tears across half of Europe pursued by reporters. Swell. (Dec.)

LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Universal.—Well-paced and humorous little romance involving the tribulations of an heiress who marries a penniless tennis player. Louis Hayward and Jane Wyatt extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

MAD HOLIDAY—M-G-M.—A ridiculous attempt to satirize all murder stories. Edmund Lowe gets involved in wholesale massacres, solves the mystery with the help of Elissa Landi. Ted Healy wrings a few laughs from the cluttered action. Dull. (Jan.)

MURDER WITH PICTURES—Paramount.—Cameras and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery. Lew Ayres, the news-hawk gets involved trying to shield a suspect, Gail Patrick. Not for kiddies. (Nov.)

OLD HUTCH—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery is the town's lazy man who discovers a stolen fortune and thus unleashes a series of bewildering events. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are able support. Recommended for Beery fans only. (Nov.)

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox.—The perennial college setup, gay with youth and good humor. A local cantaloupe heaver, Stuart Erwin becomes the hero halfback. Jack Haley is the coach; Patsy Kelly his kibitzing wife. The Yacht Club Boys are around too. It's fun. (Jan.)

POLO JOE—Warners.—Another laugh riot for the Joe E. Brown fans. Joe becomes horse broken, gags his way through a tournament to win Carol Hughes. Fay Holden, Skeets Gallagher, Joseph King and David Newell satisfactory support. (Dec.)

★ **RAMONA**—20th Century-Fox.—The latest all-color film, breathtaking in its beauty, is the picturization of Helen Hunt Jackson's touching classic of the Spanish girl and her Indian lover. Don Ameche is splendid as *Allesandro*. See it for its pastoral charm. (Nov.)

★ **REUNION**—20th Century-Fox.—The Dionne Quintuplets cavort gleefully through their second picture. Jean Hersholt, in his original doctor rôle, has a reunion of all his patients, irons out many adult problems. Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summer-ville, John Qualen appear again too. You'll want to see this. (Jan.)

★ **ROMEO AND JULET**—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's *Juleit* is lyrically beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as *Romeo*. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver all add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

ROSE BOWL—Paramount.—A nice little picture about grid heroes and their loves passing between a Midwest University and Pasadena's famous stadium. It gains romantic yardage in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitney and Tom Brown, goes for a touchdown with Benny Baker's comedy. (Dec.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners.—Pleasant fun with singer James Melton, heir to a bankrupt department store becoming a music clerk, falling in love with Pat Ellis. Tuneful songs. Hugh Herbert is grand. You'll probably like it. (Dec.)

SITTING ON THE MOON—Republic.—Roger Pryor and Grace Bradley are brought together with a song; separated by a marriage racket. Pert Kelton and Billy Newell brighten this up a bit. Grade B. (Nov.)

★ **SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling little comedy with Ann Southern a very dresy Cinderella and Prince Charming a freshly scrubbed Gene Raymond. He's a playboy; she's a photographer's model. Helen Broderick is swell. (Jan.)

★ **SWING TIME**—RKO-Radio.—Delicious comedy, charming music and better-than-ever dance routines make this Rogers-Astaire musical the gayest, most entertaining yet. It's to do with a broke young man who falls for a dancing teacher. See it by all means. (Nov.)

★ **TARZAN ESCAPES**—M-G-M.—Another thrilling episode in the life of the Ape-man and his Jane. Cousins Benita Hume and William Henry are captured by savages, rescued by Tarzan and his elephants. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the leading rôles are splendid. (Jan.)

THANK YOU, JEEVES!—20th Century-Fox.—P. G. Wodehouse's story of an English gentleman's gentleman who becomes mixed up in high adventure. Arthur Treacher wasted on ridiculous dialogue and bad direction. David Niven and others troupe valiantly. (Nov.)

THE ACCUSING FINGER—Paramount.—A stirring story with the abolishment of capital punishment as its theme. Paul Kelly is the prosecuting attorney who is accused, convicted and reprieved. The cast is splendid. (Nov.)

★ **THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937**—Paramount.—A smash hit offering the best radio talent of today, grand music and a convincing love story set in the background of a broadcasting station. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Stokowski's conducting, Frank Forrest singing, Benny Goodman swinging, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, and many more. You'll chuckle for days. (Dec.)

THE BIG GAME—RKO-Radio.—Filled with ex-coal mining football stars, a few All-Americans and a lot of intrigue between the team and gamblers, this should entertain the sports minded. Andy Devine, Phil Huston, Jimmie Gleason, Bruce Cabot and June Travis divide honors. (Dec.)

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Warners.—Unimportant and improbable little comedy about treasure in a summer resort. Sybil Jason holds the spot. May Robson is her cantankerous grandmother. Newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice is nice. (Nov.)



There's nothing very Puritan about Fred MacMurray's love making with Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem." Claudette is tried for being a witch—certainly she's be-witching

★ **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**—Warners.—Based on Tennyson's poem this has adventure, tenderness, pageantry and stirring action to make it the most exciting picture of the season. Errol Flynn is Captain of the 27th; Patric Knowles his brother; Olivia de Havilland the girl they both love. Superb production, direction and cast. Don't miss this for any reason. (Dec.)

★ **THE DEVIL IS A SISSY**—M-G-M.—Packed with human interest and lively humor is this story of a poor-little-rich boy who goes visiting his estranged father on New York's East Side and finds Americanization a painful process. Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors. For the whole family. (Nov.)

★ **THE GAY DESPERADO**—Pickford-Lasky-United Artists.—A satirical, gay and melodious farce with Nino Martini in the rôle of a Mexican bandit who sings his way out of a kidnapping and a firing squad. Leo Carrillo splendid as the head bad man, Ida Lupino, nice as Martini's lady love. Be sure to see it. (Dec.)

★ **THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN**—Paramount.—Oriental melodrama involving the efforts of Gary Cooper to smuggle arms into China. Madeleine Carroll a lovely heroine. Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Diggs and Bill Frawley are splendid. Slow but swell. (Nov.)

THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE—Universal.—Clever dialogue raises this picture to good entertainment. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as the hard-boiled manager of a newspaper which Gloria Stuart owns. Spring Byington and Reginald Owen are good too. (Nov.)

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount.—Lots of swell animal shots keep your interest alive in this improbable story. Newcomer Dorothy Lamour alluring as a native girl who saves the life of big game hunter, Ray Milland. Good cast. (Jan.)

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Universal.—A typical Victor McLaglen story of a swaggering mill hand with a heart of gold, set in the background of flowing steel, brutal rivalries and quick passions. Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon and William Hall provide capable aid. (Dec.)

THE MANDARIN MYSTERY—Republic.—It's a mystery why this confused play about a young detective's (Eddie Quillan) efforts to locate a valuable stamp was ever filmed. Charlotte Henry has the unimportant feminine lead. (Jan.)

THE MAN I MARRY—Universal.—Light, frothy and witty story of a girl who runs from marriage into the arms of a grouchy playwright. Newcomer Doris Nolan is very promising. Michael Whalen, Marjorie Gateson, Cliff Edwards and Skeets Gallagher help in the gaiety. (Dec.)

THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN—GB.—Boris Karloff up to his old tricks as a sinister scientist obsessed with the power of transferring human brains hither and yon. Frank Cellier is splendid, the rest of the cast unreal. Dull. (Dec.)

★ **THEODORA GOES WILD**—Columbia.—Irene Dunne in a knockout story of a small town girl, who writes a best seller, gets in wrong with the local gentry, falls in love with Melvyn Douglas, "goes wild" when his wife won't divorce him. Exceptional. (Dec.)

THE PLOT THICKENS—RKO-Radio.—A bang-up mystery with fluttery ZaSu Pitts as a school marm who aids police inspector Jimmie Gleason locate criminals, but not before everyone has plenty of laughs. Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish romance. (Jan.)

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—Republic.—Conceived by President Roosevelt, published by Liberty Magazine, this tells of a lawyer who fakes his own death to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. Henry Wilcoxon and Betty Furness are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

★ **THE TATTLER**—Warners.—Brimming with action, plenty of laughs and good performances this displays the inside story of the radio gossip racket. Ross Alexander is the publicity man who takes to the air. Glenda Farrell and Anna Nagel are Okay. Go. (Nov.)

THE TEXAS RANGER—Paramount.—Sturdy, stirring, blood and thunder drama of the old West. Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie are two reformed bandits who go gunning for an old pal, Lloyd Nolan who is outstanding as the "badie." Will please young and old. (Nov.)

THREE MARRIED MEN—Paramount.—A befuddled farce involving the crazy antics of rival families in a small town. Pretty Mary Brian is wooed, married, separated and reconciled. Old stuff but you'll laugh. (Nov.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners.—A racy, raucous comedy with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who picks winning horses out of the blue. Joan Blondell vamps, Guy Kibbee grouches throughout, McHugh piles up laughs. Lots of fun. (Dec.)

UNDER YOUR SPELL—20th Century-Fox.—the superb singing of Lawrence Tibbett will delight you despite the weak story. It involves an opera star and a spoiled society girl, Wendy Barrie. Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher are good comedy relief. (Jan.)

WANTED! JANE TURNER—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy's comeback in a melodrama of the postal service offers you murders and some amusing comedy. Tracy gallops heartily after bandits, but lacks his usual polish. Gloria Stuart is appealing. (Jan.)

WEDDING PRESENT—Paramount.—A faddy farce of two gag loving reporters, Cary Grant and Joan Bennett who clown their way out of love and joke their way into marriage with the aid of William Demarest. George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart, Conrad Nagel add to the goofiness. (Dec.)

★ **WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE**—RKO-Radio.—Based on David Lamson's book written in the death house, this is a powerful indictment against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man framed by bandits; Preston Foster, the prosecuting attorney; Ann Dvorak is Beal's sweetheart. Authentic and provocative. You should see it. (Dec.)

WILD BRIAN KENT—Principal-20th Century-Fox.—Ralph Bellamy, in the title rôle, is tamed by Mae Clark, rescues her farm from Stanley Andrews who is addicted to poisoning cattle and sundry crooked things. A knickknack for the kiddies. (Jan.)

★ **WINTERSET**—RKO-Radio.—Maxwell Anderson's tragic, bitter, prize play is artistically produced, superbly cast. It concerns a young man's battle against the hidden treachery and gangsterdom which sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith (in his original Broadway rôle), Margo, and Eduardo Ciannelli are splendid. (Jan.)

WITHOUT ORDERS—RKO-Radio.—Another well-told tale of commercial aviation with villain Vinton Haworth winning Sally Eilers from Robert Armstrong; later he proves his cowardice at her expense. Plenty of action. (Dec.)

WIVES NEVER KNOW—Paramount.—Rollicking laugh material with the Charley Ruggles-Mary Boland combination enhanced by Adolphe Menjou's sophistication. Charley is a botanist. Vivienne Osborne plays the temptress. (Nov.)

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Bennie Bartlett	Harold Lloyd
Jack Benny	Lucien Littlefield
Mary Boland	Carole Lombard
Lee Bowman	Nick Lukats
Olympe Bradna	Ida Lupino
Helen Burgess	Fred MacMurray
Burns and Allen	June Martel
Bob Burns	Ray Milland
Mary Carlisle	Jackie Moran
Jack Chapin	Adolphe Menjou
Claudette Colbert	Anthony Nace
Ruth Coleman	Lloyd Nolan
Gary Cooper	Lynne Overman
Larry Crabbe	Gail Patrick
Bing Crosby	Elizabeth Patterson
Robert Cummings	George Raft
Irene Dale	Terry Ray
Louis DaPrun	Martha Raye
Frances Dee	Shirley Ross
Marlene Dietrich	Charlie Ruggles
Johnny Downs	Elizabeth Russell
Lief Erikson	Randolph Scott
Frances Farmer	Gail Sheridan
W. C. Fields	Gale Sondergaard
Frank Forest	Sir Guy Standing
William Frawley	Harvey Stephens
Ketti Gallian	Gladys Swarthout
Cary Grant	Akim Tamiroff
Kay Griffith	Colin Tapley
Porter Hall	Kent Taylor
Fay Holden	Terry Walker
David Holt	Virginia Weidler
Ra Hould	Mae West
John Howard	Eleanore Whitney
Marsha Hunt	Charlene Wyatt

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen	Victor Kilian
Jean Arthur	Francis Lederer
Mary Astor	Ken Maynard
George Bancroft	Leona Maricle
Ralph Bellamy	Herbert Marshall
Herman Bing	George McKay
Nana Bryant	Thomas Mitchell
Leo Carrillo	Henry Mollison
Marguerite Churchill	Grace Moore
Walter Connolly	Gene Morgan
Beatrice Curtis	Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio	Patsy O'Connor
Richard Dix	Joan Perry
Melvyn Douglas	Charles Quigley
Douglass Dumbrille	Lionel Stander
Edith Fellows	Charles Starrett
John Gallaudet	Three Stooges
Donald Grayson	Martha Tibbetts
Thurston Hall	Raymond Walburn
Rosalind Keith	Crawford Weaver

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel	Harry Jans
Fred Astaire	Maxine Jennings
Lucille Ball	Gordon Jones
Smith Ballew	Louise Latimer
John Beal	Thelma Leeds
Willie Best	Margo
Judith Blake	Kathryn Marlowe
Eric Blore	Ray Mayer
John Boles	Philip McMahon
Bobby Breen	Burgess Meredith
Helen Broderick	Gertrude Michael
Joe E. Brown	Victor Moore
John Carroll	Jack Oakie
Eduardo Ciannelli	Moroni Olsen
Anita Colby	Parkyakarkus
William Corson	Joe Penner
Alan Curtis	Barbara Pepper
Owen Davis, Jr.	Lily Pons
Preston Foster	Edward Price
James Gleason	Gene Raymond
Diana Gibson	Erik Rhodes
Betty Grable	Ginger Rogers
Margot Grahame	Anne Shirley
Paul Guilfoyle	Ann Sothern
Jane Hamilton	Barbara Stanwyck
Vinton Haworth	Fred Stone
Van Heflin	Frank M. Thomas
Katharine Hepburn	Wheeler and Woolsey
Harriet Hilliard	Anton Walbrock
Harriet Hoctor	Patricia Wilder
Philip Huston	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Edward Arnold	Charles Laughton
Charles Chaplin	Andrea Leeds
Ronald Colman	Fredric March
Douglas Fairbanks	Allan Marshall
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Joel McCrea
Paulette Goddard	David Niven
Miriam Hopkins	Merle Oberon
Elizabeth Jenns	Frank Shields

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave.

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll
Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
William Gargan

Roy Hargrave
Frances Langford
Pat Patterson
Tom Rutherford
Sylvia Sidney
Lili Zehner

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Smiley Burnette
Ray "Crash" Corrigan
Grace Durkin
Bob Livingston
William Newell

Olsen and Johnson
Irving Pichel
Roger Pryor
Phil Regan
Max Terhune
Evelyn Venable

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Vince Barnett
Del Campo
Mae Clarke
Lili Damita
Claudia Dell
Reginald Denny
Skeets Gallagher
Bernadine Hayes
George Houston
Eleanor Hunt
Susanne Kaaren
Fred Keating

Ian Keith
Helen Lynd
Conrad Nagel
Marion Nixon
John Payne
Esther Ralston
Marjorie Raymond
Tex Ritter
Eleanore Stewart
Ethelind Terry
Joan Woodbury
Blanca Vischer

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Lee Dixon
Olivia de Havilland
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Gordon Hart
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
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Frieda Inescourt
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
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Bobby Mauch
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Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
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Rudy Vallee
Marjorie Weaver
Doris Weston
Marie Wilson
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Spring Byington
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Julie Carter
Walter Catlett
Constance Collier
Jane Darwell
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart

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Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Virginia Field
Douglas Fowley
June Gale
Jack Haley
George Hassell
Sonja Henie
Phillipa Hilber
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
De Witt Jennings
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane

Keye Luke
June Lang
William Mahan
Tony Martin
Frank McGrath
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Sonya Mitchell
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Lillian Porter
Tyrone Power, Jr.
Jed Prouty
John Qualen
Gregory Ratoff
Leah Ray
Jane Regan
Three Ritz Brothers
Florence Roberts

"Bill" Robinson
Charles A. Sellen
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Charles Tannen
Julius Tannen
Shirley Temple
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Roberta Vale
Helen Westlev
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

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Lionel Barrymore
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Ariane Borg
Lorraine Bridges
Michael Brooke
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Mamo Clark
Melville Cooper
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Edgar Edwards
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Jean Fenwick
Grace Ford
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Reginald Gardiner
Judy Garland
Natalie Garson
Gladys George
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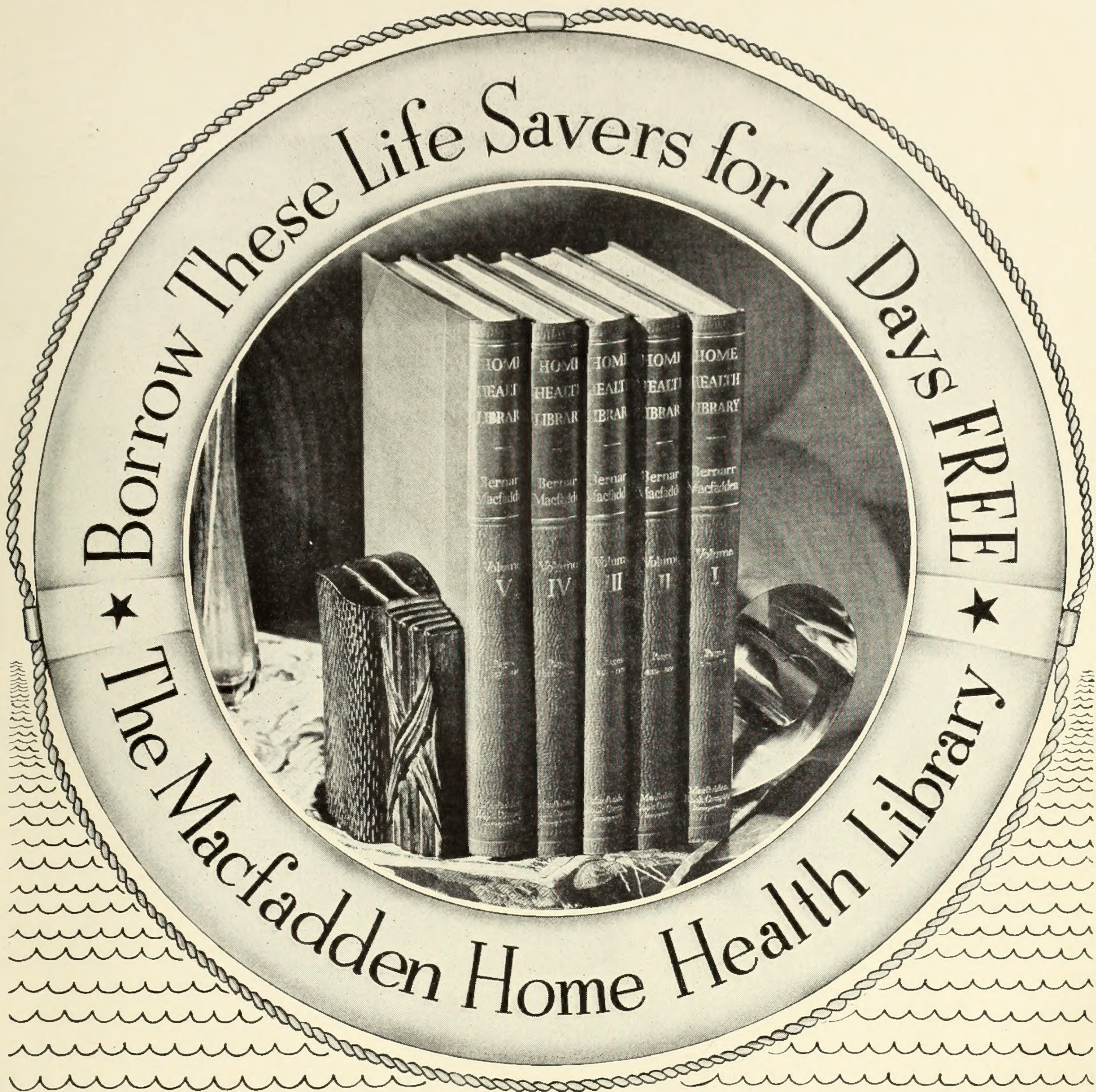
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Chester Morris
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecelia Parker
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Nat Pendleton
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Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Jessie Ralph
Duncan Renaldo
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Byron Russell
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Sid Silvers
Lewis Stone
James Stewart
Grace Tapps
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Brandon Tynon
Charles Trowbridge
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Wildhack
Cora Witherspoon
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

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Mischa Auer
Binnie Barnes
Wendy Barrie
Noah Beery, Jr.
Alice Brady
Judith Barrett
Tala Birell
Larry Blake
Billy Burrud
Ernest Cossart
Hobart Cavanaugh
Wister Clark
Walter Coy
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Phyllis Dobson
James Dunn
Jack Dunn
Irene Dunne
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
Michael Fitzmaurice
Lynn Gilbert
Nan Grey
Louis Hayward
William Hall
Samuel S. Hinds
Edward Everett Horton
Henry Hunter

Janice Jarratt
George Jessel
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Dorothea Kent
John King
Alma Kruger
Emily Lane
Michael Loring
Ella Logan
George Murphy
Gertrude Niesen
Doris Nolan
David Oliver
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Reid
Betty Jane Rhodes
Mary Alice Rice
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
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